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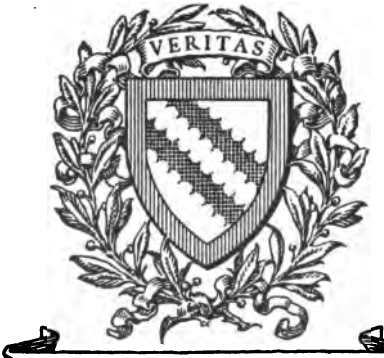

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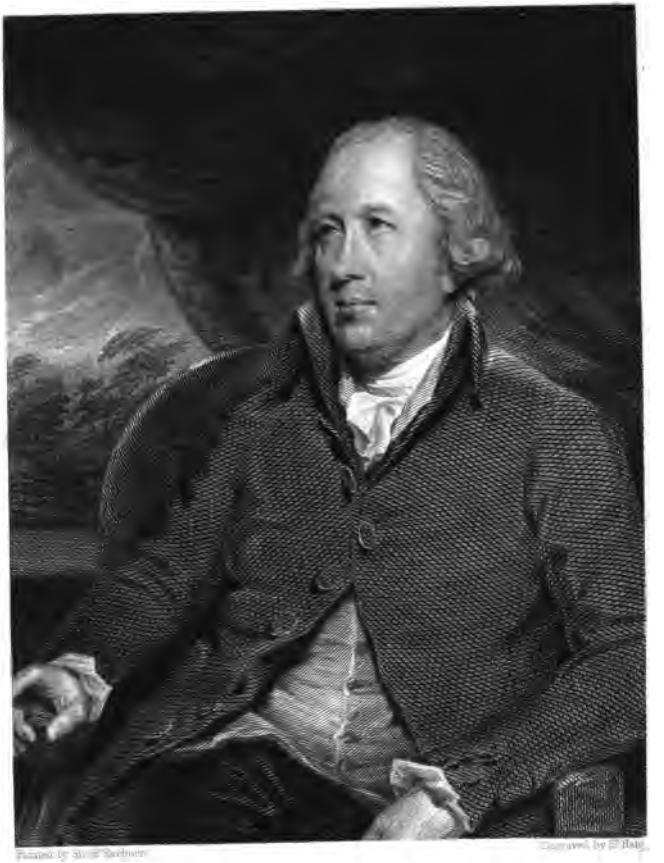

THE

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. IV.

Tillietudlem House

As it was in 1745

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PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

VOL. III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROBERT CADELL, EDINBURGH;
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1835.

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME NINETEENTH.

CRITICISM ON NOVELS AND ROMANCES.—*Continued.*

PAGE

ARTICLE XIII. TALES OF MY LANDLORD,..... 1

MISCELLANEOUS CRITICISM.

ARTICLE I.—THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR,..... 87

—— II.—TWO COOKERY BOOKS,..... 100

—— III.—JOHNES' TRANSLATION OF FROISSART,..... 112

—— IV.—MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE,..... 139

—— V.—CARR'S CALEDONIAN SKETCHES,..... 160

—— VI.—LADY SUFFOLK'S CORRESPONDENCE,..... 185

—— VII.—KIRKTON'S CHURCH HISTORY,..... 213

—— VIII.—LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN HOME,..... 283

CRITICISM

ON

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

(CONTINUED.)

ARTICLE XIII.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.[1]

[*Tales of my Landlord.* 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* *Third Edition.* *Edinburgh:* 1817.—*From the Quarterly Review for Jan.* 1817.]

THESE Tales belong obviously to a class of novels which we have already had occasion repeatedly to

[1] [It is to be inferred, from some expressions in Sir Walter Scott's correspondence and elsewhere, that the materials of this article were in part collected and arranged by his friend William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder; but the MS. of the Essay, now in the possession of Mr Murray, is entirely in the handwriting of Sir Walter himself. The article was prompted by the appearance of a series of essays in a religious magazine (*The Christian Instructor*), from the pen of the learned and venerable Dr Thomas M'Crie,[2] author of the *Life of Knox, &c.*, in which the Doctor bitterly impugned the views given of the Scotch Covenanters in the Waverley Novels.]

[2] [Dr M'Crie died at Edinburgh on the 5th of August, 1835, in his 64th year.]

notice, and which have attracted the attention of the public in no common degree,—we mean *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, and we have little hesitation to pronounce them either entirely, or in a great measure, the work of the same author. Why he should industriously endeavour to elude observation by taking leave of us in one character, and then suddenly popping out upon us in another, we cannot pretend to guess without knowing more of his personal reasons for preserving so strict an incognito than has hitherto reached us. We can, however, conceive many reasons for a writer observing this sort of mystery; not to mention that it has certainly had its effect in keeping up the interest which his works have excited.

We do not know if the imagination of our author will sink in the opinion of the public when deprived of that degree of invention which we have been hitherto disposed to ascribe to him; but we are certain that it ought to increase the value of his portraits, that human beings have actually sate for them. These coincidences between fiction and reality are perhaps the very circumstances to which the success of these novels is in a great measure to be attributed: for, without depreciating the merit of the artist, every spectator at once recognises in those scenes and faces which are copied from nature an air of distinct reality, which is not attached to fancy-pieces, however happily conceived and elaborately executed. By what sort of freemasonry, if we may use the term, the mind arrives at this conviction, we do not pretend to guess, but every one must have felt that he in-

stinctively and almost insensibly recognises in painting, poetry, or other works of imagination, that which is copied from existing nature, and that he forthwith clings to it with that kindred interest which thinks nothing which is human indifferent to humanity. Before, therefore, we proceed to analyze the work immediately before us, we beg leave briefly to notice a few circumstances connected with its predecessors.

Our author has told us it was his object to present a succession of scenes and characters connected with Scotland in its past and present state, and we must own that his stories are so slightly constructed as to remind us of the showman's thread with which he draws up his pictures and presents them successively to the eye of the spectator. He seems seriously to have proceeded on Mr Bayes's maxim —"What the deuce is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things?"—Probability and perspicuity of narrative are sacrificed with the utmost indifference to the desire of producing effect; and provided the author can but contrive to "surprise and elevate," he appears to think that he has done his duty to the public. Against this slovenly indifference we have already remonstrated, and we again enter our protest. It is in justice to the author himself that we do so, because, whatever merit individual scenes and passages may possess (and none have been more ready than ourselves to offer our applause), it is clear that their effect would be greatly enhanced by being disposed in a clear and continued narrative. We are the more earnest in this matter, because it seems that the author errs

chiefly from carelessness. There may be something of system in it, however: for we have remarked, that with an attention which amounts even to affectation, he has avoided the common language of narrative, and thrown his story, as much as possible, into a dramatic shape. In many cases this has added greatly to the effect, by keeping both the actors and action continually before the reader, and placing him, in some measure, in the situation of the audience at a theatre, who are compelled to gather the meaning of the scene from what the *dramatis personæ* say to each other, and not from any explanation addressed immediately to themselves. But though the author gain this advantage, and thereby compel the reader to think of the personages of the novel and not of the writer, yet the practice, especially pushed to the extent we have noticed, is a principal cause of the flimsiness and incoherent texture of which his greatest admirers are compelled to complain. Few can wish his success more sincerely than we do, and yet without more attention on his own part, we have great doubts of its continuance.

In addition to the loose and incoherent style of the narration, another leading fault in these novels is the total want of interest which the reader attaches to the character of the hero. Waverley, Brown, or Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*, and Lovel in the *Antiquary*, are all brethren of a family; very amiable and very insipid sort of young men. We think we can perceive that this error is also in some degree occasioned by the dramatic principle upon which the author frames his plots. His chief characters are

never actors, but always acted upon by the spur of circumstances, and have their fates uniformly determined by the agency of the subordinate persons. This arises from the author having usually represented them as foreigners to whom every thing in Scotland is strange,—a circumstance which serves as his apology for entering into many minute details which are reflectively, as it were, addressed to the reader through the medium of the hero. While he is going into explanations and details which, addressed directly to the reader, might appear tiresome and unnecessary, he gives interest to them by exhibiting the effect which they produce upon the principal person of his drama, and at the same time obtains a patient hearing for what might otherwise be passed over without attention. But if he gains this advantage, it is by sacrificing the character of the hero. No one can be interesting to the reader who is not himself a prime agent in the scene. This is understood even by the worthy citizen and his wife, who are introduced as prolocutors in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle.* When they are asked what the principal person of the drama shall do?—the answer is prompt and ready—"Marry, let him come forth and kill a giant." There is a good deal of tact in the request. Every hero in poetry, in fictitious narrative, ought to come forth and do or say something or other which no other person could have done or said; make some sacrifice, surmount some difficulty, and become interesting to us otherwise than by his mere appearance on the scene, the passive tool of the other characters.

The insipidity of this author's heroes may be also

in part referred to the readiness with which he twists and turns his story to produce some immediate and perhaps temporary effect. This could hardly be done without representing the principal character either as inconsistent or flexible in his principles. The ease with which Waverley adopts, and afterwards forsakes the Jacobite party in 1745, is a good example of what we mean. Had he been painted as a steady character, his conduct would have been improbable. The author was aware of this; and yet, unwilling to relinquish an opportunity of introducing the interior of the Chevalier's military court, the circumstances of the battle of Prestonpans, and so forth, he hesitates not to sacrifice poor Waverley, and to represent him as a reed blown about at the pleasure of every breeze. A less careless writer would probably have taken some pains to gain the end proposed in a more artful and ingenious manner. But our author was hasty, and has paid the penalty of his haste.

We have hinted that we are disposed to question the originality of these novels in point of invention, and that in doing so, we do not consider ourselves as derogating from the merit of the author, to whom, on the contrary, we give the praise due to one who has collected and brought out with accuracy and effect, incidents and manners which might otherwise have slept in oblivion. We proceed to our proofs.[1]

[1] It will be readily conceived that the curious MSS., and other information of which we have availed ourselves, were not accessible to us in this country; but we have been assiduous in our enquiries, and are happy enough to possess a correspondent whose researches on the spot have been indefatigable, and whose kind and ready communications have anticipated all our wishes.

The mutual protection afforded by Waverley and Talbot to each other, upon which the whole plot depends, is founded upon one of those anecdotes, which soften the features even of civil war, and as it is equally honourable to the memory of both parties, we have no hesitation to give their names at length. When the Highlanders upon the morning of the battle of Preston made their memorable attack, a battery of four field-pieces was stormed and carried by the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appine. The late Alexander Stuart of Invernahyle was one of the foremost in the charge, and observed an officer of the King's forces, who, scorning to join the flight of all around, remained with his sword in his hand, as if determined to the very last to defend the post assigned to him. The Highland gentleman commanded him to surrender, and received for reply a thrust which he caught in his target. The officer was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a gigantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr Stuart with difficulty prevailed on him to surrender. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Colonel Allan Whiteford, of Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire, a man of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the House of Hanover; yet such was the confidence existing between these two honourable men, though of different political principles, that while the civil war was raging, and straggling officers from the High-

land army were executed without mercy,[1] Invernahyle hesitated not to pay his late captive a visit as he went back to the Highlands to raise fresh recruits, when he spent a few days among Colonel Whiteford's Whig friends as pleasantly and good humouredly as if all had been at peace around him. After the battle of Culloden it was Colonel Whiteford's turn to strain every nerve to obtain Mr Stuart's pardon. He went to the Lord Justice Clerk, to the Lord Advocate, and to all the officers of state, and each application was answered by the production of a list in which Invernahyle (as the good old gentleman was wont to express it) appeared "marked with the sign of the beast!" At length Colonel Whiteford went to the Duke of Cumberland. From him also he received a positive refusal. He then limited his request for the present, to a protection for Stuart's house, wife, children, and property. This was also refused by the duke; on which Colonel Whiteford, taking his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his royal highness, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy. The duke was struck, and even affected. He bade the colonel take up his commission, and granted the protection he required with so much earnestness. It was issued just in time to save the house, corn and cattle, at Invernahyle, from the troops who were engaged in laying waste what it was the fashion to call "the country of the enemy." A small encampment of

[1] As was the case with MacDonald of Kinloch-moidart.

soldiers was formed on Invernahyle's property, which they spared while plundering the country around, and searching in every direction for the leaders of the insurrection, and for Stuart in particular. He was much nearer them than they suspected; for hidden in a cave (like the Baron of Bradwardine), he lay for many days within hearing of the sentinels, as they called their watch-word. His food was brought to him by one of his daughters, a child of eight years old, whom Mrs Stuart was under the necessity of intrusting with this commission, for her own motions and those of all her inmates were closely watched. With ingenuity beyond her years the child used to stray about among the soldiers, who were rather kind to her, and watch the moment when she was unobserved to steal into the thicket, when she deposited whatever small store of provisions she had in charge, at some marked spot, where her father might find it. Invernahyle supported life for several weeks, by means of these precarious supplies, and as he had been wounded in the battle of Culloden, the hardships which he endured were aggravated by great bodily pain. After the soldiers had removed their quarters he had another remarkable escape. As he now ventured to the house at night and left it in the morning, he was espied during the dawn by a party of the enemy who fired at and pursued him. The fugitive being fortunate enough to escape their search, they returned to the house and charged the family with harbouring one of the proscribed traitors. An old woman had presence of mind enough

to maintain that the man they had seen was the shepherd. "Why did he not stop when we called to him?" said the soldiers. "He is as deaf, poor man, as a peat-stack," answered the ready-witted domestic. "Let him be sent for directly."—The real shepherd accordingly was brought from the hill, and as there was time to tutor him by the way, he was as deaf when he made his appearance as was necessary to sustain his character. Stuart of Invernahyle was afterwards pardoned under the act of indemnity. "I knew him well," says our correspondent, "and have often had these circumstances from his own mouth. He was a noble specimen of the old Highlander, far descended, gallant, courteous and brave even to chivalry. He had been *out* in 1715 and 1745, was an active partaker in all the stirring scenes which passed in the Highlands, betwixt these memorable eras, and was remarkable, among other exploits, for having fought a duel with the broadsword with the celebrated Rob Roy MacGregor, at the Clachan of Balquidder. He chanced to be in Edinburgh when Paul Jones came into the frith of Forth, and though then an old man, I saw him in arms, and heard him exult (to use his own words) in the prospect of "drawing his claymore once more before he died."

The traditions and manners of the Scotch were so blended with superstitious practices and fears, that the author of these novels seems to have deemed it incumbent on him, to transfer many more such incidents to his novels, than seem either probable or natural to an English reader It may

be some apology that his story would have lost the national cast, which it was chiefly his object to preserve, had this been otherwise. There are few families of antiquity in Scotland, which do not possess some strange legends, told only under promise of secrecy, and with an air of mystery; in developing which, the influence of the powers of darkness is referred to. The truth probably is, that the agency of witches and demons was often made to account for the sudden disappearance of individuals, and similar incidents too apt to arise out of the evil dispositions of humanity, in a land where revenge was long held honourable—where private feuds and civil broils disturbed the inhabitants for ages—and where justice was but weakly and irregularly executed. Mr Law, a conscientious but credulous clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, who lived in the seventeenth century, has left behind him a very curious manuscript, in which, with the political events of that distracted period, he has intermingled the various portents and marvellous occurrences which, in common with his age, he ascribed to supernatural agency. The following extract will serve to illustrate the taste of this period for the supernatural. When we read such things recorded by men of sense and education (and Mr Law was deficient in neither), we cannot help remembering the times of Paganism, when every scene, incident, and action, had its appropriate and presiding deity. It is indeed curious to consider what must have been the sensations of a person who lived under this peculiar species of

hallucination, believing himself beset on all hands by invisible agents; one who was unable to account for the restiveness of a nobleman's carriage horses otherwise than by the immediate effect of witchcraft: and supposed that the *sage femme* of the highest reputation was most likely to devote the infants to the infernal spirits, upon their very entrance into life.

"It is remarkable that Michael, Jude 9, durst not bring against Sathan a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee, Sathan. But it is fit to tremble and fear and be upon our watch. Women also in child-birth would look well whom they choice for their midwives, that they be of good report, it being very ordinar for them to be witches, such as are *malæ famæ*, because such as are so, ordinarily dedicate children to Sathan, especially the first-born, and use to baptize them in the name of the devil privately; howbeit that is of no force nor can be imputed to the children or parents, being free of any accession thereto; yet such a claim the devil may lay to such as to prove very troublesome to them by his temptations all their days, more especially to those children whose mothers are witches, there being nothing more ordinary to them than to dedicate their children to Sathan, and certainly it is a sin and an high provoke of God, and gives great ground to the devil to tempt, when parents are more satisfied with midwives of that name than others, as supposing them to have more skill, more helpfull, and better success in sic a case than others; a sin, I fear, too ryfe in the land, and indeed upon the matter, a forsaking of God. This John Stewart and his sister afore mentioned confessed that his mother gave them to the devil from the womb. It were good that our land had midwives fearing God, educate for that end. Sathan is God's ape, studies to imitate God in his covenanting with his people, so he hath his covenant with his, the seals of his covenant, his nip and the renewing of their covenant with the renewing of the nip, as also his other symbols and tokens, whereby he works, sic as these effigies or images, spells, syllabes and charms; and if he fail in the performance of what he promises, he makes some of them miscarry in their hands, and lays the blame there. I say, he studies to imitate God in his cove-

hant and promises, not for any liking he has to God or his ways, but because he finds God's method ensure the soul to himself: 2dly, for mocking of God and his holy ways. The Earl of Dundonald with his coach and himself and his lady, going to the marriage of his grandchild to the Lord Montgomery, from Pasley to Eglintown, an. 1676, in December, was stopt by the way at the said Jonet Mathie her daughter's house; the witch now a prisoner in Pasley upon that account; the horses of the coach refused to go by that door, and turned their heads homeward. Whereupon the gentlemen that rode with the Earl dismounted themselves, and yoked their horses in the coach; but by that door they would not go; on which occasion the Earl causes yoke his horses again in the coach, and so drives homeward with his lady and all that was with him to Pasley. A very remarkable passage as has been in our days."

To the superstitions of the North Britons must be added their peculiar and characteristic amusements; and here we have some atonement to make to the memory of the learned Paulus Pleydell, whose compotatory relaxations, better information now inclines us to think, we mentioned with somewhat too little reverence. Before the new town of Edinburgh (as it is called) was built, its inhabitants lodged, as is the practice of Paris at this day, in large buildings called *lands*, each family occupying a story, and having access to it by a stair common to all the inhabitants. These buildings, when they did not front the high street of the city, composed the sides of little, narrow, unwholesome *closes* or lanes. The miserable and confined accommodation which such habitations afforded, drove *men of business*, as they were called, that is, people belonging to the law, to hold their professional rendezvouses in taverns, and many lawyers of eminence spent the principal part of

their time in some tavern of note, transacted their business there, received the visits of clients with their writers or attorneys, and suffered no imputation from so doing. This practice naturally led to habits of conviviality, to which the Scottish lawyers, till of very late years, were rather too much addicted. Few men drank so hard as the counsellors of the old school, and there survived till of late some veterans who supported in that respect the character of their predecessors. To vary the humour of a joyous evening many frolics were resorted to, and the game of *high jinks* was one of the most common.[1] In fact, jinks was one of the *petits jeux* with which certain circles were went to while away the time; and though it claims no alliance with modern associations, yet, as it required some shrewdness and dexterity to support the characters assumed for the occasion, it is not difficult to conceive that it might have been as interesting and amusing to the parties engaged in it, as counting the spots of a pack of cards, or treasuring in memory the rotation in which they are thrown on the table. The worst of the game was what that age considered as its principal excellence, namely, that

[1] We have learned, with some dismay, that one of the ablest lawyers Scotland ever produced, and who lives to witness (although in retirement) the various changes which have taken place in her courts of judicature, a man who has filled with marked distinction the highest offices of his profession, *tush'd* (pshaw'd) extremely at the delicacy of our former criticism. And certainly he claims some title to do so, having been in his youth not only a witness of such orgies as are described as proceeding under the auspices of Mr Pleydell, but himself a distinguished performer.

the forfeitures being all commuted for wine, it proved an encouragement to hard drinking, the prevailing vice of the age.

On the subject of Davie Gellatley, the fool of the Baron of Bradwardine's family, we are assured there is ample testimony that a custom, referred to Shakspeare's time in England, had, and in remote provinces of Scotland has still its counterpart, to this day. We do not mean to say that the professed jester, with his bauble and party-coloured vestment, can be found in any family north of the Tweed. Yet such a personage held this respectable office in the family of the Earls of Strathemore within the last century, and his costly holiday dress, garnished with bells of silver, is still preserved in the castle of Glamis. But we are assured, that to a much later period, and even to this moment, the habits and manners of Scotland have had some tendency to preserve the existence of this singular order of domestics. There are (comparatively speaking) no poor's rates in the country parishes of Scotland, and, of course, no workhouses to immure either their worn-out poor or the "moping idiot and the madman gay," whom Crabbe characterises as the happiest inhabitants of these mansions, because insensible of their misfortunes. It therefore happens almost necessarily in Scotland, that the house of the nearest proprietor of wealth and consequence proves a place of refuge for these outcasts of society; and until the pressure of the times, and the calculating habits which they have necessarily generated had rendered the

maintenance of a human being about such a family an object of some consideration, they usually found an asylum there, and enjoyed the degree of comfort of which their limited intellect rendered them susceptible. Such idiots were usually employed in some simple sort of occasional labour; and if we are not misinformed, the situation of turn-spit was often assigned them, before the modern improvement of the smoke-jack. But, however employed, they usually displayed towards their benefactors a sort of instinctive attachment, which was very affecting. We knew one instance in which such a being refused food for many days, pined away, literally broke his heart, and died within the space of a very few weeks after his benefactor's decease. We cannot now pause to deduce the moral inference which might be derived from such instances. It is, however, evident, that if there was a coarseness of mind in deriving amusement from the follies of these unfortunate beings, a circumstance to the disgrace of which they were totally insensible, their mode of life was, in other respects, calculated to promote such a degree of happiness as their faculties permitted them to enjoy. But besides the amusement which our forefathers received from witnessing their imperfections and extravagances, there was a more legitimate source of pleasure in the wild wit which they often flung around them with the freedom of Shakspeare's licensed clowns. There are few houses in Scotland of any note or antiquity where the witty sayings of some such character are not occasionally quoted

at this very day. The pleasure afforded to our forefathers by such repartees was, no doubt, heightened by their wanting the habits of more elegant amusement. But in Scotland the practice long continued, and in the house of one of the very first noblemen of that country (a man whose name is never mentioned without reverence) and that within the last twenty years, a jester such as we have mentioned stood at the side-table during dinner, and occasionally amused the guests by his extemporaneous sallies.[1] Imbecility of this kind was even considered as an apology for intrusion upon the most solemn occasions. All know the peculiar reverence with which the Scottish of every rank attend on funeral ceremonies. Yet within the memory of most of the present generation, an idiot [called *Jamie Duff*], of an appearance equally hideous and absurd, dressed, as if in mockery, in a rusty and ragged black coat, decorated with a cravat and weepers made of white paper in the form of those worn by the deepest mourners, preceded almost every funeral procession in Edinburgh, as if to turn into ridicule the last rites paid to mortality.

It has been generally supposed that in the case of these, as of other successful novels, the most prominent and peculiar characters were sketched from real life. It was only after the death of Smollet, that a bookbinder and a barber con-

[1] [Alluding to this elsewhere, Sir Walter Scott adds—"until he (the jester) carried the joke rather too far, in making proposals to one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the bans betwixt her and himself in the public church."—*Note to Waverley, New Edit.*]

tended about the character of Strap,[1] which each asserted was modelled from his own: but even in the lifetime of the present author, there is scarcely a dale in the pastoral districts of the southern counties but arrogates to itself the possession of the original Dandie Dinmont. As for Bailie Mac-Wheeble, a person of the highest eminence in the law perfectly well remembers having received fees from him. We ourselves think we recognise the prototype of Meg Merrilies, on whose wild fidelity so much of the interest of *Guy Mannering* hinges, in the Jean Gordon of the following extract[2]:—

"Old Jean Gordon, of Yetholm, who had sway among her tribe, was well remembered by old persons of the last generation. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was so much mortified at this irregularity, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years. At length, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to get some money to pay his rent. Returning through the mountains of Cheviot he was benighted and lost his way. A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter, and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake

[1] [See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 127, *notes*.]

[2] See a very curious paper, entitled "Notices on the Scottish Gipsies," in a new publication called the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*. [The bulk of this paper (including the passage here given) was written by Sir Walter Scott himself. The rest of his contributions will be found in his own notes on *Guy Mannering*.]

her for a moment; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a terrible surprise to the poor man whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin to him) was about his person. Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—'Eh sirs! the winsome Gude-man of Lochside! Light down, light down, for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near.' The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was abundance of provisions in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful supper, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description probably with his landlady. Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought up the story of the stolen sow, and noticed how much pain and vexation it had given her; like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grows worse daily; and like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect in their depredations the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an enquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would soon return home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody; she made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether pennyless. This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of shake-down, as the Scotch call it, upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering their guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there? 'E'en the winsome Gude-man of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean, 'he's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but the deil be lick'd he's been able to gather in, and so he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.'—'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe[1] his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against the breach of hospitality, but without producing any change of their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and lightsteps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his

[1] Rummaging his pockets.

clothes. When they found the money which the foresight of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no, but the smallness of the booty and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. So soon as day returned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the hallan, and guided him for some miles till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that one of their number, a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his casting vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, 'Hang them a'.'—Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this.' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. Jean had, among other demerits, or merits, as you may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carliale upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, '*Charlie yet, Charlie yet.*' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for the fate of poor Jean Gordon, who, with all the vices and irregularities of her degraded tribe and wandering profession, was always mentioned by those who had known her, with a sort of compassionate regret."

Although these strong resemblances occur so frequently, and with such peculiar force, as almost to impress us with the conviction that the author sketched from nature, and not from fancy alone;

yet we hesitate to draw any positive conclusion, sensible that a character dashed off as the representative of a certain class of men will bear, if executed with fidelity to the general outlines, not only that resemblance which he ought to possess as "knight of the shire," but also a special affinity to some particular individual. It is scarcely possible it should be otherwise. When Emery appears on the stage as a Yorkshire peasant, with the habit, manner, and dialect peculiar to the character, and which he assumes with so much truth and fidelity, those unacquainted with the province or its inhabitants see merely the abstract idea, the *beau idéal* of a Yorkshireman. But to those who are intimate with both, the action and manner of the comedian almost necessarily recall the idea of some individual native (altogether unknown probably to the performer), to whom his exterior and manners bear a casual resemblance. We are, therefore, on the whole inclined to believe, that the incidents are frequently copied from *actual* occurrences, but that the characters are either entirely fictitious, or if any traits have been borrowed from real life, as in the anecdote which we have quoted respecting Invernahyle, they have been carefully disguised and blended with such as are purely imaginary. We now proceed to a more particular examination of the volumes before us.

They are entitled, *Tales of my Landlord:* why so entitled, excepting to introduce a quotation from *Don Quixote*, it is difficult to conceive: for Tales of my Landlord they are *not*, nor is it indeed easy to say whose tales they ought to be called. There

is a proem, as it is termed, supposed to be written by Jedediah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster and parish-clerk of the village of Gandercleugh, in which we are given to understand that these Tales were compiled by his deceased usher, Mr Peter Pattieson, from the narratives or conversations of such travellers as frequented the Wallace Inn, in that village. Of this proem we shall only say that it is written in the quaint style of that prefixed by Gay to his *Pastorals*, being, as Johnson terms it, "such imitation as he could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence, in a style that was never written nor spoken in any age or place."

The first of the Tales thus ushered in is entitled the *Black Dwarf*. It contains some striking scenes, but it is even more than usually deficient in the requisites of a luminous and interesting narrative, as will appear from the following abridgment.

Two deer-stalkers, one the Laird of Earnscliff, a gentleman of family and property, the other Hobbie Elliot, of the Heugh-foot, a stout Border yeoman, are returning by night from their sports on the hills of Liddesdale, and in the act of crossing a moor reported to be haunted, when they perceive, to the great terror of the farmer, the being from whom the story takes its name, bewailing himself to the moon and the stones of a Druidical circle, which our author has previously introduced to the reader's knowledge, as a supposed scene of witchery and an object of superstitious terror. The Black Dwarf is thus described:—

"The height of the object, which seemed even to decrease as they approached it, appeared to be under four feet, and its form,

so far as the imperfect light afforded them the means of discerning, was very nearly as broad as long, or rather of a spherical shape, which could only be occasioned by some strange personal deformity. The young sportsman hailed this extraordinary appearance twice, without receiving any answer, or attending to the pinches by which his companion endeavoured to intimate that their best course was to walk on, without giving farther disturbance to a being of such singular and preternatural exterior. To the third repeated demand of 'Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?'—a voice replied, whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones made Elliot step two paces back, and startled even his companion, 'Pass on your way, and ask nought at them that ask nought at you.'

"'What do you here so far from shelter? Are you benighted on your journey? Will you follow us home' ('God forbid!' ejaculated Hobbie Elliot, involuntarily), 'and I will give you a lodging?'

"'I would sooner lodge by mysell in the deepest of the Tarras flow,' again whispered Hobbie.

"'Pass on your way,' rejoined the figure, the harsh tones of his voice still more exalted by passion. 'I want not your guidance—I want not your lodging—it is five years since my head was under a human roof, and I trust it was for the last time.'"

After a desperate refusal on the part of the misanthropical dwarf to hold any communication with the hunters, they proceed on their journey to Hobbie's house, of Heughfoot, where they are courteously received by his grandmother, his sisters, and Grace Armstrong, a fair cousin, with whom the doughty yeoman is described to be enamoured. The domestic scene is painted with the knowledge of the language and manners of that class of society, which give interest to the picture of Dandie Dinmont and his family in *Guy Mannering*. But we do not think it equal to the more simple sketch contained in the earlier novel. This must frequently be the case, when an author, in

repeated efforts, brings before us characters of the same *genus*. He is, as it were, compelled to dwell upon the specific differences and distinctions, instead of the general characteristics, or, in other words, rather to show wherein Hobbie Elliot differs from Dandie Dinmont, than to describe the former as he really was.

The mysterious dwarf, with speed almost supernatural, builds himself a house of stones and turf, encloses it with a rude wall, within which he cultivates a patch of garden ground, and all this he accomplishes by the assistance of chance passengers, who occasionally stopped to aid him in a task which seemed so unfitted for a being of his distorted shape. Against this whole tale we were tempted to state the objection of utter improbability. We are given, however, to understand that such an individual, so misused by nature in his birth, did actually, within these twenty years, appear in a lone valley in the moors of Tweeddale, and so build a mansion without any assistance but that of passengers as aforesaid, and said house so constructed did so inhabit. The singular circumstances of his hideous appearance, of the apparent ease with which he constructed his place of abode, of the total ignorance of all the vicinity respecting his birth or history, excited, in the minds of the common people, a superstitious terror not inferior to that which the romance describes the appearance of the Black Dwarf to have spread through Liddesdale. The real recluse possessed intelligence and information beyond his apparent condition, which the neigh-

bours, in their simplicity, were sometimes disposed to think preternatural. He once resided (and perhaps still lives) in the vale formed by the Manor-water which falls into the Tweed near Peebles, a glen long honoured by the residence of the late venerable Professor Ferguson.

The Black Dwarf is consulted (from an opinion of his supernatural skill) by many in his vicinity, which gives opportunity to the author to introduce us to his *dramatis personæ*:—these are Willie of Westburnflat, a thorough-paced Border robber, who is perhaps placed somewhat too late in the story, and Miss Isabella Vere, daughter of the Laird of Ellieslaw, betwixt whom and Earnscliff a mutual attachment subsists. But, as is usual in such cases, her father, who belonged to the jacobite party in politics, and was deeply concerned in their intrigues, was hostile to the match. This unaccommodating sire had resolved to confer the hand of Miss Vere upon Sir Frederick Langley, an English baronet, of his own political creed, and whom he wished to bind yet more closely to his interest. These, with a confidante cousin of no importance, and a gay cavalier called Mareschal, who embarks in his kinsman Ellieslaw's plots with as much lively heedlessness as could be desired; and, finally, a grave steward called Ratcliffe, who receives and accounts to Mr Vere for the rents of some extensive English estates, which had belonged, as was supposed, to his deceased wife, fill up the *dramatis personæ*. This list of personages is not numerous, yet the tale is far from corresponding in simplicity.

On the contrary, it abounds with plots, elopements, ravishments, and rescues, and all the violent events which are so common in romance, and of such rare occurrence in real life.

Willie of Westburnflat, the robber aforesaid, opens the campaign by burning the house of our honest friend Hobbie Elliot. The gathering of the Borderers for redress and vengeance, their pursuit of the freebooter, and the siege of his tower, are all told with the spirit which shows a mind accustomed to the contemplation of such scenes. The robber, for his ransom, offers to deliver up his fair prisoner, who proves to be, not Grace Armstrong, but Miss Vere, whom her father, finding his plans on her freedom of choice likely to be deranged by the interference of the steward Ratcliffe, who seems to possess a mysterious authority over the conduct of his patron, had procured to be carried off by this freebooter, in order to place her the more absolutely at his paternal disposal. She is restored to the Castle of Ellieslaw by her lover Earnscliff, who (of course) had been foremost in her rescue. This ought not to be slurred over, being one of the few attempts which the poor gentleman makes to *kill a giant*, or otherwise to distinguish himself during the volume. In the mean while, the influence of the Black Dwarf with the robber obtains the freedom of Grace Armstrong, and the Solitary contrives also to throw in the way of her betrothed husband a purse of gold, sufficient to reimburse all his losses.

Ellieslaw, during these proceedings, is arranging

every thing for a rising of the Jacobites, in order to cover the invasion which the French were at that time meditating in behalf of the Chevalier St George. He is suddenly menaced by the threatened desertion of his proposed son-in-law, Sir Frederick Langley, who becomes jealous of Mr Vere's talents in *manœuvring*, and suspicious that he intends to cheat him of his intended bride; Vere takes advantage of this circumstance to persuade his daughter that his life and fortunes are at the mercy of this dubious confederate, and can only be saved by her consenting to an immediate union! She is rescued from the fate to which he had destined her, by the sudden appearance of the Black Dwarf, who proves to be the kinsman of Miss Vere's mother, to whom he had been fondly attached. A series of misfortunes, backed by the artifices of Vere, had driven him in a fit of gloomy misanthropy to renounce the world. Hobbie Elliot appears with an armed body to support his benefactor—the failure of the French expedition is made known—the baffled conspirators disperse —Vere escapes abroad, but leaves his daughter full authority to follow her own inclinations—the Solitary seeks some more distant and unknown cell, and Earnscliff and Hobbie marry the objects of their affection, and are happily settled for life.

Such is the brief abstract of a tale of which the narrative is unusually artificial. Neither hero nor heroine excites interest of any sort, being just that sort of *pattern* people whom nobody cares a farthing about. The explanation of the dwarf's real cir-

cumstances and character, too long delayed from an obvious wish to protract the mystery, is at length huddled up so hastily, that, for our parts, we cannot say we are able to comprehend more of the motives of this principal personage than that he was a madman, and acted like one—an easy and summary mode of settling all difficulties. As for the hurry and military bustle of the conclusion, it is only worthy of the farce of *The Miller and his Men*, or any other modern melo-drama, ending with a front crowded with soldiers and scene-shifters, and a back scene in a state of conflagration.

We have dealt with this tale very much according to the clown's argument in favour of Master Froth—"Look upon his face, I will be sworn on a book that his face is the worst part about him, and if his face be the worst part about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm?" Even so we will take our oaths that the narrative is the worst part of the *Black Dwarf*, and that if the reader can tolerate it upon the sketch we have given him, he will find the work itself contains passages both of natural pathos and fantastic terror, not unworthy of the author of the scene of Steenie's burial, in the *Antiquary*, or the wild tone assumed in the character of Meg Merrilies.

The story which occupies the next three volumes is of much deeper interest, both as a tale and from its connexion with historical facts and personages. It is entitled *Old Mortality*, but should have been

called the *Tale of Old Mortality*, for the personage so named is only quoted as the authority for the incidents. The story is thus given in the introduction:—

"According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns in the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chissel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need,

or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true his wants were very few, for, wherever he went he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tomb-stone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chissel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."—Vol. ii. pp. 15–18.

We believe we can add a local habitation and a name to the accounts given of this remarkable old man. His name was Robert Patterson, and in the earlier part of his life he lived in the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, where he was distinguished for depth of piety and devotional feeling Whether domestic affliction, or some other cause, induced him to adopt the wandering course of life described in the tale which bears his name, we have not been informed, but he continued it for many years, and about fifteen years since closed his weary pilgrimage in the manner described in the Introduction, "being found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old pony, the companion of his wanderings, was found standing by the side of his master." This remarkable personage is mentioned in a note upon Swift's Memoirs of Captain John Creighton, in Mr Scott's edition of that author.

The tale, as may be supposed from the title thus explained, is laid during the period of the persecution of the Presbyterians in Scotland, in the reign

of Charles II. The scene opens with a description of a popular assembly of the period, brought together for the purpose of mustering the military vassals of the crown, and afterwards shooting at the popinjay, a custom, we believe, which is still kept up in Ayrshire, and we may add, in several parts of the continent. The reluctance of the Presbyterians to appear at these musters gave rise to a ludicrous incident. Lady Margaret Bellenden, a personage of great dignity and cavalierism, is, by the recusancy of her ploughman to bear arms, compelled to fill up her feudal ranks by the admission of a half-witted boy entitled Goose Gibbie, who, arrayed in the panoply of a man-at-arms of the day, is led forth under the banners of her valiant butler, John Gudyill. But mark the consequences.

"No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too-heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the gallant Græmes, which Mr Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

"The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all the spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn

equipage of the duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

"On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled."—Vol. ii. pp. 61–64.

Upon this ludicrous incident turns the fate, as we shall presently see, of the principal personages of the drama. These are Edith Bellenden, the granddaughter and heiress of Lady Margaret, and a youth of the Presbyterian persuasion, named Morton, son of a gallant officer who had served the Scotch Parliament, in the former civil wars, but by his death had become the dependent of a sordid and avaricious uncle, the Laird of Milnwood. This young gentleman gains the prize at the shooting match, and proceeds to entertain his friends and competitors at a neighbouring public-house. The harmony of the meeting is disturbed by a fray which

arises between a sergeant of the King's life guards, a man of high descent, but of brutal and insolent manners, nicknamed Bothwell, from being derived from the last Scottish earls of that name, and a stranger, of a dark and sullen aspect, great strength of body and severity of manners, who proves afterwards to be one of the outlawed Presbyterians, named John Balfour, of Burley, at this time in circumstances of peculiar danger, being in the act of flight, in consequence of his share in the assassination of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St Andrews. Bothwell is foiled, and thrown upon the floor of the tavern by the strong-limbed Covenanter.

"His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword:—'You have killed my sergeant,' he exclaimed, to the victorious wrestler, 'and by all that's sacred you shall answer it!'

"'Stand back!' cried Morton and his companions, 'it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it.'

"'That is true enough,' said Bothwell, as he slowly rose; 'put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's life guards on the floor of a rascally change-house.—Hark ye, friend, give me your hand.' The stranger held out his hand. 'I promise you,' said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, 'that the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner.'

"'And I'll promise you,' said the stranger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, 'that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again.'

"'Well, beloved,' answered Bothwell, 'if thou be'st a Whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes his round; for, I promise thee, he has stayed less suspicious-looking persons.'

"The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and going into the

stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, 'I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?'

"'Certainly,' said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions, after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 83–85.

We may here briefly notice that Francis Stewart, the grandson and representative of the last Earl of Bothwell, who was himself a grandson of James V. of Scotland, was so much reduced in circumstances, as actually to ride a private in the life guards at this period, as we learn from the Memoirs of Creighton, who was his comrade. Nothing else is known of him, and the character assigned to him in the novel is purely imaginary.

Balfour and Morton having left the village together, the former in the course of their journey discovers himself to Morton as an ancient comrade of his father, and on hearing the kettle-drums and trumpets of a body of horse approaching, prevails upon him to give him refuge in his uncle's house of Milnwood. And here, like Don Quixote, when he censured the anachronisms of Mr Peter's Puppet-show, we beg to inform our novelist that cavalry never march to the sound of music by night, any more than the Moors of Jansuena used bells.

It must be remarked that by the cruel and arbitrary laws of the time, Morton, in affording to the comrade of his father a protection which he could not in humanity refuse him, incurred the heavy

penalty attached to receiving or sheltering intercommuned persons. There was, by the severity of government, a ban put upon the refractory Calvinists, equal to the *aquæ et ignis interdictio* of the civil law, and whoever transgressed it by relieving the unhappy fugitive, involved himself in his crime and punishment. Another circumstance added to the hazard which Morton thus incurred. The ploughman of Lady Margaret Bellenden, Cuddie Headrigg by name, had been, with his mother, expelled from the castle of Tillietudlem, on account of his refusing to bear arms at the weapon-showing, and thereby occasioning the substitution of Goose-Gibbie, to the disgrace, as we have already seen, of Lady Margaret's troop. The old woman is described as a zealous extra-Presbyterian; the son as an old-fashioned Scotch boor, sly and shrewd in his own concerns, dull and indifferent to all other matters; reverencing his mother, and loving his mistress, a pert serving damsel in the castle, better than was uniformly expressed by his language. The submission of this honest countryman, upon a martial summons, to petticoat influence, was not peculiar to his rank of life. We learn from Fountainhall, that when thirty-five heritors of the kingdom of Fife were summoned to appear before the council for neglecting to join the King's host, in 1680, with their horses and arms, some of their apologies were similar to those which Cuddie might have preferred for himself. "Balcanquhal of that ilk alleged that his horses were robbed, but shunned to take the declaration for fear of disquiet

from his wife."—"And Young of Kirkton stated his lady's dangerous sickness, and bitter curses if he should leave her; and the appearance of abortion on his offering to go from her." Now as there was a private understanding between Morton and the fair Edith Bellenden, the former is induced, at the request of the young lady, to use his interest with his uncle and his uncle's favourite housekeeper to receive the two exiles as menials into the house of Milnwood. The family there are seated at dinner when they are disturbed by one of those tyrannical domiciliary visits which the soldiers were authorized and encouraged to commit. The scene may very well be extracted as a specimen of the author's colouring and outline.

"While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, 'Now ye daft auld carline, mak yoursell deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed, for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mither.'

"'O, hinny, ay: I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill,' was the corresponding whisper of Mause; 'but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny.'—

"Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the life-guard's-men, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

"In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled, from well-grounded apprehension of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life, and an overstrained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary.

The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scotch peasant can at times assume as a masque for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoonfuls of his broth, to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

" ' What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?' said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

" ' We come in behalf of the king,' answered Bothwell. ' Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?'

" ' We were at dinner,' answered Milnwood, ' and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale —or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?' making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loth to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

" ' Claret for me,' said one fellow.

" ' I like ale better,' said another, ' provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn.'

" ' Better never was malted,' said Milnwood; ' I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen.'

" ' Brandy will cure that,' said a third fellow; ' a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach.'

" ' Brandy, ale, wine, sack, and claret,—we'll try them all,' said Bothwell, ' and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the damn'dest Whig in Scotland had said it.' "
—Pp. 176, 177.

The military intruder proceeds with much insolence to enforce the King's health, which was one of the various indirect modes they had of ascertaining the political principles of those they conversed with.

" ' Well,' said Bothwell, ' have ye all drunk the toast? What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by ——.'

" ' If your honour pleases,' said Cuddie, with great stolidity

of aspect, 'this is my mither, sir; and she's as deaf as Corralinn; we canna make her hear day nor door; but if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think neshessary.'

"'I dare swear you are,' answered Bothwell, 'you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse!—What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a Whig as ever sate on a hill-side—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?'

"'Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?' said Cuddie, interposing.

"'Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched,' answered the trooper.

"'Mither,' cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, 'the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renounce the Covenant of Works?'

"'With all my heart, Cuddie,' said Mause, 'and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof.'

"'Come,' said Bothwell, 'the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?'"—Vol. ii. pp. 180, 181.

This question enforced and persisted in, at length produces the discovery, that Morton had privately received Balfour, one of the assassins, into the house of his uncle on the preceding evening. Still, although Bothwell prepares to take him into custody, it appears that the high-born sergeant is not unwilling to overlook this deceit, if the inhabitants of the family will take the test-oath, and if his uncle will pay a fine of twenty pounds, for the use of the party.

" Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Mean while, Sergeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his Majesty's Custom-house.

" ' You—what's your name, woman ?'

" ' Alison Wilson, sir.'

" ' You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants '——

" Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

" ' O, whisht, mither, whisht ! they're upon a communing—Oh ! whisht, and they'll agree weel e'enow.'

" ' I will not whisht, Cuddie,' replied his mother, ' I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr Henry be freed from the net of the fowler.'

" ' She has her leg ower the harrows now,' said Cuddie, ' stop her wha can—I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied below a horse's belly—Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot ! '

" ' And div ye think to come here,' said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition,—' div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths, and tests, and bands —your snares and your traps, and your gins ?—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird.'

" ' Eh ! what, good dame ? ' said the soldier. ' Here's a Whig miracle, egad ! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn. Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot.'

" ' Whae do I talk to ? Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens to the earth.'

"'Upon my soul,' said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen partridge fly at him in defence of her young, 'this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?'

"'Gie ye some mair o't?' said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough, 'I will take up my testimony against you ance again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye, and foxes—evening-wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen—thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon. Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses.'

"Here the old lady stopped, apparently much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"'Curse the old hag,' said one of the dragoons, 'gag her, and take her to headquarters.'

"'For shame, Andrews,' said Bothwell; 'remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privileges of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman, every Bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the mean time, I must necessarily carry off this young man to headquarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism.

"'See now, mither, what ye hae dune,' whispered Cuddie; 'there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr Harry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, de'il be on't!'

"'Haud ye're tongue, ye cowardly loon,' said the mother, 'and layna the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 190–195.

This testimony of Mause having fairly broken up the secret treaty between the sergeant and old Milnwood, the former, nevertheless, without regard to good faith, does not hesitate to appropriate the subsidy of twenty pounds, on which he had already laid his clutches; and sets off with his party and

his prisoner to the castle of Tillietudlem, where he is detained all night by the hospitality of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who conceives she cannot pay too much attention to the soldiers of his most sacred majesty, commanded by a man of such distinguished birth as Bothwell. The scene which we have transcribed seems to have been sketched with considerable attention to the manners. But it is not quite original, and probably the reader will discover the germ of it in the following dialogue, which Daniel Defoe has introduced into his *History of the Church of Scotland.* It will be remembered that Defoe visited Scotland on a political mission about the time of the Union, and it is evident that the anecdotes concerning this unhappy period, then fresh in the memory of many, must have been peculiarly interesting to a man of his liveliness of imagination, who excelled all others in dramatizing a story, and presenting it as if in actual speech and action before the reader.

"They tell us another story of a soldier, not so divested of humanity as most of them were, and who meeting a man upon the road, who he suspcted was one of the poor outlawed proscribed people, *as indeed he was;* the man was surprised, and would have got from him, but he saw it was in vain, and yet the soldier soon let him know that he was not very much inclined to hurt him, much less to kill him: whereupon the following dialogue, as it is said, happened between them.

"The soldier seeing the countryman willing to shun, and get from him, begins thus:—

"*Soldier.* Hold, sir, ye mon no gang frae me, I have muckle business at you.

"*C. Man.* Well, what's your will then?

"*Soldier.* I fear ye are one of the Bothwell-Brigg-men: what say ye to that?

"*C. Man.* Indeed no, sir, I am not.

"*Soldier.* Well, but I mon spier some questions at you; and ye answer me right, ye and I'll be good friends again.

"*C. Man.* What questions will you ask at me?

"*Soldier.* First, sir, will ye pray for the king?

"*C. Man.* Indeed, sir, I will pray for all good men. I hope ye think the king a good man, or ye wou'd not serve him.

"*Soldier.* Indeed do I, sir, I think him a good man, and ye are all wicked that wo' no' pray for him.[1] But what say you then to the business of Bothwell-Brigg.—Was not Bothwell-Brigg a rebellion?

"*C. Man.* I wot not weel what to say of Bothwell-Brigg, but an they took up arms there against a good king, without a good cause, it mun be rebellion, I'll own that.

"*Soldier.* Nay, then, I hope thou and I'se be friends presently, I think thou'lt be an honest man. But they have killed the Archbishop of St Andrew's, honest man. O that was a sore work, what say you to that, was not that murder?

"*C. Man.* Alas, poor man, and ha'e they killed him, truly and he were an honest man, and they have killed him without any cause, *weel I wot* it mun be murther; what else can I call it?

"*Soldier.* Weel hast thou said, man: now I have e'en but ane question more, and ye and I'se tak a drink together. *Will ye renounce the Covenant?*

"*C. Man.* Nay, but now I mun speir at you too, and ye like. There are twa Covenants, man, which of them do ye mean?

"*Soldier.* Twa Covenants, say you, where are they?

"*C. Man.* There's the Covenant of Works, man, and the Covenant of Grace.

"*Soldier.* Fou fa me and I ken, man; but e'en renounce ane of them, and I am satisfied.

"*C. Man.* With a' my heart, sir, indeed I renounce the Covenant of Works with a' my heart.

"Upon this dialogue, if the story be true, the soldier let the poor man pass. But be the story true or not true, it serves to give the reader a true idea of the dreadful circumstances every honest man was in at this time, when their life was in the hand of every soldier, nor were the consequences other than might be expected on such occasions."—DEFOE'S *History of the Church of Scotland.*

[1] By this time the poor man began to see the soldier was not designing to hurt him, and he took the hint, and was encouraged to answer as he did.

This story seems to intimate, that the inhumanity of the soldiers did not in all instances keep pace with the severity of their instructions. Indeed even the curates sometimes were said to connive at the recusancy of their parishioners, and held it as a sufficient compliance with the orders of the council, that their parishioners should keep the church, if they occasionally walked in at one door, and out at the other, though without remaining during divine service. To return to our tale.

Morton is visited in the cell to which he is confined, by Miss Bellenden, and her handmaiden Jenny Dennison, the beloved of the exiled Cuddie. The result of their conference, is an attempt on the part of the young lady to secure her lover's safety, through the mediation of her uncle, Major Bellenden, an old cavalier by whom he was known and well esteemed. She has an opportunity of trying her influence the next morning, when the celebrated Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee, arrives at the castle with the regiment of horse, which he commanded, in search of the refractory Covenanters, who were making head on the moors in the vicinity. We will extract the portrait of this celebrated commander, whom one party exalted into a hero, while the other degraded him into a demon, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers of description.

"Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-

formed nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light-brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon.

"The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour, which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features, seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre."—Vol. ii. pp. 286-289.

Major Bellenden's intercession in favour of Morton proves in vain. Claverhouse, with all the politeness of a soldier, exhibited the remorseless rigour which characterised one who had so much distinguished himself in the persecution. A file of dragoons is drawn out for summary execution, when Edith, in the distracting emergency, applies to a young nobleman, holding a subordinate commission in Claverhouse's regiment, but possessing, from his rank and political importance, great influence with that officer. Lord Evandale, himself an admirer of Edith, and more than suspecting her

partiality for the rival who is now on the point of destruction, yet generously complies with her request, and makes it a point of personal favour with Claverhouse, that the execution of Morton shall not proceed. The following speech expresses the hard and determined character of the superior officer, and his obduracy in the execution of his supposed duty:—

"'Be it so then,' replied Grahame;—'but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature.'

"He then stepped forwards to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the bystanders with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"'You see him,' said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, 'he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblanched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man heads an army of rebels, you will have much to answer for on account of this morning's work.'"—Vol. ii. 335–337.

Morton is therefore carried off in the rear of the forces, which now are moving towards a place called Loudoun-hill. He finds himself united with three companions in affliction, namely, Kettledrummle, a

presbyterian preacher, taken in the act of exhorting a conventicle, and Mause with her forlorn son Cuddie, who had been apprehended among the audience.

Claverhouse finds the insurgents strongly drawn up. They are summoned to surrender, but fire upon the officer (a nephew of Claverhouse, according to the story) and kill him on the spot. The soldiers then rush to the assault, and the various incidents and fluctuations of the battle are described with clearness and accuracy. The most striking part is the personal encounter between Bothwell and Balfour, or Burley, in which the former falls.

"'You are the murdering villain Burley,' said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—'you escaped me once, but' (he swore an oath too tremendous to be written) 'thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me.'

"'Yes,' replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, 'I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word.'

"'Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!' said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour as he parried and returned the blow.

"There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again

general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

"Several horses passed over them in the mêlée without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by a kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung; it had escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no further defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—'Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!'

"'Die, wretch!—die,' said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—'Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing—"

"'And FEARING nothing!'—said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken."—Vol. iii. pp. 61–64.

At length Claverhouse and his party are totally routed and driven from the field.

This is a lively, but exaggerated account of a remarkable skirmish, the only one in which Claverhouse was ever worsted. The relation betwixt him and the Cornet Grahame who was slain, is quite imaginary. The accounts given by Creighton, and by Guild (author of a Latin poem called *Bellum Bothuellianum*,) state that the body of this officer was brutally mangled after death, by the conquerors, from a belief that it was that of his commander

Claverhouse. A curious detail of the action, which we should be tempted to transcribe had we space, from the manuscript of James Russell, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, and who was himself present, ascribes the mangling of the corpse of Cornet Grahame, to some indiscreet language which he was reported to have held on the morning of the fight. Both parties, no doubt, made a point of believing their own side of the story, which is always a matter of conscience in such cases.

Morton, set at liberty by the victorious Covenanters, is induced to join their cause and accept of a command in their levy; as well by the arguments of Burley, and a deep sense of the injustice with which the insurgents have been treated by Government, as by natural indignation at the unworthy and cruel treatment which he had himself experienced. But, although he adopts this decisive step, yet it is without participating in the narrow-minded fanaticism and bitter rancour with which most of the persecuted party regarded the prelatists, and not without an express stipulation, that, as he joined a cause supported by men in open war, so he expected it was to be carried on according to the laws of civilized nations. If we look to the history of these times, we shall find reason to believe that the Covenanters had not learned mercy in the school of persecution. It was perhaps not to be expected from a people proscribed and persecuted, having their spirits embittered by the most severe personal sufferings. But that the temper of the victors of Drumclog was cruel and sanguinary, is too evident

from the report of their historian, Mr Howie, of Lochgoin; a character scarcely less interesting or peculiar than Old Mortality, and who, not many years since, collected, with great assiduity, both from manuscripts and traditions, all that could be recovered concerning the champions of the Covenant. In his *History of the Rising at Bothwell-bridge*, and the preceding skirmish of Drumclog, he records the opinions of Mr Robert Hamilton, who commanded the Whigs upon the latter occasion, concerning the propriety and legality of giving quarter to a vanquished enemy.

"Mr Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory; and some, without Mr Hamilton's knowledge, and directly contrary to his express command, *gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go; this greatly grieved Mr Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that they might dash them against the stones.*—PSAL. cxxxvii. 9. In his own account of this, he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and the letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and he says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies."—*Battle of Bothwell Bridge*, p. 9.[1]

[1] The same honest but bigoted and prejudiced historian of the Scottish Worthies has, in the Life of John Nesbit, of Hardhill, another champion of the covenanted cause, canvassed this delicate point still more closely. It would appear that James Nesbit, at the time of his execution, had testified, among other steps of defection and causes of wrath, against the lenity shown to the five captive dragoons. "He was by some thought too severe in his design of killing the prisoners at Drumclog. But in this he was not altogether to blame: for the enemy's word was—No quarters—and the sufferers were the same; and we find it grieved Mr Hamilton very much, when he be-

The author therefore has acted in strict conformity with historical truth (whether with propriety we shall hereafter enquire) in representing the Covenanters, or rather the ultra-Covenanters, for those who gained the skirmish fell chiefly under this description, as a fierce and sanguinary set of men, whose zeal and impatience under persecution had destroyed the moral feeling and principle which ought to attend and qualify all acts of retaliation. The large body of Presbyterians, both clergy and people, were far from joining in these extrava-

held some of them spared, after the Lord had delivered them into their hand. *Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.* Psal. cxxxvii. 8. Yea, Hardhill himself seems to have had clear grounds and motives for this, in one of the above-mentioned steps of defection, with which we shall conclude this narrative."

"15thly. As there has been rash, envious, and carnal executing of justice on his and the church's enemies, so he has also been provoked to reject, cast off, and take the power out of his people's hand, for being so sparing of them, when he brought forth and gave a commission to execute on them that vengeance due unto them, as it is Psal. cxlix. 9. For as justice ought to be executed in such and such a way and manner as aforesaid, so it ought to be fully executed without sparing, as is clear from Joshua, vii. 24, &c. For sparing the life of the enemy, and fleeing upon the spoil, 1 Sam. xv. 18, Saul is sharply rebuked, and though he excused himself, yet for that very thing he is rejected from being king. Let the practice of Drumclog be remembered and mourned for. If there was not a deep ignorance, reason might teach this; for what master having servants and putting them to do his work, would take such a slight at his servants' hands as to do a part of his work, and come and say to the master, that it is not necessary to do the rest, when the not doing of it would be dishonourable to the master, and hurtful to the whole family? Therefore was the wrath of the Lord against his people, insomuch that he abhorred his inheritance, and hiding his face from his people, making them afraid at the shaking of a leaf, and to flee when none pursueth, being a scorn and hissing to enemies, and fear to some who desire to befriend his cause. And, O! lay to heart and mourn for what has been done to provoke him to anger, in not seeking the truth to execute judgment, and therefore he has not pardoned. *Behold! for your iniquities have you sold yourselves, and for your transgressions is your mother put away.* Isa. l. 1, &c."—*Scottish Worthies*, p. 469.

gances, and when they took up arms to unite themselves to the insurgents, were received with great jealousy and suspicion by the high-flyers of whom we have spoken. The clergy who had been contented to exercise their ministry by the favour of the government, under what was called the Indulgence, were stigmatized by their opponents as Erastians and will-worshippers, while they, with more appearance of reason, recriminated upon their adversaries that they meant, under pretence of establishing the liberty and independence of the kirk, altogether to disown allegiance to the government. The author of *Old Mortality* has drawn a lively sketch of their distracted councils and growing divisions, and has introduced several characters of their clergy, on each of whom religious enthusiasm is represented as producing an effect in proportion to its quality, and the capacity upon which it is wrought. It is sincere but formal in the indulged Presbyterian clergyman, Poundtext, who is honest, well-meaning, and faithful, but somewhat timorous and attached to his own ease and comfort. The zeal of Kettledrummle is more boisterous, and he is bold, clamorous, and intractable. In a youth called MacBriar, of a more elevated and warm imagination, enthusiasm is wild, exalted, eloquent, and impressive; and in Habbakuk Mucklewrath it soars into absolute madness.

We have been at some pains to ascertain that there were such dissensions as are alluded to in the novels, and we think it is but fair to quote the

words of those who lived at the period. James Russell has left distinct testimony on this subject.

"On the Sabbath the army convened at Rutherglen with all the ministers, where they controverted about preaching; for these officers that the Lord had honoured to bring the work that length, opposed any that would not be faithful and declare against all the defections of the time, but ministers taking on them to agree there, they preached at three several places; the one party preached against all the defections and encroachments upon the prerogatives of Jesus Christ; Mr Welch and his party preached up the subjects' allegiance to the magistrate. These things gave great offence on all hands, for such as adhered to the former testimonies found that a step of defection if they should join with it; and those which favoured the king's interest and indulgence were likewise displeased; and that day Mr Hall, Rathillet, Carmichael, Mr Smith, was commanded out to Campsie, the militia being rendezvousing there, to scatter them whether designedly or not we cannot tell; for they were all honest and strangers; however, there began strife and debate through all the army, the one party pleading the Lord's interest, and the other the king's and their own, and cried out against the honest party as factious and seditious."

Howie of Lochgoin, with whom we have already made the reader acquainted, informs us that there was great harmony and unity among the victors of Drumclog, until their spirits were overclouded by the *ill news* that Mr Welch, a favourer of the Indulgence, was approaching to join them with a powerful reinforcement. This would have been joyful tidings to any others in a similar situation. But this most extraordinary body of warriors, to whom a trifling polemical difference was of more consequence than the swords of some hundred assistants, were filled with consternation at the news.

"Hitherto they were of one accord, and of one mind, in what

concerned the cause and testimony of Jesus Christ, that they were appearing for, in this there was great harmony amongst them; but now, alas! their sweet and pleasing union, concord, and harmony was near an end: for this day in the evening, a sad company of Achans came into the camp, which grievously troubled the Lord's host, viz. Mr John Welch, who brought with him about 140 horsemen from Carrick, and young Blachan upon their head, about 300 footmen, some corrupt ministers of his own stamp, and Thomas Weir of Greenridge, and a troop of horsemen under him; though justly rejected by the council of war the Tuesday before this. All these were enemies to the true state of the cause that that army was appearing for; and, as faithful Rathillet observes, that now they had one among them, viz. Greenridge, that was guilty of shedding the blood of the saints, and some who were possessing the estates of the godly sufferers, who had not come that length of repentance that Judas came, when he brought back the price of blood and gave it again. Now came on the honest men's sorrow and vexation; for, from the time that Mr Welch came among them, till they were broken by the enemy, they were vexed with debates, strifes, contentions, prejudices, divisions, confusions, and disorders, and at last the utter overthrow of that once pleasant army; for ever after that there were two parties in that army struggling with each other; the one for truth, the other for defection; like Jacob and Esau struggling in Rebekah's womb. Gen. xxv. 22. There was Mr Hamilton and the honest party with him, and Mr Welch with the new incomers, with others who came in afterward; and such as were drawn from the right state of the testimony to their corrupt ways, which made up a new and very corrupt party."—Howie's *Account of the Battle of Bothwell Bridge.*

To return to the novelist, of whom we had well-nigh lost sight in examining the authenticity of his historical representations—we have to notice, that he engages the insurgent presbyterians in the siege of his imaginary castle of Tillietudlem, defended against them by old Major Bellenden, to whom Lady Margaret Bellenden commits that charge by the solemn symbol of delivering into his hands her father's gold-headed staff, "with full

power," as she expresses it, "to kill, slay, and damage all those who should assail the same, as freely as she could have done herself." The garrison is strengthened by the arrival of Lord Evandale, and by a party of dragoons left there by Claverhouse in his retreat from Drumclog. Thus prepared, they resolved to stand a siege; the incidents of which are told with great minuteness, according to the custom of this author, who gives much of his attention (perhaps too much) to military description. At length, after some changes of fortune, Lord Evandale is made prisoner in a sally, and on the point of being executed by the more violent party of the insurgents. The more moderate leaders unite with Morton in opposing this cruel resolution, and liberate Evandale upon conditions, one of which is the surrender of the castle, the other, his promise to forward their remonstrance and petition to the Council, for a redress of those grievances which had occasioned the insurrection.

This incident is not in any respect strained. From the principles expressed in former quotations, it seems that the Cameronian part of the insurgents had resolved to refuse quarter to their prisoners. It appears, from the joint testimony of Creighton and Guild, countenanced by a passage in Blacader's *Manuscript Memoirs*, that they set up in the centre of their camp at Hamilton, a gallows of unusual size and extraordinary construction, furnished with hooks and halters for executing many criminals at once; and it was avowed that this machine was

constructed for the service of the malignants: nor was this an empty threat, for they actually did put to death, in cold blood, one Watson, a butcher in Glasgow, whose crime was that of bearing arms for the government. This execution gave great displeasure to that portion of their own friends whom they were pleased to call Erastians, as appears from *Russell's Memoirs*, already quoted.

The deliverance of Lord Evandale occasions an open breach betwixt Morton, the hero of the novel, and his father's friend Burley, who considered himself as specially injured in the transaction. While these dissensions are rending asunder the insurgent army, the Duke of Monmouth, at the head of that of Charles II., advances towards them, like the kite in the fable, hovering over the pugnacious frog and mouse, and ready to pounce on both. Morton goes as an envoy to the duke, who seems inclined to hear him with indulgence, but is prevented by the stern influence of Claverhouse and General Dalzell. In this last point, the author has cruelly falsified history, for he has represented Dalzell as present at the battle of Bothwell bridge; whereas that "old and bloody man," as Wodrow calls him, was *not* at the said battle, but at Edinburgh, and only joined the army a day or two afterwards. He also exhibits the said Dalzell as wearing *boots*, which it appears from the authority of Creighton the old general never wore. We know little the author can say for himself to excuse these sophistications, and, therefore, may charitably suggest that he was writing a romance,

and not a history. But he has done strict justice to the facts of history in representing Monmouth as anxious to prevent bloodshed, both before and after the engagement, and as overpowered by the fiercer spirits around him when willing to offer favourable terms to the insurgents.

Morton, after having, as is incumbent on him as the hero of the tale, done prodigious things to turn the scale of fortune, is at last compelled to betake himself to flight, accompanied by the faithful Cuddie, the companion of his distress. They arrive at a lone farm-house occupied by a party of the retreating Whigs, with their preachers. As unfortunately these happened to be of the wilder cast of Cameronians, who regarded Morton as an apostate at least, if not a traitor, they prepared, after consulting among themselves, to put him to death; his unexpected arrival among them being considered as a sufficient proof that such was the will of Providence. These unfortunate men were, indeed, too apt to consider such coincidences, joined to the earnest conviction impressed upon their own minds by long dwelling upon ideas of vengeance, to be an immediate warrant from Heaven to shed the blood of others. In Russell's narrative we find John Balfour (the Burley of the romance) assuring the party which were assembled on the morning of Bishop Sharpe's murder, that the Lord had some great service for him, since, when he was on the point of flying to the Highlands, he felt it was borne upon him that he ought to remain. He twice consulted Heaven by earnest prayer, and to the

first petition for direction obtained the response, and on the second the decisive command, "Go! Have I not sent thee?" James Russell himself conceived that he had received a special mandate upon this memorable occasion.

Morton is rescued from his impending fate by the arrival of his old acquaintance Claverhouse, who was following the pursuit with a body of horsemen, and, surrounding the house, put to death, without mercy, all who had taken refuge within it. This commander is represented as sitting quietly down to his supper, while his soldiers led out and shot two or three prisoners who had survived the fray. He treats the horror which Morton expresses at his cruelty with military nonchalance, and expresses, in bold and ardent language, his attachment to his sovereign, and the obligation he felt himself under to execute his laws, to the uttermost, against the rebels. Claverhouse takes Morton under his immediate protection, in consideration of the favour he had conferred on Lord Evandale, and, carrying him to Edinburgh, procures the doom of death, which he had incurred for being found in arms against the government, to be exchanged for a sentence of banishment. But he witnesses the dreadful examination by torture imposed upon one of his late companions. The scene is described in language which seems almost borrowed from the records of those horrible proceedings, and, with many other incidents, true in fact, though mingled with a fictitious narrative, ought to make every Scotchman thank God that he has been born a

century and a half later than such atrocities were perpetrated under the sanction of law. The accused person sustains the torture with that firmness which most of the sufferers manifested, few of whom, excepting Donald Cargil the preacher, who is said by Fountainhall to have behaved very timorously, lost their fortitude even under these dreadful inflictions. Cuddie Headrigg, whose zeal was by no means torture-proof, after as many evasions as were likely from his rank and country, for Scotch country-people are celebrated for giving indirect answers to plain questions, is at length brought to confess his error, drink the king's health, recant his whiggish principles, and accept a free pardon. The scene of his examination is characteristic, but we have not room for its insertion.

Morton receives a second communication from his old friend Burley, stating that he possessed unbounded influence over the fortune of Edith Bellenden, to whom he knew Morton's attachment, and would exercise it in his favour in case of his perseverance in the Presbyterian cause. The reason given for this unexpected change of conduct is Burley's having witnessed Morton's gallant behaviour at Bothwell bridge. But we consider the motive as inadequate, and the incident as improbable. Morton being on shipboard when he receives the letter, has no opportunity to take any step in consequence of it.

Of the remaining events we must give a brief and very general summary. After an absence of some years, Morton returns to his native country

and finds that the house of Tillietudlem has been saved from that disgrace which Cato was so anxious to avoid; it had not stood secure nor flourished in a civil war; by the loss of a deed of importance, which Burley for his own ends had secreted, the possession of the inheritance had passed to Basil Oliphant, the heir male of the family; and Lady Margaret Bellenden, with her grand-daughter, had found a retreat in a small cottage of Lord Evandale, whose steady friendship had long delayed their ruin. Morton arrives in this humble abode; and the projected marriage of Lord Evandale with Miss Bellenden, to which *she* reluctantly assents, in consequence of her persuasion that her first lover has long been dead, and which *he* generously presses, for the purpose of placing the fortunes of Lady Margaret Bellenden and her niece beyond that risk to which he was just about to expose himself,—for his old commander, Dundee, was to strike another stroke for his exiled king,—is prevented, by Edith's discovery that Morton still existed.

Such of the events as may be necessary to the mere developement of the story may be told in a single sentence. In a recess far in the mountains, whose wild and savage features are portrayed by a master's hand, to which he had been driven by his abhorrence of the government of King William, Morton finds his early associate John Balfour of Burley; his mind tottering on the verge of insanity, produced by the united working of his political and religious enthusiasm, and compunctious visitings for a base and cowardly deed of murder, which the

fervour of his zeal could not altogether allay. After effecting his escape from this moody maniac, who attempts to involve him in his favourite scheme of radical reformation, and who destroys the deed under which Lady Margaret Bellenden claimed the inheritance of her fathers, Morton, with high-minded generosity, endeavours to save the life of his rival, which is in peril from the machinations of Basil Oliphant and Balfour. His exertions, however, are unsuccessful. Just as he is setting out to join the insurgent jacobites, Lord Evandale is surrounded by the assassins, and mortally wounded. Balfour is slain after a most desperate resistance, well and strikingly described. The intrusive heir male is killed in the fray—which opens to Lady Margaret an easy access to her rightful inheritance; and Miss Edith, who must now have obtained the ripe age of *thirty* years, bestows her hand on Morton.

We have given these details partly in compliance with the established rules which our office prescribes, and partly in the hope that the authorities we have been enabled to bring together might give additional light and interest to the story. From the unprecedented popularity of the work, we cannot flatter ourselves that our summary has made any one of our readers acquainted with events with which he was not previously familiar. The causes of that popularity we may be permitted shortly to allude to; we cannot even hope to exhaust them, and it is the less necessary that we should attempt it, since we cannot suggest a consideration which a

perusal of the work has not anticipated in the minds of all our readers.

One great source of the universal admiration which this family of Novels has attracted, is their peculiar plan, and the distinguished excellence with which it has been executed. The objections that have frequently been stated against what are called Historical Romances, have been suggested, we think, rather from observing the universal failure of that species of composition, than from any inherent and constitutional defect in the species of composition itself. If the manners of different ages are injudiciously blended together—if unpowdered crops and slim and fairy shapes are commingled in the dance with volumed wigs and far-extending hoops—if in the portraiture of real character the truth of history be violated, the eyes of the spectator are necessarily averted from a picture which excites in every well-regulated and intelligent mind the hatred of incredulity. We have neither time nor inclination to enforce our remark by giving illustrations of it. But if those unpardonable sins against good taste can be avoided, and the features of an age gone by can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the very opposite is the legitimate conclusion: the composition itself is in every point of view dignified and improved; and the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his

time and country. In this proud assembly, and in no mean place of it, we are disposed to rank the author of these works; for we again express our conviction—and we desire to be understood to use the term as distinguished from *knowledge*—that they are all the offspring of the same parent. At once a master of the great events and minuter incidents of history, and of the manners of the times he celebrates, as distinguished from those which now prevail—the intimate thus of the living and of the dead, his judgment enables him to separate those traits which are characteristic from those that are generic; and his imagination, not less accurate and discriminating than vigorous and vivid, presents to the mind of the reader the manners of the times, and introduces to his familiar acquaintance the individuals of his drama as they thought and spoke and acted. We are not quite sure that any thing is to be found in the manner and character of the *Black Dwarf* which would enable us, without the aid of the author's information, and the facts he relates, to give it to the beginning of the last century; and, as we have already remarked, his free-booting robber lives, perhaps, too late in time. But his delineation is perfect. With palpable and inexcusable defects in the *dénouement*, there are scenes of deep and overwhelming interest; and every one, we think, must be delighted with the portrait of the Grandmother of Hobbie Elliott, a representation soothing and consoling in itself, and heightened in its effect by the contrast produced

from the lighter manners of the younger members of the family, and the honest but somewhat blunt and boisterous bearing of the shepherd himself.

The second tale, however, as we have remarked, is more adapted to the talents of the author, and his success has been proportionably triumphant. We have trespassed too unmercifully on the time of our gentle readers to indulge our inclination in endeavouring to form an estimate of that melancholy but, nevertheless, most attractive period in our history, when by the united efforts of a corrupt and unprincipled government, of extravagant fanaticism, want of education, perversion of religion, and the influence of ill-instructed teachers, whose hearts and understandings were estranged and debased by the illapses of the wildest enthusiasm, the liberty of the people was all but extinguished, and the bonds of society nearly dissolved. Revolting as all this is to the patriot, it affords fertile materials to the poet. As to the *beauty* of the delineation presented to the reader in this tale, there is, we believe, but one opinion: and we are persuaded that the more carefully and dispassionately it is contemplated, the more perfect will it appear in the still more valuable qualities of fidelity and truth. We have given part of the evidence on which we say this, and we will again recur to the subject. The opinions and language of the *honest party* are detailed with the accuracy of a witness; and he who could open to our view the state of the Scottish peasantry, perishing in the field or on the scaffold, and driven to utter and just desperation, in

attempting to defend their first and most sacred rights; who could place before our eyes the leaders of these enormities, from the notorious Duke of Lauderdale downwards to the fellow mind that executed his behest, precisely as they lived and looked—such a chronicler cannot justly be charged with attempting to extenuate or throw into the shade the corruptions of a government that soon afterwards fell a victim to its own follies and crimes.

Independently of the delineation of the manners and characters of the times to which the story refers, it is impossible to avoid noticing, as a separate excellence, the faithful representation of general nature. Looking not merely to the litter of novels that peep out for a single day from the mud where they were spawned, but to many of more ambitious pretensions—it is quite evident that in framing them, the authors have first addressed themselves to the involutions and developement of the story, as the principal object of their attention; and that in entangling and unravelling the plot, in combining the incidents which compose it, and even in depicting the characters, they sought for assistance chiefly in the writings of their predecessors. Baldness, and uniformity, and inanity are the inevitable results of this slovenly and unintellectual proceeding. The volume which this author has studied is the great book of Nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a

man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakspeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author. It is from this circumstance that, as we have already observed, many of his personages are supposed to be sketched from real life. He must have mixed much and variously in the society of his native country; his studies must have familiarized him to systems of manners now forgotten; and thus the persons of his drama, though in truth the creatures of his own imagination, convey the impression of individuals who, we are persuaded, must exist, or are evoked from their graves in all their original freshness, entire in their lineaments, and perfect in all the minute peculiarities of dress and demeanour. The work now more immediately under our consideration is accordingly equally remarkable for the truth and the endless variety of its characters. The stately and pompous dignity of Lady Margaret Bellenden, absorbed in the consciousness of her rank;—the bustling importance and unaffected kindliness of Mrs Alison Wilson, varying in their form, but preserving their substance, with her variations of fortune;—the true Caledonian prudence of Neil Blane;—we cannot stay to examine, nor point out with what exquisite skill their characteristic features are brought to the reader's eye, not by description or enumeration, but by compelling him, as in real life, to observe their effect when forced into contact

with the peculiarities of others. The more prominent personages it would be superfluous to notice. We must be pardoned, however, for offering one slight tribute of respect to the interesting old woman by whom Morton is directed to Burley's last retreat: she is portrayed as a patient, kind, gentle, and generous being, even in the lowest state of oppression, poverty and blindness; her religious enthusiasm, unlike that of her sect, is impressed with the pure stamp of the Gospel, combining meekness with piety, and love to her neighbour, with obedience and love of the Deity. And the author's knowledge of human nature is well illustrated in the last glimpse he gives us of our early acquaintance, Jenny Dennison. When Morton returns from the continent, the giddy *fille de chambre* of Tillietudlem has become the wife of Cuddie Headrigg, and the mother of a large family. Every one must have observed that coquetry, whether in high or low life, is always founded on intense selfishness, which, as age advances, gradually displays itself in its true colours, and vanity gives way to avarice; and with perfect truth of representation, the lively, thoughtless girl has settled into a prudent housewife, whose whole cares are centred in herself, and in her husband and children, because they are *her* husband and children. Nor in this rapid and imperfect sketch can we altogether pass over the peculiar excellence of the *dialogue*. We do not allude merely to its dramatic merit, nor to the lively and easy tone of natural conversation by which it is uniformly dis-

tinguished: we would notice the singular skill and felicity with which, in conveying the genuine sentiments of the Scottish peasant in the genuine language of his native land, the author has avoided that appearance of grossness and vulgarity by which the success of every similar attempt has hitherto been defeated. The full value of this praise, we, on this part of the island, cannot, perhaps, be expected to feel, though we are not wholly insensible to it. The Scottish peasant speaks the language of his native country, his *national* language, not the *patois* of an individual district; and in listening to it we not only do not experience even the slightest feeling of disgust or aversion, but our bosoms are responsive to every sentiment of sublimity, or awe, or terror, which the author may be disposed to excite. Of the truth of all this, Meg Merrilies is a sufficiently decisive instance. The terrible graces of this mysterious personage, an outcast and profligate of the lowest class, are complete in their effect, though conveyed by the *medium* of language that has hitherto been connected with associations that must have altogether neutralized them. We could, with much satisfaction to ourselves, and much, we fear, to the annoyance of our patient readers, dilate on this part of the subject, and illustrate our views by quotations from some of the scenes that peculiarly struck ourselves; but we have trespassed much on their indulgence, and there is one not unimportant view we have still to open to them. This chiefly relates to the historical portraits with which the

author has presented us. We propose to examine these somewhat in detail, and we trust the information we have collected from sources not often resorted to, may be an apology for the length of the Article.

Most of the group are drawn in harsh colours, and yet the truth of the resemblances, when illustrated by historical documents, will scarcely be disputed, except by those staunch partisans whose religious or political creed is the sole gauge for estimating the good or bad qualities of the characters of past ages. To such men an extensive knowledge of history is only the means of further perversion of its truth. The portraits of their favourites (as Queen Elizabeth is said to have required of her own) must be drawn without shadow, and the objects of their political antipathy be blackened, horned, hoofed, and clawed, ere they will acknowledge the likeness of either. But if we are to idolize the memory of deceased men of worth and piety of our own persuasion, as if they had not been fallible mortals, it is in vain that we are converted from paganism, which transformed deceased heroes into deities; and if we damn utterly the characters and motives of those who stood in opposition to their opinions, we have gained little by leaving the Church of Rome, in whose creed heresy includes every other possible guilt.

The most prominent portrait, historically considered, is that of John Grahame of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount of Dundee; and its accurate

resemblance can hardly be disputed, though those who only look at his cruelty towards the Presbyterians will consider his courage, talents, high spirit, and loyal devotion to an unfortunate master, as ill associated with such evil attributes. They who study his life will have some reason to think that a mistaken opinion of the absolute obedience due by an officer to his superiors, joined to unscrupulous ambition, was the ruling principle of many of his worst actions. Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the Tales. In some cases he interceded for the life of those whom he was ordered to put to death; and particularly, he pleaded hard with Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall, for the life of one Hislop, shot on Eskdale moor. It appears also, from his correspondence with Lord Lithgow, that he was attentive to his prisoners, as he apologizes for not bringing one of them, who laboured under a disease rendering it painful for him to be on horseback. From the following anecdote it would seem that his activity against the Whigs did not always correspond with the wishes of those in power:

"The Thesr. Queensberry having taken some disgust at Claverhouse, *for not being so active against the Whigs as he ought* (they having killed two men, and made one Mr Shaw, a minister, swear never to preach under bishops), orders his brother, Colonel Douglas, to take two hundred men of his regiment and attack the rebels. But having one day with a party of his men met with as many of the rebels in a house, they killed two of his men and Captain Urquhart Meldrum's brother, and was near being shot himself, had not a Whig's carabine misgiven (the more pity, considering what a vile traitor the colonel after proved to King James VII.), that Douglas therefore shot the said Whig, January, 1685."—FOUNTAINHALL'S *MS. Diary.*

Something is also to be given to the exaggeration of political and polemical hatred. For example, John Brown of Muirkirk is, in Wodrow's history, said to have been shot by Claverhouse with his own hand. But in the Life of Peden, which gives a minute and interesting account of this execution, the particulars whereof the author had from the unfortunate widow, we are expressly told that Brown was shot by a file of soldiers, Claverhouse looking on and commanding. Enough will, however, remain, after every possible deduction, to stigmatize Claverhouse, during this earlier part of his military career, as a fierce and savage officer; the ready executioner of the worst commands of his superiors, forgetting that no officer is morally justifiable in the execution of cruelty and oppression, however the commands of his superiors may be his warrant in an earthly court of justice: for the alternative of surrendering his commission being at all times in his power, he who voluntarily continues in a service where such things are exacted at his hand, cannot be judged otherwise than as one who prefers professional advancement and private interest to good faith, justice, and honour. But there are circumstances in Grahame's subsequent conduct which have gilded over cruelties that, we shall presently show, belonged as much to the age as to the man, and they have been glossed over, if not extenuated, by the closing scenes of his life.

During the general desertion of James II. Claverhouse, then Viscount of Dundee, remained unalienably firm to his benefactor. In his personal

expenses he had been a rigid economist, but he was profuse of his fortune when it could aid the cause of his misguided prince. When James had disbanded his army, and was about to take the last and desperate step of leaving Britain, Claverhouse withstood it. He maintained, that the army, though disembodied, was not so dispersed but that they could be again assembled; and he offered to collect them under the King's standard, and to give battle to the Dutch.[1] Disappointed in this enterprise by the pusillanimity of the King, he did not desert his sinking cause. He fought his cause in the convention of estates in Scotland; and finally retreating to the Highlands, raised the clans in his defence. No name is yet so loved and venerated among the Highlanders as that of Dundee, and the influence which he had been able to acquire over the minds of this keen-spirited and aboriginal race is of itself sufficient to prove his talents. Sir John Dalrymple has idly represented him as studying their ancient poetry, and heating his enthusiasm with their ancient traditions. The truth is, that Dundee did not even understand their language, and never learned above a few words of it. His ascendency over them was acquired by his superior talents and the art which he possessed of managing minds inferior to his own. He fell in the moment of a most decided victory, gained over troops superior to his own in number, in equipment, in military skill, in every thing but the valour and

[1] See MacPherson's State Papers.

activity of the soldiers and the military talents of the general. Few men have left to posterity a character so strikingly varied. It is not shaded—it is not even checkered—it is on the one side purely heroic, on the other, cruel, savage and sanguinary. The old story of the gold and silver shield is but a type of the character of Claverhouse; and partisans on either side may assail or defend his character with as good faith as the knights in the fable. The minstrels have not been silent on the occasion, and the censure of the amiable Grahame may be well contrasted with the classical epitaph of Pitcairn.

Claverhouse is the only cavalier of importance upon whom our author has dwelt, though he has touched slightly on Sir John Dalzell and the Duke of Lauderdale. Among the Covenanters, the character of Balfour is most prominent. This man (for he actually existed) was a gentleman by birth, and brother-in-law to Hackstone of Rathillet, an enthusiast of another and more unmixed mould. In point of religious observances he did not act up to the strictness of his sect, but he atoned for such negligence by his military enterprise and unsparing cruelty. This we learn from Howie, whose work we have already quoted; and at the same time we become acquainted with what the honest man considered as the criterion of a soldier of the Covenant.

"He joined with the more faithful part of our late sufferers, and although he was by some reckoned none of the most religious, yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in

every enterprise, and a brave soldier, *seldom any escaping that came in his hands.*"—*Scottish Worthies*, p. 563.

From another passage we gain something of his personal appearance, which seems to have been as unattractive as his proceedings were ruthless.

"At that meeting at Louden Hill, dispersed May 5th, 1681, it is said that he disarmed one of Duke Hamilton's men with his own hand, taking a pair of fine pistols belonging to the duke from his saddle, telling him to tell his master he would keep them till meeting. Afterwards, when the duke asked his man, What he was like? he told him he was a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect; the duke said, he knew who it was, and withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long."—*Ibid.*

Burley appears to have been wounded in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, for he was heard to execrate the hand which had fired the shot. He fled to Holland, where his company was shunned by such of the Scottish fugitives as had their religious zeal qualified by moral considerations, and he was refused the communion by the Scottish congregation. He is said to have accompanied Argyle in his unfortunate attempt, along with one Fleming, also an assassin of the archbishop. And finally, he joined the expedition of the Prince of Orange, but died before the disembarkation; an event to which Mr Howie fondly ascribes the limitation of the revenge which would otherwise have been taken on the persecutors of the Lord's people and cause in Scotland.

"It is said he (Balfour) obtained liberty from the prince for that purpose, but died at sea before their arrival in Scotland. Whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was never purged by the blood of them who had shed innocent blood, according to the law of the Lord,—Gen. ix. 6. '*Whoso*

sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—Scottish Worthies, p. 563.

It will hardly be alleged that our author has greatly misrepresented this singular character. On the contrary, he appears to have imputed to Burley, as the prime motive of his actions, a deep though regulated spirit of enthusiasm, which, from Howie's account, he seems not to have in reality possessed, and so far has rendered him more interesting and terrible, than if he had been painted as the thorough-going bloody-minded ruffian, with little religion and less mercy, in which character he figures among the *Scottish Worthies*.

Admitting, however, that these portraits are sketched with spirit and effect, two questions arise of much more importance than any thing affecting the merits of the novels—namely, whether it is safe or prudent to imitate, in a fictitious narrative, and often with a view to a ludicrous effect, the scriptural style of the zealots of the seventeenth century; and secondly, whether the recusant Presbyterians, collectively considered, do not carry too reverential and sacred a character to be treated by an unknown author with such insolent familiarity.

On the first subject, we frankly own we have great hesitation. It is scarcely possible to ascribe scriptural expressions to hypocritical or extravagant characters without some risk of mischief, because it will be apt to create an habitual association between the expression and the ludicrous manner in which it is used, unfavourable to the reverence due to the sacred text. And it is no defence to

state that this is an error inherent in the plan of the novel. Bourdaloue, a great authority, extends this restriction still farther, and denounces all attempts to unmask hypocrisy by raillery, because in doing so, the satirist is necessarily compelled to expose to ridicule the religious vizard of which he has divested him. Yet even against such authority it may be stated, that ridicule is the friend both of religion and virtue, when directed against those who assume their garb, whether from hypocrisy or fanaticism. The satire of Butler, not always decorous in these particulars, was yet eminently useful in stripping off their borrowed gravity, and exposing to public ridicule the affected fanaticism of the times in which he lived. It may also be remembered, that in the days of Queen Anne a number of the Camisars, or Huguenots of Dauphiné, arrived as refugees in England, and became distinguished by the name of the French prophets. The fate of these enthusiasts in their own country had been somewhat similar to that of the Covenanters. Like them, they used to assemble in the mountains and desolate places, to the amount of many hundreds, in arms, and like them they were hunted and persecuted by the military. Like them, they were enthusiasts, though their enthusiasm assumed a character more decidedly absurd. The fugitive Camisars who came to London had convulsion fits, prophesied, made converts, and attracted the public attention by an offer to raise the dead. The English minister, instead of fine and imprisonment, and other inflictions which might have placed them in

the rank and estimation of martyrs, and confirmed in their faith their numerous disciples, encouraged a dramatic author to bring out a farce on the subject which, though neither very witty nor very delicate, had the good effect of laughing the French prophets out of their audience, and putting a stop to an inundation of nonsense which could not have failed to disgrace the age in which it appeared. The Camisars subsided into their ordinary vocation of psalmodic whiners, and no more was heard of their sect or their miracles. It would be well if all folly of the kind could be so easily quelled; for enthusiastic nonsense, whether of this day or of those which have passed away, has no more title to shelter itself under the veil of religion than a common pirate to be protected by the reverence due to an honoured and friendly flag.

Still, however, we must allow that there is great delicacy and hesitation to be used in employing the weapon of ridicule on any point connected with religion. Some passages occur in the work before us for which the writer's sole apology must be the uncontrollable disposition to indulge the peculiarity of his vein of humour—a temptation which even the saturnine John Knox was unable to resist either in narrating the martyrdom of his friend Wishart, or the assassination of his enemy, Beaton, and on the impossibility of resisting which his learned and accurate biographer has rested his apology for this mixture of jest and earnest.

"There are writers," he says (rebutting the charge of Hume against Knox), "who can treat the most sacred subjects with a

levity bordering on profanity. Must we at once pronounce them profane, and is nothing to be set down to the score of natural temper inclining them to wit and humour? The pleasantry which Knox has mingled with his narrative of his (Cardinal Beaton's) death and burial is unseasonable and unbecoming. But it is to be imputed not to any pleasure which he took in describing a bloody scene, but to the strong propensity which he had to indulge his vein of humour. Those who have read his history with attention must have perceived that he is not able to check this even on very serious occasions."—M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, p. 147.

Indeed Dr M'Crie himself has given us a striking instance of the indulgence which the Presbyterian clergy, even of the strictest persuasion, permit to the *vis comica*. After describing a polemical work as "ingeniously constructed and occasionally enlivened with strokes of humour," he transfers, to embellish his own pages (for we can discover no purpose of edification which the tale serves), a ludicrous parody made by an ignorant parish-priest on certain words of a Psalm, too sacred to be here quoted. Our own innocent pleasantry cannot, in this instance, be quite reconciled with that of the learned biographer of John Knox, but we can easily conceive that his authority may be regarded in Scotland as decisive of the extent to which a humorist may venture in exercising his wit upon scriptural expressions without incurring censure even from her most rigid divines.

It may, however, be a very different point how far the author is entitled to be acquitted upon the second point of indictment. To use too much freedom with things sacred is a course much more easily glossed over than that of exposing to ridi-

cule the persons of any particular sect. Every one knows the reply of the great Prince of Condé to Louis XIV. when this monarch expressed his surprise at the clamour excited by Molière's *Tartuffe*, while a blasphemous farce called *Scaramouche Hermite* was performed without giving any scandal:—"C'est parceque *Scaramouche* ne jouoit que le ciel et la religion, dont les dévots se soucioient beaucoup moins que d'eux-mêmes." We believe, therefore, the best service we can do our author, in the present case, is to show that the odious part of his satire applies only to that fierce and unreasonable set of extra-Presbyterians, whose zeal, equally absurd and cruel, afforded pretexts for the severities inflicted on nonconformists, without exception, and gave the greatest scandal and offence to the wise, sober, enlightened, and truly pious among the Presbyterians.

The principal difference betwixt the Cameronians and the rational Presbyterians has been already touched upon. It may be summed in a very few words.

After the restoration of Charles II. episcopacy was restored in Scotland, upon the unanimous petition of the Scottish Parliament. Had this been accompanied with a free toleration of the Presbyterians, whose consciences preferred a different mode of church-government, we do not conceive there would have been any wrong done to that ancient kingdom. But instead of this, the most violent means of enforcing conformity were resorted to without scruple, and the ejected Presbyterian

clergy were persecuted by penal statutes, and prohibited from the exercise of their ministry. These rigours only made the people more anxiously seek out and adhere to the silenced preachers. Driven from the churches, they held conventicles in houses. Expelled from cities and the mansions of men, they met on the hills and deserts like the French Huguenots. Assailed with arms, they repelled force with force. The severity of the rulers, instigated by the episcopal clergy, increased with the obstinacy of the recusants, until the latter, in 1666, assumed arms for the purpose of asserting their right to worship God in their own way. They were defeated at Pentland; and in 1669 a gleam of common sense and justice seems to have beamed upon the Scottish councils of Charles. They granted what was called an *indulgence* (afterwards repeatedly renewed) to the Presbyterian clergy, assigned them small stipends, and permitted them to preach in such deserted churches as should be assigned to them by the Scottish Privy Council. This "indulgence," though clogged with harsh conditions and frequently renewed or capriciously recalled, was still an acceptable boon to the wiser and better part of the Presbyterian clergy, who considered it as an opening to the exercise of their ministry under the lawful authority, which they continued to acknowledge. But fiercer and more intractable principles were evinced by the younger ministers of that persuasion. They considered the submitting to exercise their ministry under the control of any visible

authority as absolute Erastianism, a desertion of the great invisible and divine head of the church, and a line of conduct which could only be defended, says one of their tracts, by nullifidians, time-servers, infidels, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. They held up to ridicule and abhorrence such of their brethren as considered mere toleration as a boon worth accepting. Every thing, according to these fervent divines, which fell short of re-establishing Presbytery as the sole and predominating religion, all that did not imply a full restoration of the Solemn League and Covenant, was an imperfect and unsound composition between God and Mammon, episcopacy and prelacy. The following extracts from a printed sermon by one of them, on the subject of "soul-confirmation," will at once exemplify the contempt and scorn with which these high-flyers regarded their more sober-minded brethren, and serve as a specimen of the homely eloquence with which they excited their followers. The reader will probably be of opinion that it is worthy of Kettledrummle himself, and will serve to clear Mr Jedediah Cleishbotham of the charge of exaggeration.

"There is many folk that has a face to the religion that is in fashion, and there is many folk, they have aye a face to the old company, they have a face for godly folk, and they have a face for persecutors of godly folk, and they will be daddies' bairns and minnies' bairns both; they will be *prelates'* bairns and they will be *malignants'* bairns, and they will be the people of God's bairns. And what think ye of that bastard temper? Poor Peter had a trial of this soupleness, but God made Paul an instrument to take him by the neck and shake it from him: and O that God would take us by the neck and shake our soupleness from us.

"Therefore you that keeps only your old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at *soul confirmation*, there is a whine (i. e. *a few*) old job-trot, and does not mend your pace, you will not wone at *soul confirmation*, there is a whine old job-trot ministers among us, a whine old job-trot professors, they have their own pace, and faster they will not go; O therefore they could never wine to *soul confirmation* in the mettere of God. And our old job-trot ministers is turned *curates*, and our old job-trot professors is joined with them, and now this way God has turned them inside out, and has made it manifest and when their heart is hanging upon this braw, I will not give a gray groat for them and their profession both.

"The devil has the ministers and professors of Scotland, now in a sive, and O as he sifts, and O as he riddles, and O as he rattles, and O the chaff he gets; and I fear there be more chaff nor there be good corn, and that will be found among us or all be done; but the *soul confirmed* man leaves ever the devil at two more, and he has ay the matter gadged, and leaves ay the devil in the lee side,—Sirs, O work in the day of the cross."

The more moderate presbyterian ministers saw with pain and resentment the lower part of their congregation, who had least to lose by taking desperate courses, withdrawn from their flocks, by their more zealous pretenders to purity of doctrine, while they themselves were held up to ridicule, old jog trot professors and chaff winnowed out and flung away by Satan. They charged the Cameronian preachers with leading the deluded multitude to slaughter at Bothwell, by prophesying a certainty of victory, and dissuading them from accepting the amnesty offered by Monmouth. "All could not avail," says Mr Law, himself a presbyterian minister, "with M'Cargill, Kidd, Douglas, and other witless men amongst them, to hearken to any proposals of peace. Among others that Douglas, sitting on his horse, and preaching to

the confused multitude, told them that they would come to terms with them, and like a drone was always droning on these terms with them: 'they would give us a half Christ, but we will have a whole Christ,' and such like impertinent speeches as these, good enough to feed those that are served with wind, and not with the sincere milk of the word of God." Law also censures these irritated and extravagant enthusiasts, not only for intending to overthrow the government, but as binding themselves to kill all that would not accede to their opinion, and he gives several instances of such cruelty being exercised by them, not only upon straggling soldiers whom they shot by the way or surprized in their quarters, but upon those who, having once joined them, had fallen away from their principles. Being asked why they committed these cruelties in cold blood, they answered, "they were obliged to do it by their sacred bond." Upon these occasions they practised great cruelties, mangling the bodies of their victims that each man might have his share of the guilt. In these cases the Cameronians imagined themselves the direct and inspired executioners of the vengeance of Heaven. Nor did they lack the usual incentives of enthusiasm. Peden and others among them set up a claim to the gift of prophecy, though they seldom foretold any thing to the purpose. They detected witches, had bodily encounters with the enemy of mankind in his own shape, or could discover him as, lurking in the disguise of a raven, he inspired the rhetoric of a Quaker's meeting. In some cases, celestial guar-

dians kept guard over their field-meetings. At a conventicle held on the Lomond hills, the Reverend Mr Blacader was credibly assured, under the hands of four honest men, that at the time the meeting was disturbed by the soldiers, some women who had remained at home, "clearly perceived as the form of a tall man, majestic-like, stand in the air in stately posture with the one leg, as it were, advanced before the other, standing above the people all the time of the soldiers shooting." Unluckily this great vision of the Guarded Mount did not conclude as might have been expected. The divine sentinel left his post too soon, and the troopers fell upon the rear of the audience, plundered and stripped many, and made eighteen prisoners.

But we have no delight to dwell either upon the atrocities or absurdities of a people whose ignorance and fanaticism were rendered frantic by persecution. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that the present Church of Scotland, which comprises so much sound doctrine and learning, and has produced so many distinguished characters, is the legitimate representative of the indulged clergy of the days of Charles II. settled, however, upon a comprehensive basis. That after the revolution, it should have succeeded episcopacy as the national religion, was natural and regular, because it possessed all the sense, learning, and moderation fit for such a change, and because among its followers were to be found the only men of property and influence who acknowledged presbytery. But

the Cameronians continued long as a separate sect, though their preachers were bigoted and ignorant, and their hearers were gleaned out of the lower ranks of the peasantry. Their principle, so far as it was intelligible, asserted that paramount species of presbyterian church-government which was established in the year 1648, and they continued to regard the established church as erastian and time-serving, because they prudently remained silent upon certain abstract and delicate topics, where there might be some collision between the absolute liberty asserted by the church and the civil government of the state. The Cameronians, on the contrary, disowned all kings and government whatever, which should not take the Solemn League and Covenant; and long retained hopes of re-establishing that great national engagement, a bait which was held out to them by all those who wished to disturb the government during the reign of William and Anne, as is evident from the Memoirs of Ker of Kersland, and the Negotiations of Colonel Hooke with the jacobites and disaffected of the year.

A party so wild in their principles, so vague and inconsistent in their views, could not subsist long under a free and unlimited toleration. They continued to hold their preachings on the hills, but they lost much of their zeal when they were no longer liable to be disturbed by dragoons, sheriffs, and lieutenants of militia. The old fable of the Traveller's Cloak was in time verified, and the fierce sanguinary zealots of the days of Claverhouse

sunk into such quiet and peaceable enthusiasts as Howie of Lochgoin, or Old Mortality himself. It is, therefore, upon a race of sectaries who have long ceased to exist, that Mr Jedediah Cleishbotham has charged all that is odious, and almost all that is ridiculous, in his fictitious narrative; and we can no more suppose any modern Presbyterian involved in the satire, than we should imagine that the character of Hampden stood committed by a little raillery on the person of Ludovic Claxton, the Muggletonian. If, however, there remain any of those sectaries who, confining the beams of the gospel to the Goshen of their own obscure synagogue, and with James Mitchell, the intended assassin, giving their sweeping testimony against prelacy and popery, *The Whole Duty of Man* and bordles, promiscuous dancing and the *Common Prayer Book*, and all the other enormities and backslidings of the time, may perhaps be offended at this idle tale, we are afraid they will receive their answer in the tone of the revellers to Malvolio, who, it will be remembered, was something a kind of Puritan: "Doest thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—Ay, by Saint Anne, and ginger will be hot in the mouth too."

We intended here to conclude this long article, when a strong report reached us of certain transatlantic confessions, which, if genuine (though of this we know nothing), assign a different author to these volumes, than the party suspected by our Scottish correspondents. Yet a critic may be

excused seizing upon the nearest suspicious person, on the principle happily expressed by Claverhouse, in a letter to the Earl of Linlithgow. He had been, it seems, in search of a gifted weaver, who used to hold forth at Conventicles: "I sent to seek the webster (weaver), they brought in his *brother* for him: though he maybe cannot preach like his brother, I doubt not but he is as well principled as he, wherefore I thought it would be no great fault to give him the trouble to go to jail with the rest."

[1] [About this time there had appeared a silly story in the American newspapers, of Sir Walter's brother, Thomas Scott, then with his regiment in Canada, having acknowledged himself to be the author of *Waverley*. There is much jesting on the subject in Sir Walter's correspondence with his brother.—See *Introduction to Waverley*, p. xxxiii.]

MISCELLANEOUS CRITICISM.

ARTICLE I.

ON THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.

[*The Edinburgh Review for January*, 1805, *included this Article on "A Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England, and great Part of the Highlands of Scotland, including Remarks on English and Scottish Landscape, and General Observations on the State of Society and Manners.* Embellished with Sixteen Engravings. By Colonel T. THORNTON, of Thornville-Royal in Yorkshire. London, 1804."[1]]

IT is well known that the patriarch of Uz exclaimed, in the midst of his afflictions, "Oh that mine ad-

[1] [Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton (formerly of the West-York Militia) was the first sportsman of his day, in point of science, and one of the most convivial companions of the festive board. He revived falconry on a very extensive scale. After the peace of Amiens he went to France for the purpose of examining the state

versary had written a book!" This ardent exclamation of the man of patience has led the learned Rabbin Menachem-el-Rekenet, in the treatise entitled *Bâva Bâthra*, to suggest that the Arabian sage may have been a writer in the *Ammudeha Scibha* (the Critical Journal of Tadmor), or at least in the *Maarcoheth haelahuth* (or Mokha Monthly Review). Without deciding on this difficult point, we can only say that we have frequently sympathized with the Eastern sufferer, and now rejoice that our enemy has written a book. Why we impute this hostile character to the author of the Sporting Tour before us, requires some explanation.

The Reviewers of North Britain, in common with the other inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis, enjoy some advantages unknown, it is believed, to their southern brethren. We do not allude merely to the purer air which we breathe in our attics, and the more active exercise which we enjoy in ascending to them, although our superiority in these

of sporting in that country. He was said to have been materially assisted in his publication by the Reverend Mr Martyne, and subsequently to his *Sporting Tour in Scotland*, there appeared, under the colonel's name, *A Sporting Tour through various parts of France in* 1802, 2 vols. 4to, 1806. And *A Vindication of Colonel Thornton's conduct in his Transactions with Mr Burton*. Having been obliged to relinquish residence on his magnificent estate in Yorkshire, he spent the latter years of his life entirely at Paris, where he established a weekly dinner party, under the name of the Falconers' Club. For some months his health was visibly on the decline, yet he would lie in bed until the hour of five, then rise and go to the club, sing a better song, and tell a better story, than any of the other members. He died at Paris in 1823.]

respects is well known to be in the proportion of fourteen stories to three. But we pride ourselves chiefly in this circumstance, that though "in populous city pent" for eight months in the year, the happy return of August turns the Reviewers, with the schoolboys, and even the Burghers of Edinburgh, adrift through the country, to seek among moors and lakes, not indeed *whom* but *what* they may devour: For some of us do (under Colonel Thornton's correction) know where to find a bit of game. On such occasions, even the most saturnine of our number has descended from his den garnished with the limbs of mangled authors, wiped his spectacles, adjusted his knapsack, and exchanged the critical scalping knife for the fishing-rod or fowling-piece. But we are doomed to travel in a *style* (to use the appropriate expression) far different from that of our worthy author. Having in our retinue nothing either to bribe kindness, or to impose respect—having neither two boats nor a sloop to travel by sea, nor a gig, two baggage-waggons, and God knows how many horses, for the land service—having neither draughtsman nor falconer, Jonas nor Lawson, groom nor boy—having in our suite neither *Conqueror* nor *Plato*, nor *Dragon*, nor *Sampson*, nor *Death*, nor the *Devil*—above all, having neither crowns and half crowns to grease the fists of gamekeepers and foresters, nor lime punch, incomparable Calvert's porter, flasks of champagne, and magnums of claret[1] to

[1] All which Colonel Thornton says he had. In our mind, he should have given God thanks, and made no boast of them.

propitiate their superiors ;—in fine, being accoutred in a rusty black coat, and attended by a pointer which might have belonged to the pack of the frugal Mr Osbaldeston,[1] being moreover "Lord of our presence but no land beside," we have in *our* sporting tours met with interruptions of a nature more disagreeable than we choose to mention. Hence the various oppressions exercised upon us by the *Lairds*[2] whose moors we have perambulated, has taught us to rail, with Jaques, against all the first-born of Egypt. And deeply have we often sworn, that if any of those gentlemen should be tempted to hunt across Parnassus, or to the demesnes adjacent, or should be detected abandoning their only proper and natural vocation of pursuing, killing and eating the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes in the waters under the earth, for the unnatural and unsquire-like employment of writing, printing, and publishing, we would then, in return for their lectures on the game laws, introduce them to an acquaintance with the canons of criticism. Such an opportunity of vengeance was rather, however, to be wished than hoped; and therefore Colonel Thornton was not more joyfully surprised when at Dalnacardoch he killed a char with bait, than we were to detect a hunting, hawking, English squire, poaching in the fields of literature. We therefore apprize Colonel Thornton that he must produce his license, and establish his

[1] Who kept a pack of hounds and two hunters, not to mention a wife and six children, on sixty pounds a-year.

[2] A variety of the squire-*genus* found in Scotland.

qualification, or submit to the statutory penalty, *in terrorem* of all such offenders.

The colonel's book is a journal of a tour through Scotland, which, like Agricola, he invaded by sea and land at once, and with a retinue almost as formidable. When twenty horses had conveyed the colonel and his trusty followers from Yorkshire by Kelso to Edinburgh, and thence by Glasgow, Dumbarton and Loch-Lomond to Loch-Tay, and thence by Dunkeld to Raits in the forests of Strathspey, they there received news of the embarkation, consisting of a cutter deeply laden with stores and domestics, which had sailed from Hull to Forres, and had been twice saved by the presence of mind of an active housekeeper, who "in spirit outvied the men," p. 3. On the first occasion, she discovered a leak "by the trickling of water in her cot." Imputing it indeed to some other cause, she prudently gave no alarm till the same phenomenon occurred in another hammock; and on a second eventful occasion, it was she who made the signal of distress, by hoisting her white linen on the oar of the jolly boat, p. 72. After a long encampment in the moors, and after visiting Elgin and Gordon-Castle, the train went by Inverness and the forts to Inverary, thence to Dumbarton and to Edinburgh, and so home by the western road.

The performance is termed a Sporting Tour, not because it conveys to the reader any information, new or old, upon the habits of the animals unfortunate enough to be distinguished as *game*, nor

even upon the modes to be adopted in destroying them *secundum artem;* but because it contains a long, minute, and prolix account of every grouse or blackcock which had the honour to fall by the gun of our literary sportsman—of every pike which gorged his bait—of every bird which was pounced by his hawks—of every blunder which was made by his servants—and of every bottle which was drunk by himself and his friends. Now this, we apprehend, exceeds the license given to sportsmen. We allow them all the pleasure which they can procure in an active and exhilarating amusement; nay, we permit them to rehearse the exploits of the field, lake and moor, as long as the audience are engaged in devouring and digesting the spoils of the campaign—but not one minute longer. Will Wimble himself, if we recollect rightly, began and finished his account of striking, playing, and landing the huge jack he presented to Sir Roger de Coverley, within the time the company were engaged in eating it. And if a sportsman wishes to protect his narrative through *close time*, we apprise him that he must provide for the auditors a reasonable quantity of potted char, pickled salmon, jugged hare, and deer ham, or be satisfied with the attention of the Led Captain. For our own part, we may be believed when we protest we would have given a patient hearing to all the colonel's exploits, if we had been admitted to partake of the dinner in his Dulnon camp, of which the following bill of fare, with many others, is given us with laudable accuracy:—

"A hodge-podge.
REMOVE.
Boiled trout and salmon,
Reindeer's tongue,
Cold fowl,
Brandered moor-game.
SAUCES.
Garlic, and Capsicum vinegars.
REMOVE.
Cheshire cheese
Moor-game gizzards,
Biscuits.
Liquors—port, imperial, Jamaica rum, punch, with fresh limes, porter, ale, &c."—P. 129.

Had we been fortunate enough to be regaled at this table in the wilderness, we would willingly and most conscientiously have listened to every story in the colonel's quarto—we would have caressed Pero, Ponto, Dargo, Shandy, Carlo, and Romp (p. 151),—we would have wondered at the old cock and five pelts which the colonel killed out of one covey; and wondered still more at the monstrous great pike, which was five feet four inches in length (p. 86), although the story be a good half-hour's reading. Nor would we have refused to sympathize in the moving reverses of fortune experienced by this emperor of sportsmen. We would have been sorry when he fired away his ramrod, or bruised the pipe so, that he could not return it (p. 151),—sorry when his tent tumbled down about his ears (p. 154),—very sorry when a drunken ferryman jumped upon and broke the fourth piece of his fishing-rod (p. 52),—and very sorry indeed, when he rubbed the skin off his heel by the hard seam of his fen-boot. Nay, if the repast could pos-

sibly have lasted so long, we should have submitted thankfully to gape and mourn over a gig stuck on a gate-post (p. 33), over a broken trace or spring (p. 30), or over Sampson, the marvel of the Highlands, *abimé* (as the colonel calls it) in a bog, though upwards of seventeen hands and a half high (p. 73). In short, we aver, that, while our mouths were employed, our ears should always have been open, and that, reviewers though we be, no hawk he ever reclaimed should have been more *manny*.[1] But at present we are under no obligation either to be good listeners or courteous readers; for the colonel, by the mode in which he has been pleased to communicate the above important incidents, has outraged every privilege of those to whom such valuable information is conveyed. To stuff a quarto with his personal exploits of shooting and fishing, all detailed with the most unmerciful prolixity, is a tyranny surpassing that of William Rufus, who, though he turned his liege subjects out of their houses to make a park, did not propose they should pay one pound fifteen shillings for the history of his huntings—a proceeding which, in our opinion, would have justified an insurrection against Nimrod himself.

We have already said we do not find any thing in Colonel Thornton's book which is very new, even in his own department. The following improvement upon fishing a lake, by hooks attached to a float, may amuse the sportsman:—

[1] A term in falconry (Colonel Thornton informs us), for being gentle and well broken.

"In order to describe this mode of fishing, it may be necessary to say, that I make use of pieces of *cork*, of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

"The mode of baiting them is by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat, down wind, which they always take, affords very excellent amusement. And where pike, or large perch, or even trout, are in plenty, before the hunters—if I may so term these fishers—have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

"In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion; and it is, in fact, the most adapted, of any, for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties."—*Note*, p. 27.

This amusement may appear a little childish. Nor will some scrupulous sportsmen greatly approve of the recipe for making birds *lye*, by flying a hawk over them—a mode of shooting most murderously bloody. Other Highland hunters will observe, with indignation, that the colonel expresses a dislike of the manly amusement of deer-stalking. But these are trivial objections. What shall we say of the tone in which the colonel speaks of his guns, his rods, his dogs, his hawks, his servants, his draughtsman, his friends, his fresh eggs, marmalade and currant jelly; what of the importance he annexes to the breaking of a buckle, or wetting of a powder flask; what of the GENERAL ORDERS, regularly issued with military precision, and as regularly inserted in the journal! In sooth, we will content ourselves with copying the colonel's

own account of a Highland dancing-master presiding at a ball at Dalmally.

—"But I shall never forget the arrogance of the master; his mode of marshalling his troops, his directions, and other manœuvres, were truly ridiculous: he felt himself greater than any adjutant disciplining his men, and managed them much in the same manner."

We mean no invidious comparison; but Colonel Thornton, who piques himself on the pomp and circumstance annexed to a capital sportsman, admits the poor dancing-master's merit in his proper department, and that he danced the Highland fling with the true "Glen Orgue (he means Glenorchy) kick;" and we question whether the annals of his school might not afford as important and amusing information as the following specimen, taken at random from the colonel's journal—

"We ordered dinner, as we had done the preceding day, early. Tired of sitting in doors, I took my gun, and killed, hobbling about, two brace of snipes, and was returning home, when one of the pointers made a very steady point. I perceived by his manner that it was not a snipe: came up to him, was backed by the other dog, and they footed their game. I apprehended it would prove black game, not that I had seen any near here, but could not conceive what it could be, till coming into some thinly dispersed, but stinted alders, they both made their point complete; a wild-duck flushed, which I fired at, and saw drop. The dogs still maintained their point as usual; and, walking on to pick up the duck, lest he should get into the drains and give me some trouble to recover him, another rose, with which I was equally successful with my other barrel."—P. 100.

We were much amused with the colonel's recommendation to sportsmen, to keep one set of dogs for themselves, another to lend to their friends, p. 163. It reminds us of a gentleman who kept a case of razors for the use of those who unexpec-

tedly spent the night in his house:—it was astonishing how deeply his friends deprecated the hospitality of the *stranger's razor*. We must not omit to mention, that the colonel takes due care decently to intimate his success in a sport to which all sportsmen are partial, from Abyssinian Bruce, who hunted elephants mounted on a brown horse, to the most sorry poacher that ever shot a hare at a gate by moon-light. Yet a more fastidious gallant would have disclaimed to form designs upon "a *wizen'd* and smoke-dryed Highland woman, upwards of forty-five years old," p. 128; nor do we agree in his compliments to the unparalleled *silver* hair of a young lady, elsewhere and more respectfully mentioned; either the colonel's veneration for age must be extreme, or he valued the tresses of this Highland damsel for the same reason that he admired the fur of the white hare.

We do not intend to trace the colonel through his tour, in which we must remark that there is scarcely a Gaelic name properly spelled. Nay, even on the plain ground of the Lowlands, he makes strange blunders. He talks of fishing in the *Teviot* at Mindrum-Mill, p. 13, when, in fact, he was at least ten miles distant from that river, which he seems to have confounded with the Bowmont, a stream that it is not even tributary to the Teviot, but falls into the Till. In like manner, he talks of those "uncommonly beautiful hills the Teviot," meaning, we think, the Cheviot mountains, p. 14. Surely this accomplished sportsman has heard of Chevy chase. In point of style, we think a bold British fox-

hunter might have dispensed with many unnecessary French terms, as *pallette* for pallet, *metier* for art, *jessois* for jesses; and, instead of "reckoning, as the French express it, *sans son hôte*," might not the colonel have "reckoned without his host, as we say in England?"

The descriptions of the Highland landscapes which the colonel met with on his route, are very similar to what are usually found in books of the kind, abounding in all the *slang* by which tourists delight to describe what can never be understood from description. The accounts of abbeys, castles, antiquities, &c., are bolstered out by quotations from Pennant and Gray. Indeed, whole pages are borrowed from the former, without either shame or acknowledgment. The poetical scraps introduced are in general from well-known authors, though the following, for aught we know, may be original:—

> "See the bold falconers strain up the lingy steep,
> Dash through the junipers, down the valley sweep.
> Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
> When the fierce falcon cleaves the liquid sky."—P. 130.

We would like to know from a hawker of Colonel Thornton's high fame, whether falconers do actually run faster than pigeon's fly; and, if they do, whether it be absolutely necessary that the verse should halt for it. We have only to add, that the engravings from Mr Garrard's designs are pretty; and we hope this tribute of praise will console that gentleman for the fatigues of a journey, performed like those of Mad Tom "on high trotting horses,"

which, according to Colonel Thornton, is the appropriate conveyance of an artist. By the way, we do not recognise Colonel Thornton's humanity (elsewhere displayed in saving a servant's life, and in attention to diminish the torture of his wounded game) in his treatment of Mr Garrard, whom, after "gently reproaching him for his timidity, he persuaded to follow to a stone overhanging a precipice, where, had his foot slipped, it would have been his last sketch."

We bid adieu to Colonel Thornton in nearly the words of Shakespeare—

> "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
> Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
> Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
> Between two horses which doth bear him best;
> Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye;
> He hath, perhaps, *no* shallow spirit of judgment."

But whether those accomplishments will qualify him to delight or instruct the public as a writer, is a point which we willingly leave to his reader's determination.

ARTICLE II.

ON TWO COOKERY BOOKS.

[This article appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1805; the works criticised being—1. *The New Practice of Cookery, &c. By* Mrs HUDSON and Mrs DONAT, present and late Housekeepers and Cooks to Mrs BUCHAN HEPBURN, of Smeaton,—and 2. Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ; or, *Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary, written by* IGNOTUS, *and Revised by* A. HUNTER, M. D.]

IT seems to have been a complaint familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, and which we have too often seen cause to re-echo in the present day, "That God sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks." The irritability, the obstinacy, and the perfidy of the present culinary race, indeed, obviously demonstrate their ascent from regions even hotter than those which they occupy upon earth; and, while the direct attacks of the arch-enemy are opposed and counteracted by the clergy, who may be considered as the regular forces to whom our defence is intrusted, it is with pleasure we see a disposition, in the learned and experienced among the laity, to volunteer against the hordes of greasy Cossacks whom he detaches to those quarters, as

marauders upon our daily patience and our annual income.

In first entering the field upon this occasion, we had some difficulty to settle the rank of these auxiliaries amongst themselves, or, to drop the metaphor, we were at a loss, after considering the high claims to attention preferred by both publications, to which we ought to give the precedence in our critique. It is true, Mesdames Hudson and Donat prefer a bold claim to the grateful recollection of those who have regaled on their dainties. "It becomes them not," as they are modestly pleased to express it, "to judge of their own merit; but with honest confidence they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers, who have *eat* and *judged* of their works." In this passage there is some ambiguity. If, by this intimation, it is meant that the subscribers actually eat the volume to which they subscribed, we, the Reviewers, will frankly tell Mrs Hudson and Mrs Donat, that, notwithstanding the evangelical authority which may be quoted for this literary diet, we cannot bring our stomachs to submit to it, especially as, in one sense, we are already obliged to devour many more works than we are well able to digest. On the other hand, if the judgment referred to was formed from actually partaking of the dishes analyzed in this volume, we only want the opportunity happily enjoyed by these subscribers, conscientiously to join in their verdict. Upon the slightest intimation, the long coach shall convey our critical fraternity to the hospitable mansion where these fair dames have presided, and do

preside, over the good things of the earth; and then—*fiat experimentum!*[1]

By the same rule, although Ignotus resides at rather too great a distance for an inroad of this nature, yet an actual experiment might be usefully made on a Yorkshire pye, transmitted by the mail or waggon. And upon this fair system of practical knowledge did we propose to have decided the merits of these candidates for culinary renown, till we recollected the unlucky termination of a course of lectures on the art of cookery in this city, which was abruptly broken off by the indignant professor, in consequence of a hungry student having eat up a principal specimen, as it circulated through the class for the admiration, but not the consumption of the audience. Deprived, therefore, of this most agreeable mode of exercising our critical sagacity, we choose to arrange the precedence of these rival works upon the gallant principle of *place aux dames;* and we are convinced, that Ignotus and his editor, although the latter be M.D. F.R.S. L. & E., will, with their usual good-humour, give the front rank to the "present and late Housekeepers and Cooks to Mrs Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton."

The prefatory advertisement to this book is too interesting to be suppressed. It shows at once the deep learning of the ladies by whom it was written;

[1] [Mr, afterwards Sir George Buchan Hepburn, a Baron of Exchequer in Scotland, was much tickled with this passage; and he accordingly insisted on entertaining Mr Jeffrey and a number of his critical associates in great splendour, at Dumbreck's Hotel; but Sir Walter Scott was unluckily prevented from being present at the feast which he had thus founded.]

their honest sense of the dignity of their vocation, and their laudable zeal for its being conducted on the true principles of the British constitution, as well as upon those of sound experimental philosophy.

"The late Dr Black, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, has instructed and enlightened the world by his philosophical, ingenious, and patient researches in that science, which somewhere in his works he has defined to be 'the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies.'

"This definition applies as directly to the cook as to the chemist. His kitchen is his school; his boilers, his digesters; his stoves, and not forgetting his cradle-spit, correspond to the crucible, the alembic, the retort, and the other apparatus of the chemist; and both are equally applied to prove the effect of heat and mixture upon bodies. It must be admitted, at the same time, that the range or kingdom of the bodies they severally operate upon, are wonderfully different. The chemist gropes below ground, and in the dark, through the mineral kingdom; while the cook operates in the light, and above board, upon the animal and the vegetable world.

"The judges also who are to decide upon the result of their several experiments, are not less different and opposite, than the subjects they have operated upon. The chemist lays his experiment, stuffed generally with mathematical demonstrations, or the more abstruse calculations of the *minus* and *plus* of algebra, before some Royal Society, composed of a few meagre philosophers, 'with spectacles on's nose;' while the judges the cook appeals to are the jolly *bons vivants* in the Imperial Kingdom; and his compounds are drawn from every thing that is delicate and high-flavoured in the animal and in the vegetable world; and, without any other demonstration than what his larding and his sauces give, he appeals directly to the sound and nice palate of his numerous judges.

"The editors of the following culinary experiments do not pretend to rank with the ingenious and the philosophic Dr Black, Lavoisier, or other eminent chemists of the modern school. As, however, they are professed cooks, the natural attachment and vanity of *metier* may perhaps allow them to say, without offence, that they do hold the *Art of Cookery* to be not the least useful

branch of the great and comprehensive science of chemistry; and, having already avowed themselves professed cooks, they will not trouble their readers with a minute detail of the interesting incidents of their lives, as too generally is the practice of modern authors; such as, where they were severally born, where educated and initiated in the mysteries of cookery; suffice it to say, that they have each, successively, and for years, officiated as cook and housekeeper in the kitchen of Mrs Buchan Hepburn of Smeaton, who has kindly allowed them, for their own benefit, to publish the following receipts, which they have practised and performed there. It becomes not them to boast of their own merit; but with honest confidence they appeal to a numerous list of subscribers who have *eat* and *judged* of their works.

"They have subjoined many valuable receipts in housekeeping, for curing beef, for making of hams and bacon, for the dairy and pastry, baking, and the best receipt for artificial yeast, which can be made and used the same day, and does not make the bread sour; all of which they have practised at Smeaton with wonderful success: *In short, they now offer to the world, not a cob-webbed theory of cookery, such as the flimsy constitution-mongers of France have spun for these twelve or fifteen years past out of their distempered brains to deceive and ruin that miserable people:* No! here facts only are narrated; and by a correct attention to the directions given, the cook, whether male or female, may rest assured of meeting the approbation of the nicest and most delicate palate; and will prove particularly useful for those who reside in the country. The different receipts for making the India currie powder and pellow, are taken from the best practice of their native country."

From this advertisement, much extraordinary information may be derived. We have already noticed, that there is great room to believe that the subscribers, to testify their approbation of the contents, actually eat the book, like the man who, in his zealous applause of roast beef, devoured the spit from which it had been taken: but this is not all. We are informed, in point of historical fact, that the various legislators of France have, for these twelve or fifteen years past, been busily engaged

in digesting systems of cookery. And, truly, though this is mentioned in rather derogating terms, on account, apparently, of their bad success, we consider the fact to be, on the whole, a discovery in their favour, since for our own parts, we never suspected them to be so usefully or innocently employed. It is a fact of subordinate importance, but nevertheless somewhat curious, that the whole Royal Society make use of one pair of spectacles, placed on the nose doubtless of the president. We have long observed an unvaried coincidence in the views and pursuits of this learned body, and are happy to be able to trace it to a cause equally unsuspected and satisfactory.

As to the receipts which follow this curious and instructive preface, they are distinctly expressed; and from the well-known hospitality and elegance of the family in which they were composed, we have no doubt they will be found admirable. We must observe, however, that they are arranged in rather a miscellaneous order; for after a receipt to make "a half-peck bun," we pass abruptly to another which begins, "*The slaked lime* must be well sifted and steeped in a pit," &c. &c.; and again, "Take two shovels full of *coarse water sand*, one ditto of hammer slag well sifted, one ditto *powdered brick dust*," &c. Now, although we are specially directed that the former mixture shall be wrought into "thin porridge," and the latter made neither "too fat nor too poor," yet, we are somewhat inclined to doubt, whether any management or attention in the preparation, could render them

digestible by human stomachs, or, indeed, whether they can be strictly said to belong to the arts of cookery, pastry, baking, or preserving, unless the ladies are of opinion with the Copper Captain, that "a piece of buttered wall is excellent." Other receipts occur, in which "an ounce of *white arsenic*," and the "expressed juice of the *deadly nightshade*," are the chief ingredients. These we were at first glance inclined to suppose borrowed from the French systems already mentioned, perhaps the original recipe for a restorative cordial *à l'hôpital*, or a *fricandeau à Toussaint*—if, indeed, the patriotic composers did not design them for the regale of the emperor himself on his long announced visit.

The very *errata* of this work evince the care and deep science of the compilers. Some corrections refer to the ingredients; and it will be prudent to attend to them specially, as the error, according to the phrase of the Civilians, is sometimes in *substantialibus*. Thus, we have "for *linen*, read *lemon*;" "for *chicken*, read *onion*;" "for *pepper*, read *paper*." Others regard accessories; as, "after *raspberries* (in a receipt for making jam), add, *together with two pounds and a half raw sugar*;" or, "for *mix it all with the foregoing ingredients*, read, *and mix them with a mutchkin and a half of brandy*." Others refer to proportion; as, "for *pint and a half*, read *bit*;" and, "for *half a*, read *three thirds*." This last correction appeared to us to conceal some new and abstract doctrine in fractions, adopted perhaps from the facetious Costard, for

ladies acquainted with philosophy cannot be ignorant of Shakspeare.

"*Biron.* Three times three is nine.

"*Costard.* Not so, sir; under correction, I hope it is not so.

"*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

"*Costard.* O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir."

Upon the whole, besides the receipts for dressed dishes, which it is not in the power of every housewife to place on her board, this little work contains many useful instructions concerning the poultry-yard and dairy, which afford the cheapest and most wholesome regale to a country family.

The work of *Ignotus*, being more systematic and classical, claims a graver and more elaborate discussion. And, in the first place, we have to remark, that whereas all other books of cookery contain domestic receipts for medicine, promiscuously inserted amongst those for food, Ignotus, with the assistance, we presume, of his learned editor, has accompanied the description of each savoury mess with a medical commentary on its use and abuse; an invitation to partake, or a caution to shun it. A suspicious person, considering the profession of the editor, might here be tempted to exclaim

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes:

thinking, perhaps, that such a connexion may subsist betwixt a doctor and a disease, as betwixt a sportsman and his game; since, although the business of each is the destruction of individuals, both must be presumed to take great care to encourage

the breed. But we will cheerfully acquit Ignotus of any premeditated design against our health; for, although his plentiful table, stocked with the dainties described in his work, may occasionally have converted a guest into a patient, we are sure it could not be with the felonious purpose of indemnifying himself for the expense of the entertainment. For this we appeal to the following liberal sentiment, appended to an excellent receipt for peas-soup.

"This is a good set-off against high-seasoned dishes. An occasional abstinence that does not allow the stomach to be quite empty at any one time, is a measure highly salutary, and, for religious purposes, is perhaps preferable to long fasting; a practice, medically to be condemned. An honest physician who, regardless of his fees, can view with pleasure the healthy state of a family where he has been received with kindness, will be happy in the recommendation of a practice that is calculated to preserve the general health of his friends. But, to the disgrace of a profession, otherwise useful and honourable, there are some men who, like the savages upon a rocky coast, view an epidemical disease as a 'God-send.'"—P. 113–14.

At the same time, while we do justice to the liberality of the views of Ignotus, we can by no means acquit him of leading his readers into temptation. It is hardly enough to say to an epicure in the words of Cato, "Your death and life, your bane and antidote are both before you." Describing a rich dish, and then stigmatizing it as unwholesome, is only calling for the water-engine after you have set the house on fire. Our first parents eat, when death was denounced as the inevitable consequence; and their descendants, with undegenerated courage, and a full consciousness of their danger, are ready to eat themselves into gout, and drink themselves

into palsy. To add to the weight of his remonstrances, Ignotus has called in the assistance of Archæus, the genius of the stomach, a personification by which Van Helmont and others expressed the digestive power. Lest the unlearned reader should suppose Archæus, whose authority is so often referred to, to be the name of a French *bon vivant*, or a Hungarian professor, Ignotus gives us the following account of his person and office.

"Van Helmont gave the name of Archæus to a spirit that he supposed existed in the body, for the purpose of regulating and keeping in order the innumerable glands, ducts, and vessels; and though this spirit visits every part, his chief post is at the upper orifice of the stomach, where he acts the part of a customhouse officer, allowing nothing to pass unexamined that, by the law of nature, has the appearance of being contraband. This part of his duty being only required during meal-times, the remaining part of the twenty-four hours (for he never sleeps) is employed in rubbing, scrubbing, and repairing the waste of the body, occasioned by the continual friction of the fluids against the sides of the containing vessels. For this last purpose, and an important one it is, he is supposed to select from the chyle such particles as he may stand in need of; but, as he may sometimes be in want of one kind more than of another, he very judiciously obtains it by bringing on a *longing* for a particular kind of food. For example, when the internal coat of the intestines is abraded by a diarrhœa or dysentery, a longing is brought on for fried tripe with melted butter, as containing the greatest quantity of the materials proper for the repair of bowels so disordered. To this circumstance modern physicians do not sufficiently attend, neither are they sufficiently awake to the necessity of prescribing a diet for persons in health, whose chyle should be of a nature for supplying Archæus with *general* materials, without compelling him to call for them. The folly, therefore, of keeping to one kind of diet, whether high or low, is abundantly evident, as, in that case, Archæus must sometimes be overstocked with materials that he may have no occasion for, and be in want of such as his office may stand in need of. And here it will be necessary to remark, for the information of medical men, that a microscopical examin-

ation of the chyle of different men, made after sudden deaths, has proved to a demonstration, that the chyle of the human body contains different shaped particles, round, oval, long, square, angular, kidney-shaped, heart-shaped, &c. varying according to the food taken in. In consequence of this important discovery, the practitioner has only to direct such food as may contain the particles that Archæus may stand in need of. For example: Are the kidneys diseased? Then prescribe stews and broths, made of ox, deer, and sheep's kidneys. Asthmas require dishes prepared from the lungs of sheep, deer, calves, hares, and lambs. Are the intestines diseased? Then prescribe tripe, boiled, fried, or fricasseed. When this practice has become general, Archæus will be enabled to remove every disease incident to the human body, by the assistance of the cook only. And as all persons, from the palace to the cottage, will receive the benefit of my discovery, I shall expect a Parliamentary reward, at least equal to what was given to Mrs Stevens, Dr Jenner, and Dr Smyth. On the last revision of the College dispensatory, among other things of less moment, such as ordering fomentations to be made with distilled water, the name of Archæus was changed into Anima Medica, as more expressive of a *Maid Servant of all Work.* With men of deep researches, I will not dispute the propriety of the alteration, as I conceive that such a violence could not be done but after serious investigation."—P. 119–122.

This extract may give the reader some idea of the lively manner in which Ignotus has handled his subject. In fact, the whole book is very entertaining, and excites no small degree of interest, especially if read about an hour before dinner. The medical remarks are excellent, although apparently too indulgent towards the *gourmand.* The author stands completely exculpated from the charge of Dr Last against the regular physicians, who "drenched the bowels of Christians with pulse and water, as if they were the tripes of a brute beast." Thus it is remarked, "as a singular circumstance, that persons of a gouty habit should be

most fond of high-seasoned dishes;" but the singularity would have vanished, had the proposition borne, that the persons most fond of high-seasoned dishes usually have a gouty habit. It was not, however, to be expected, that with a stoical severity, Ignotus should bluntly attack the very critics on whose verdict his fame must depend. He is not sparing of gentle hints for their welfare; and compounds on the part of Archæus for three days' high living, with a fourth day's temperance, and occasionally some gentle physic.

> "Where truth commands, there's no man can offend,
> That with a modest love corrects his friend;
> So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease,
> Though 'tis in toasting bread, or butt'ring peas."

In fine, as long as a man thinks more frequently and more seriously about his dinner than about any thing else, as was the unvaried opinion and practice of Dr Johnson, so long will the parsley wreath won by Ignotus remain unblighted. The work is with great propriety dedicated "To those gentlemen who freely give two guineas for a turtle-dinner at the tavern, when they might have a more wholesome one at home for ten shillings." A fatted hog, the emblem, perhaps, of one of these worthy patrons, decorates the frontispiece. And so we take leave of Ignotus, in the words of Beaumont and Fletcher, as of "a gentleman extraordinarily seen in deep mysteries; well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sauces, sallads, and pot-herbs whatsoever."

ARTICLE III.

JOHNES'S FROISSART.

[*Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, and the adjoining Countries, from the latter part of the Reign of Edward II. to the Coronation of Henry IV. Newly Translated from the best French editions, with Variations and Additions from many celebrated Manuscripts. By* THOMAS JOHNES.[1] 4 vols. *4to.* 1803-5. At the Hafod Press.—*From the Edinburgh Review, Jan.* 1805.]

IT has long been, and we fear will long remain, a reproach to the literary character of Britain, that

[1] [Thomas Johnes, Esq., justly celebrated for his liberal and extensive patronage of literature and the arts, and the manifold local improvements introduced into Wales, first sat in Parliament for the county of Radnor, and was afterwards returned five times for the county of Cardigan, of which he was also the lord-lieutenant. In 1801 he translated and published *The Life of Froissart*, By St Palaye. He afterwards established a private printing press in his superb residence at Hafod, where he executed his edition of Froissart. This was followed by an equally well-illustrated edition, in 5 vols. 4to, of *The Chronicles of Monstrelet*, Froissart's continuator, to which he prefixed a Biographical preface. Mr Johnes also translated and published *Brocquiere's Travels to Palestine*, 4to and 8vo, and the *Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville*, 2 vols. 4to. He died 23*d* April, 1816, in his 67th year.]

so very little has been done for the preservation of her early historians. A uniform edition of our chronicles, corrected from the best manuscripts, and elucidated by suitable notes and references, might surely be expected from our colleges; and a wealthy and patriotic public would encourage and reward the undertaking. Since, however, it is the fate of so many of our historians to slumber in manuscript and black letter, we ought to view, with indulgent gratitude, the exertions of an individual who has drawn from obscurity the most fascinating of this venerable band. Whoever has taken up the chronicle of Froissart, must have been dull indeed if he did not find himself transported back to the days of Cressy and Poitiers. In truth, his history has less the air of a narrative than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us; we not only know what they did, but learn the mode and process of the action, and the very words with which it was accompanied. This sort of colloquial history is of all others the most interesting. The simple fact, that a great battle was won or lost, makes little impression on our mind, as it occurs in the dry pages of an annalist, while our imagination and attention are alike excited by the detailed description of a much more trifling event. In Froissart, we hear the gallant knights of whom he wrote, arrange the terms of combat and the manner of the onset; we hear their soldiers cry their war-cries; we see them strike their horses with the spur; and the liveliness of the narration hurries us along with them into the whirlwind of

battle. We have no hesitation to say, that a skirmish before a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Cressy. This must ever be the case, while we prefer a knowledge of mankind to a mere acquaintance with their actions; and so long also must we account Froissart the most entertaining, and perhaps the most valuable historian of the middle ages. Till now, his chronicles have only existed in three black letter editions printed at Paris, all, we believe, very rare; in that which was published by Denys Sauvage about 1560, and reprinted in 1574; and finally, in an English translation by Bourchier Lord Berners, which, we believe, sells for about twenty guineas, and is hardly ever to be met with.[1] Under these circumstances, we are bound to receive with gratitude every attempt to give more general access to the treasures of Froissart, especially as the size of his chronicles prohibits the idea of an edition undertaken with the usual views of profit. Mr Johnes, the present translator, we understand to be a gentleman of fortune, whose hours of leisure and retirement are dedicated to literary research, and who sends the present volume forth from his private press at Hafod. Like his predecessor Lord Berners, he is probably pricked on to his under-

[1] [Richard Pynson, 2 vols. fol. London, 1525.—A reprint of Lord Berners's Froissart, with a Memoir of the Translator, was published by the London trade in 1812, 2 vols. 4to. The copy of this edition, in the Abbotsford library, has this autograph "*Gualteri Scott, liber charissimus,*" on the blank leaf fronting the titlepage.]

taking "by the love and honour which he bears to our most puissant sovereign, and to do pleasure to his subjects both nobles and commons," and, like that good baron, he "prays them that shall default find, to consyder the greatness of the historie and his good will that asks nothing else of them for his great labour, but of their curtesye to amende where nede shall be, and yet for their so doing prays to God finally to send them the bliss of heaven." If, therefore, in the course of our present investigation, we find it necessary to descend into the lists with so gentle a knight, he may rest assured that the arms we employ shall only be those of courtesy.

The present translation of Froissart will consist, when finished, of four large quarto volumes. The best authorities have been resorted to for various readings, and large additions are in many places made from manuscripts in the translator's library.

It appears to us an omission of some consequence, that nothing is told the English reader of the history of Froissart himself, the mode which he took to acquire the knowledge of the events he narrates, the distribution of his history into books, and the arrangement of his chronology. We are the more disappointed in this respect, because the translator could be no stranger to three *Mémoires* on these subjects published in the *Transactions of the Academie Royale*, vols. 10, 13, 14, by Mons. de la Curne de Ste Palaye. We are tempted in some

degree to supply this defect, by giving, chiefly from these authorities, a short sketch of the life and character of this venerable historian.

Jean Froissart, priest canon and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, was born at Valenciennes about 1337. He was the son, as is conjectured from a passage in his poems, of Thomas Froissart a herald painter, no inconsiderable profession in those days, and which required a good deal of such knowledge as was then in fashion. The youth of Froissart, from twelve years upwards, as in his poems he has frequently informed us, was spent in every species of elegant indulgence. "Well I loved," says he, "to see danses and carolling, well to hear minstrelsy and tales of glee, well to attach myself to those who loved hounds and hawks, well to toy with my fair companions at school, and methought I had the art well to win their grace." In a similar allusion to this joyous period, he gives the following account of the luxuries in which he delighted to revel. "My ears quickened at the sound of uncorking the wine flask, for I took great pleasure in drinking, and in fair array, and in delicate and fresh cates. I love to see (as is reason) the early violets and the white and red roses, and also chambers fairly lighted; justs, danses and late vigils, and fair beds for refreshment; and, for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine mingled with spice." This merry mode of life promised but a slender progress in divinity. Accordingly, Frois-

sart in his history (meaning, we believe, Judas Maccabæus), calls Nebuchadnezzar[1] "the prince and leader of God's chivalry;" and tells us, without comment on their ignorance, that the western chivalry who attended the Duke of Bourbon upon his African expedition, justified their invasion of the Moors, because these paynim Saracens had put to death the Saviour of the world. But the Mahometans, better instructed, only laughed at the charge, which they transferred to the Jews. In the midst of his dissipation, however, Froissart early discovered the ardent and inquisitive spirit to which we owe so much; and even at the age of twenty, at the command of his "dear Lord and Master Sir Robert of Namur, Lord of Beaufort," he began to write the history of the French wars. The period from 1326 to 1356, was chiefly filled up from the chronicles of Jean le Bel, canon of Liege, a confident of John of Hainault, and celebrated by Froissart for his diligence and accuracy. It is reasonable to believe, that this work was interrupted during a journey to England, in the train of Philippa of Hainault, the heroic wife of Edward III, and mother of the Black Prince. Froissart was for three or four years secretary or clerk of her chamber; a situation which he would probably have retained, but for an ill-fated and deep-rooted passion for a lady of Flanders, which induced him to return to that country; a circum-

[1] This, however, may be a mistake, for any thing we know, of the worshipful Lord Berners. We are uncertain if it occurs in Everard's edition of Froissart.

stance equally favourable to the history of the Continent, and unfortunate for that of Britain. During his residence in England, he visited our Scottish mountains, which he traversed on a palfrey carrying his own portmanteau, and attended only by a greyhound. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his equipment and retinue, his character of a poet and historian introduced him to the court of David II. and to the hardly less honourable distinction of fifteen days abode at the castle of Dalkeith with William Earl of Douglas, where he learned personally to know that race of heroes whose deeds he has repeatedly celebrated.[1] After this he attended the Black Prince, then bound on his Spanish expedition against Henry the Bastard; in which he would not, however, permit Froissart to accompany him, but sent him back to attend his mother Queen Philippa.

In the year 1368, Froissart was present at the splendid nuptials of Lionel Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., with Jolande of Milan. In his return he attended Lionel at the court of the Duke of Savoy, who gave our historian a splendid gar-

[1] [After an animated description of that fight which sent to his

——"low and lonely urn
Thou gallant chief of Otterburne,"

Froissart adds, "when I returned fro Auignon I founde also there a Knyght and a Squyre of Scotlande; I knew them, and they knewe me by suche tokens as I shewed them of their countrey, for I, author of this boke, in my youthe had rydden ouer all the realme of Scotlande, and I was than a fyfteen days in the house of erle William Duglas, father to the same erle James, of whom I spake of nowe."—BERNERS, vol. ii. (1812) p. 396.]

ment worth twenty florins. He boasts in his poems of similar favours from the King of Cyprus, and of having seen an emperor at the papal court.[1] While thus travelling from court to court, and from castle to castle, his train was gradually augmented by an attendant and hackney. The death of Philippa removed Froissart's desire to return to England; but he still kept up a friendly intercourse with that court, and had prepared to send to King Edward a splendid copy of his Chronicle, when it was arrested by the Duke of Anjou as destined to the enemy of France. At this time he had become curate of Lestines in the diocese of Liege, where he says that the vintners had 500 francs of his money during a very short time. It may be conjectured from this circumstance, that *they* were more obliged to his attention than any of his other parishioners. He was probably soon convinced that it was better to drink at free cost; for, previous to 1384, he became an attendant on the court of the Duke of Brabant, whom he assisted in composing a sort of poetical romance, called *Meliador, or the Knight of the Golden Sun;* and after the death of that prince, he attached himself to the Earl of Blois, who engaged him to resume his historical labours. Accordingly, he seems now to have commenced the second volume of his Chronicle, which was finished about 1388, three years after the peace betwixt the Duke of Burgundy and the citizens of Ghent, which is one of the last events recorded in

[1] Perhaps the Grecian Emperor Paleologus, who visited Rome in 1596 to crave assistance against Mahomet.

that performance. About the same year, this active and inquisitive historian made his celebrated visit to Gaston Earl of Foix, travelling in company with a gallant knight of that court called Espaing de Lyon. He has narrated the history of this journey with great *naïveté* and liveliness. The intestine wars of France had raged in every corner of the territories they were to traverse: scarce a stream, a hill, or a pass, but had been the distinguished scene of obstinate and bloody conflict. Froissart's curiosity was every moment awakened by some memorial of deeds of chivalry; and his courteous and communicative companion readily detailed events with which he was well acquainted, and many of which he had witnessed. In consideration of these lively narratives, the good-natured reader will easily pardon the minute information, that the two travellers lodged and took their ease at the sign of the Star, and that they were visited by the Chastellan of Malvoisin, who brought with him four flagons of the best wine our historian ever drank in his life. At length they arrived at the Earl of Foix's court of Ortez, where Froissart was courteously received and admitted as a member of his household: "I know you well," said the earl, "although we have never seen each other." This courteous prince not only deigned to accept a copy of the *Romance of Meliador*, containing the songs, ballads, rondeaux and virelays compiled and made by the gentle Duke of Brabant in his time, but he indulged Froissart in reading his compositions aloud: "and every night after

supper I read thereon to him, *and while I read there was none durst speak any word,* because he would that I should be well understood, wherein he took great solace." The great virtue and nobleness of the Earl of Foix, the concourse of valiant chivalry from every scene of glory who crowded his court, the long discourses of arms and amours amongst the noble dames, knights, pages and damsels, the tidings which daily arrived from every seat of war, and perhaps the patient audience afforded by the earl to our historian's recitations, induced him to prefer Ortez to every court he had seen, whether of king, duke, earl, or great ladye. In truth the daily orisons and almsgivings of that worthy prince, his bounty in gifts to heralds and minstrels, his love of hounds, hawks and hunting, his easy and amorous conversation, his delight in arms, chivalry, and lady's love, were far more than enough, in Froissart's estimation, to counterbalance the count's treacherous murder of his cousin, and his cutting with his own hands the throat of his only son, who had most unreasonably refused to eat his dinner.[1]

After a long sojourn at the court of Ortez he

[1] Froissart expresses this last incident very delicately: "and so in great displeasure he thrust his hand to his son's throat; and the point of the knife a little entered into his throat, into a certain vein; and the earl said, 'Ah, traitor, why doest not thou eat thy meat?' and therewith the earl departed, without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and afraid of the comyng of his father, and also was feeble for fasting; *and the point of the knife a little entered into a vein of his throat;* so he fell down suddenly and died."—Vol. ii. Berners's *Froissart*, cap. xxvi.

returned to Flanders by the route of Avignon. We learn from a poem referred to by Mons. de Ste Palaye, that on this occasion the historian, always in quest of adventures, met a personal one with which he could have dispensed, being robbed of all the ready money which his travels had left him. We may hope this was no great sum; for besides the expense of transcribing his history, for which he anticipates his claim on the gratitude of posterity, he had spent above 2000 francs among the tavern-keepers of Lestines, as well as in his frequent journeys, in which he takes care to tell us he was always handsomely dressed and well mounted, and above all made admirable cheer. After this sad event, we find Froissart following the annunciation of every feast, bridal or tournament from Avignon to Paris, from Paris to Hainault, to Holland, to Picardie, to Languedoc, to Valenciennes, &c. &c. &c. About the year 1390, having collected what appeared to him sufficient materials, he settled in Flanders, and recommenced his history. Here, however, an interruption occurred highly evincing his zealous and impartial search after truth. He bethought him, that in narrating the wars of Spain upon the sole authority of the Spanish and Gascon warriors whom he had seen at Ortez, he could only give the statement of the one party, contrary to his constant practice and indispensable duty. It happened that a Portuguese nobleman had just arrived in Zealand. Froissart instantly took shipping, joined him at Middleburg, insinuated himself into the acquaintance of the

stranger with an art that never failed him, and obtained from him a full account of the affairs of Portugal. After this interview, he is believed to have again visited Rome, perhaps in search of preferment; for we find him shortly afterwards designing himself canon and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay, and expectant canon of Lisle. This last dignity he never attained.

In 1395, Froissart revisited England; and at the shrine of Canterbury he saw Richard II., grandson of his early patroness Philippa of Hainault. Edmund of York, brother to the Black Prince, received our historian graciously; and, patronised by that prince, and by Thomas Percy, he was introduced to the royal presence, which he thus describes: "I have delight to write this matter at length, to inform you of the truth; for I that am author of this history was present in all these matters; and the valiant knight, Sir Richard Surrey, showed me every thing. And so it was, that, on the Sunday following, all such as had been there were departed, and all their counsellors except the Duke of York, who abode still about the King; and the Lord Thomas Percy and Sir Richard Surrey showed my business to the King. Then the King desired to see my book that I had brought for him. So he saw it in his chamber, for I had laid it there ready upon his bed. When the King opened it, it pleased him well; for it was fairly illuminated, and written and covered with crimson velvet, with ten buttons of silver gilt, and roses of gold in the midst, with two great clasps gilt, richly

wrought. Then the King demanded of me whereof it treated; and I showed him how it treated of matters of love; whereof the King was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well. And he took it to a knight of his chamber, named Sir Richard Credon, to bear it to his secret chamber." Besides the honourable reception of Froissart in England, he was much delighted with the society of a certain squire who had been long prisoner in Ireland, through whom he became acquainted with the manners of the natives of that country, and with the history of Richard's expedition against them, all which information he has inserted in the 4th volume of his Chronicle.

After a residence of three months, Froissart left England for ever, and, at his departure, received from the king a silver goblet containing a hundred nobles. He finally settled at his benefice of Chimay, and employed as usual the hours of his leisure in arranging and detailing the information collected in his travels. Four years brought him to 1399, when the melancholy fate of his benefactor Richard II. became the subject of his latest labours. With the credulity of his age, he tells us of a prophecy in the book of Brut presaging this event, and of a favourite and cherished greyhound who left the dethroned monarch to fawn on his successor Bolingbroke. But he feelingly enumerates the different benefits he had received from Richard, and from his family; "wherefore," says the grateful historian, "I am bound to write of his death with much

sorrow, and to pray to God for his soul." It is uncertain how long Froissart survived the death of Richard, and the conclusion of his Chronicle; he was then about sixty years old, and died shortly after at Chimay, according to an entry in the obituary of the Chapter.

From this short sketch, by which we have endeavoured, in some measure, to supply a great omission in Mr Johnes's translation, our readers may gather some idea of the character of Froissart and his writings. He was no sequestered monk, who from the depth of his cloister casts a timid and inexperienced eye upon the transactions of mankind; still less could he contract that spirit of prejudice and interested superstition which too often defaces the writings of an ascetic. Froissart, though a churchman, was, in every sense, a man of the world, but actuated by a spirit of ardent investigation, and breathing in every page the high spirit of chivalry imbibed in the courts and castles where he loved to dwell. He is superstitious according to the manner of his age, but it is the superstition of an ignorant soldier, who tells a wonderful story merely because he believes it true, or of a poet who loves the marvellous that excites his imagination, and not that of a monk whose interest either warps his own judgment or induces him to practise on the credulity of others. When he degenerates, therefore, into the marvellous, it is usually in some such romantic tale as that of the spirit who so long served the Lord of Corasse, and brought him news of all that passed in foreign

kingdoms, or of the wonderful bear which was hunted and slain by Sir Peter of Berne, after which he became a noctambulist, and by his midnight wanderings and gambols terrified his wife into a pilgrimage to St James of Compostella, from which she declined to return to so unruly a bedfellow. But while we are sometimes amused with these popular tales of terror, we are delivered from the dull and deliberate legends of saints and miracles with which the pages of the monkish historians are so unmercifully garnished. The curate of Lestines, though a good Catholic, by no means piqued himself upon zeal for the church, that *ignis fatuus* which leads astray his contemporaries. Indeed, from the tenor of his life we think he may be safely trusted, when he asserts that he was prompted to his laborious task by the wish to record the deeds of chivalry which he loved, and to stigmatize with eternal shame the actions of the recreant or dishonourable. He also had this very great advantage over contemporary historians, that, excepting the assistance derived from the Chronicle of Jean le Bel in compiling his first volume, his materials were drawn from original sources. Not only the inferior knights and squires, but even the petty potentates at whose courts he resided, communicated freely to him their actions and motives, and, by hearing both sides, and comparing them together, he was usually able to discover the truth, or at least to state to his readers in what the best authorities differed. As his chronicles were regularly written out, and presented to his patrons

during the intervals of his travels, he afforded to his contemporaries a sure pledge of his veracity. For surely he would have been but ill advised, who, during the fourteenth century, would have forged a false tale upon the pretended averment of a feudal prince or baron who was yet alive to avenge the insult while he corrected the error. Neither was our historian remiss in examining the written documents of the time. He has preserved several leagues, letters, &c., and refers to many others; and the heralds, to whom the transactions of diplomacy were then usually committed, underwent many a close examination from our indefatigable traveller. Above all, we must allow Froissart the praise of the most unblemished impartiality, in spite of the peevish impeachment of Bodin, Brantome, and most of the French writers. It is true, it would have been difficult to narrate the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, without wounding the national vanity of France; but if Froissart was patronised by Queen Philippa, he was also admitted a member of the household of King John of France; if he was the familiar friend of Percy, he had been the guest of Douglas; if he admired the Black Prince, he admired equally Bertrand du Guesclin; and if a distinction can be made, his natural generosity seems rather to have inclined towards the side of the French chivalry, who, by individual valour, and the most generous self-devotion, struggled to support, in an overwhelming tempest, the throne of their monarchs and the independence of their country. The transactions in his

own country were comparatively too insignificant to bias his integrity, though he always speaks with warmth and pride of the race and arms of Hainault. Lastly, let it be remembered, that if a part of his chronicle was composed at the request of the Count of Namur, the ally of England, he was induced to continue it by the Earl of Blois, the steady friend of France. In the latter case, he thus anticipates and repels the accusation of being swayed by the prejudices of his patron. "Let it not be said that I have been corrupted by the favours of Guy Count of Blois, who caused me write this work, and has paid me for it liberally ——Nay, truly! I will not speak save the downright truth, without colour or favour; and it is the will also of the gentle prince and earl that I should record only the very fact."

It remains to notice the defective points in this celebrated work. Formed upon a variety of detached conversations, the Chronicle contains a mass of information, more or less accurate, concerning almost every country in Europe, and upon every species of transaction civil and military, from the attack and defence of a fortress to the ordering of a festive banquet. But it must be owned that this information is strangely and confusedly piled together; and it oftener happens to the man who has recourse to Froissart's authority, that he lights unexpectedly upon something curious and valuable, which he was not looking for, than that he is able to find the information which he wished to obtain. Froissart wrote with the haste of a traveller, and with the ardent impetuosity of a mind too much

engrossed with the immediate narrative, to think of what had gone before, or of what was to follow after. We have, says Monsieur de Ste Palaye, lively descriptions of tumultuous meetings of warriors, of all ages, kindreds and languages: the riotous banquet is protracted late into the night; while each, in emulation of his companions, details what he has seen, heard, or acted; and the fatigued traveller throws the lively but confused dialogue upon paper ere he retires to rest. It is also necessary to observe, that the events are often inserted not in the order in which they took place, but in that in which they came to Froissart's knowledge, to the utter confusion of all chronology. Nay, sometimes when an event has been already told in its regular order, as the battle of Aljubarotta in Spain, the historian having afterwards acquired new lights on the subject from a different quarter, is not at the pains to new-model the whole narration, but thrusts his second edition into the middle of whatever he was writing when he heard it, and leaves the gentle reader to compare and reconcile the accounts as he best may. In this respect, his splendid work may be likened to a piece of ancient tapestry full of knights, ladies, castles, tilts, tournaments, battles, and pageants, but presenting to the eye no regular or uniform picture. It must be also admitted, that if Froissart was unfettered by the prejudices and superstition of the cloister, he was strongly imbued with the romantic spirit peculiar to his age. Hence, his credulity must have frequently been imposed on by those who were willing to satisfy with a mar-

rellous tale the wandering priest's eager thirst after information; and hence too, himself a poet, we may be permitted to suppose him partial to that edition of a story which produced the highest effect, and rather unwilling too narrowly to question the precise truth of the chivalrous narrations which he esteemed so delicious. There is much room to suspect that the story of the self-devoted burghers of Calais received its higher and more romantic colouring from Froissart (see p. 267, note); and our accurate countryman, Lord Hailes, has proved that Froissart erred in placing Queen Philippa at the head of the English army at the battle of Nevil's cross, in which David II. of Scotland was routed and made prisoner (p. 347, note). We may add to his lordship's argument, that Laurence Minot, a court poet of the day, would not have omitted so favourable a subject of panegyric in his poem on that engagement.

It remains to examine the merits of the present translation, which will perhaps be best accomplished by pointing out in what it excels or falls short of that which was executed by Lord Berners. In one respect, the translators are in a similar situation, being both, we believe, soldiers, and both above that rank of fortune which is usually the station of literary adventurers. John Bourchier, Lord of Berners, was chancellor of the exchequer, and Governor of Calais during the reign of Henry VIII., and had the singular good fortune to retain the precarious favour of his jealous master, although he was at once a man of talents,

and descended from the Plantagenets. He died at Calais about 1532. His translation of Froissart was executed at the command of Henry himself, and may be supposed to mark a dawning taste for the English language at the court of that monarch. In the reign of Henry VII. the translation of French romances had just commenced. Lord Berners's version of Froissart was published by Pynson in 1525. It is written in the pure and nervous English of that early period, and deserves to be carefully consulted by the philologist. In one respect, the old baron must be allowed to possess an infinite advantage over Mr Johnes. He lived when the ideas of chivalry yet existed, and when its appropriate language was yet spoken among his readers; so that he was enabled to translate the conversation of Froissart's knights and nobles by the corresponding expressions in English which he, himself a knight and noble, daily used and heard at the court of Henry. Mr Johnes, on the other hand, has undertaken the very difficult and hazardous task of translating the French expressions of chivalry into what is, with respect to the ordinary communications of life, a dialect absolutely extinct; for it must be obvious, that Froissart can no more be rendered with truth and effect into modern English, than Lord Berners could be introduced in the present drawing-room in his buff-coat, slashed sleeves, and trunk hose. In describing the war-cry of "A Douglas, a Douglas!" the translator renders it "Douglas *for ever!*" by which the *ensenzie* of a feudal chieftain is degraded into the shout of a

mob. We fear also that Mr Johnes is deficient in a very important part of Froissart's language, that which relates to heraldry. The arms of Douglas are described (p. 32) as "argent on a chef argent," which it is impossible to blazon. In p. 201, they are rightly given, "argent a chef azure;" but he has omitted "three stars gules on the chef," as mentioned by Froissart, edit. 1559, p. 95.

We proceed to compare the translations in the following interesting passage, reducing the orthography of Lord Berners, which is extremely vague, to nearly the modern standard. The subject is the battle of Cressy; and the historian has already described, in the most lively colours, the disorder in which the French multitude came pouring on the small, but compact and well-ordered host of England.

"When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and (he) said to his marshals, 'make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a-foot that day, a six leagues, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leape and cry to abashe the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leape and a fell

cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cryed, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their crossbows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and lette fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners."

This remarkable passage is thus rendered by Mr Johnes.

"You must know, that these kings, dukes, earls, barons and lords of France, did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, 'Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis.'

"There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their crossbows.

"They told the constable, they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, 'This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them.'

"During this time, a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a

great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs.

"When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed.

"When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about, and retreated, quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese.

"The King of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, 'Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason.' You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

"The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these, advancing through the ranks of the men at arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights and squires, slew many, at which the King of England was afterwards much exasperated."—P. 324,325.

Upon the mere point of style in this passage, we are of opinion that the ancient translator has considerably the advantage. In describing the shouts with which the Genoese endeavoured to sustain their own dubious courage, and appal their enemies,

contrasted with the obstinate and ominous silence of the English, the words of Lord Berners are not only better chosen, but the sentences are better arranged, and convey a more lively picture to the eye. On the other hand, the modern translation is more accurate, mentioning the original purpose of the body of men-at-arms [1] by whom the Genoese were to have been supported, but who in the end trampled them down, and the country of the light infantry who were mingled among the English archers and cavalry.[2]

We give another example of the language of the two translations, in the celebrated answer of Edward.

"They with the prince sent a messanger to the king, who was on a little windmill-hill; then the knight said to the king, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of *Camfort*, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal: wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado. Then the king said, 'Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth felled?'—'No, sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid.'—'Well,' said the king, 'return to him, and to those that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth so long as my son is alive; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this *journee* be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.'"

[1] Denis Sauvage's edition bears that this body of cavalry was English; but we presume Mr Johnes followed a better authority. The Black Prince's men-at-arms were in the rear of the archers.

[2] Berners calls them "rascals," Mr Johnes "Cornish and Welch men." Froissart seems to give them both characters, "*pillars et bidaux Gallois et Cornuaillois.*" The slaughter must have been greatly increased by these irregular troops; for the dismounted knights were usually unable to rise, from the weight of their armour.

Mr Johnes's version runs thus—

"'The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight[1] in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence, near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do.'

"'The king replied, 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded, that he cannot support himself?'—'Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight; 'but he is in so hot an engagement, that he has great need of your help.' The king answered, 'Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him.'"—P. 327.

In this passage also, we may remark a sort of flatness in the modern version. For example, "*so hot an engagement*" does not convey quite the idea of "so hardly matched," nor does it well express "*il est en dur parti d'armes*," which implies personal conflict as well as presence in a battle. Upon the whole, there is a sort of amplification, perhaps unavoidable in modern language, which sounds tamer and less like the tone of chivalry than that employed by Lord Berners. In short, the Chronicle is as it were neatly bound in calf extra; nay the leaves, back and edges are gilt; but it wants the massy garniture of antique clasps, gilt knosps, and silver roses, which add to the dignity of Lord Berners's version.

[1] Sir Thomas Norwich.—*MSS.*

Although the style of Mr Johnes is unquestionably inferior to Lord Berners, and although it is occasionally degraded by such quaint expressions as *sheering off, making off, showing their heels,* and the like, we cannot but bestow high commendation on the fidelity and attention with which the task of translation has been executed. In a historical point of view, there can be no comparison betwixt the usefulness of Mr Johnes's version and Lord Berners's, as the latter has not only failed to correct the errors of Froissart as to proper names of persons and places, but has deplorably aggravated them. The Earl of Stamford, to recur to the passage last quoted, is in Froissart called le Compte D'Estanfort, and in Berners's hands he becomes Camfort. Mr Johnes, on the contrary, though his notes are not numerous, has bestowed laudable diligence in correcting the text of his author; has left few blunders, and we trust has made none. The opportunity of comparing so many various manuscripts has doubtless tended much to reform the text, and we do not venture to offer criticism where we have not an opportunity of seeing the original authorities. It might be worth Mr Johnes's while to consult the splendid manuscript of Froissart, formerly belonging to the Conventual Library of Newbattle, and now to the Earl of Ancram.

Engravings from many rare and curious illuminations are given in this volume. They present to us the dresses, costume, and manners of Frois-

sart's heroes, and add greatly to the interest of the publication.

After all, it may occur to our readers, that an edition of Lord Berners's translation, reduced to a systematic orthography, and corrected and enlarged where correction and enlargement was necessary, might have superseded the labours of Mr Johnes, and, at the same time, have preserved an ancient English classic. But we are more disposed to be grateful for what may be considered as a free gift made to the public, than strictly to examine how far it might have been made more acceptable. If the Hafod press performs what is incumbent on that of Clarendon, the founder is surely entitled to choose betwixt the character of a translator and editor; and while, as a private individual, he discharges at his own expense a public duty, we willingly say, God speed his labours.

ARTICLE IV.

ON "THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

[This paper appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1806. "*The Miseries of Human Life; or, the Groans of Timothy Testy, and Samuel Sensitive; with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs Testy. In Twelve Dialogues.*" — Had extraordinary success — passing through nine editions within a year. This admirable *jeu d'esprit* was written by a respectable clergyman, the Rev. JAMES BERESFORD, A.M. of Merton College, Oxford, and its success, as is usual in such cases, called forth abundance of imitations.]

THIS terrific title, with the subjoined catalogue of pitiable exclamations, would lead a native of any country but England to expect a heart-rending tale of accumulated wo. A Frenchman would prepare to shake his head, and shrug up his shoulders at the unobserved calamities of some love-sick heroine; a German would instantly feel his heart expand with all the sensitiveness of philanthropy, and the tear would stand ready to start from his eye, at the thought of beholding all the hopeless errors and unalloyed misery of man, feelingly de-

picted by the nervous hand of sentimental philosophy. But to a thorough indigenous independent Briton, the word "misery" does by no means convey an idea of such extreme discomfort. He feels the satisfaction of grumbling over his misfortunes, to be, on many occasions, so much greater than the pain of enduring them, that he will beg, borrow, steal, or even manufacture calamities, sooner than suffer under any unusual scarcity of discontent. He knows, indeed, that miseries are indeed necessary to his happiness, and though perhaps not quite so pleasant at the moment as his other indispensable enjoyments, roast beef and beer, would, if taken away, leave just as great a craving in his appetites as would be occasioned by the privation of these national dainties.

The Englishman alone, we think, occupies himself seriously in this manufacture of unhappiness; and seems to possess, almost as exclusively, the power of afterwards laughing at his own misfortunes; which, however, during their immediate existence, gave him as much torment as ever the crushing an earwig, or beating a jackass, inflicted on the sensibility of a lachrymose German. It is the English only who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life. In Ben Jonson's time, it was an unmeaning humour "to be gentleman-like and melancholy." We believe it is since those days that a cause for that melancholy has been invented. It is only by the present race that the drawing on tight boots,

or the extinguishing a candle under your nose, has been found entirely to embitter life. These trifling uneasinesses, are now dwelt and commented upon, in conversation, as of the highest importance; are considered an excuse for spleen or ill nature, and, sometimes, almost a reason for doubting the beneficence of Nature altogether. These restless concomitants of life are only valued and cultivated in our gloomy atmosphere. The lively Frenchman either passes them unnoticed, or, if he does perceive them, only moulds them into a pleasantry to amuse his next companion. The haughty Spaniard will not suffer his gravity and grandeur to be broken in upon by such paltry considerations. The quiet Scotchman patiently endures them without knowing them to be evils; or if he by chance receives annoyance, hereafter goes round about to avoid them. The violent Irishman either passionately throws them off in an instant, or persuades himself it is comfort and amusement to him to let them continue. The phlegmatic Dutchman hides them from his view by the smoke of his pipe; while the philosophizing German, who only feels for all mankind, thinks every thing a trifle that affects himself. The sombre Englishman alone contents himself with grumbling at the evils, which he takes no steps to avoid; and perhaps the proneness to suicide, that is objected to John Bull by foreigners, might more reasonably be attributed to this indulgence in unhappiness, and domestication of misery, than to the influence of fogs, or the physical effects of sea-coal fires.

These are the miseries of which the author before us treats; and it is a subject which, in some point or other, must come home to every Englishman. He enters upon this rich field, in an address, inviting the miserable (but, we must remark, inviting nobody else), the "children of misfortune, wherever found, and whatever enduring,—ye who, arrogating to yourselves a kind of sovereignty in suffering, maintain, that all the throbs of torture, all the pungency of sorrow, all the bitterness of desperation, are your own. Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly!" We are then presented with Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy. Any formality of introduction is dispensed with; for the author knew that he could meet with no reader, who was not before acquainted with one or other of these gentlemen. For though Mr Sensitive be of a family comparatively modern (not being naturalized in this country, apparently in the days of the Duchess of Bedford, who declared that "she was born before nerves were invented"), yet there can be nobody, of any age, who has not often met with a branch of the stock of Testy; which we believe, indeed, flourished in this island even before the Conqueror. Indeed, the gentleman himself is so often to be met with, equally in the worst as in the best company, that it is no wonder the author, in his subsequent delineation of the character of Mr Sensitive, should forget "all those finer disquietudes, those quivering susceptibilities, that feverish fastidiousness, and those qualmish recoiling disgusts

which constitute at once the pride and the plague of *his* gossamer frame." We are not surprised that Testy's gross form and active dislikes were continually present to the author, and entirely obliterated the meek agitations of Sensitive. For this has certainly been the case; and, however strongly the distinction may strike us at setting out, in a little time we perceive Sensitive to be a complete fac-simile of Testy, and can sometimes hardly persuade ourselves that they are not both one and the same man. We entirely lose the distinction between the mentally miserable man, whose whole frame is jarred and thrown into a state of tremulous incapability by the falling of a dish; and him who, gross and violent under calamity, instantly knocks down the servant who dropped it.

This distinction is perhaps better exemplified by the conduct of the parties under vexation, than by any positive difference in the nature of the accidents that disorder each of them. Thus, Mr Sensitive declares to Testy, "I, indeed, by the painful privilege of my nature, am as it were ambidexter in misery, being no less exquisitely sensitive to those grosser annoyances, or tangible tribulations, of which you are the victim, than to those subtler and elegant agonies which are my own peculiar inheritance." Testy, we think, might have made a declaration of the same sort; for as we go on, we find the vexations of both to be precisely the same; only the agonies when they fix upon Testy, necessarily lose the elegance which graces his friend's tribulations. For this reason, we wish that these

two gentlemen had hit upon some more lively shape in which to convey their miseries to the world, than the wearisome sameness of dialogue. Had they permitted Tom Testy, who appears in the second dialogue, or some third person, to form their misfortunes into a narrative, we have no doubt that his feeling description of all the torments they endured—of all the tears, contortions, and violent gesture by which they expressed their sense of them, would have attracted the notice of the world much more than their own complacent vaunting of pre-eminence in misery. Particularly, too, as we see all the while, that their tortures, however pungent, still left them calmness enough to enter their calamities regularly in memorandum books, though, certainly, not sufficient coolness of thought to correct the language and style in which they are related. We think that even Mrs Testy, though she is guilty of some vulgar expressions, might, if consulted, have remarked and amended several colloquial barbarisms, manufactured words, and incorrect phrases, which have been suffered to remain, and which, though perhaps in conversation no vexation to the most nervous hearer, are a considerable misery to the grossest and most sensual reader.

These two gentlemen having agreed to meet frequently, and contend for the crown of calamity, by reciting their unhappinesses in a sort of Amabean prose, we are, in the second dialogue, introduced to young Tom Testy, who comes in for the purpose of enlivening the conversation every now

and then with a whimsically-applied, or more frequently, a punning quotation. The reader now perceives his own "misery," in the prospect of pursuing the rest of his journey with these unvarying and discontented comrades. Now and then, indeed, a slight relief is afforded, when Mrs Testy puts in a word; but, upon the whole, she is a very quiet, well-behaved woman, and seldom speaks but when spoken to. However, there is no hope for it; the door of the conveyance is shut; the reader is boxed up with these companions; the coachman is inexorable; and, unless he has powers of self-denial to give up the journey altogether, he must, thus accompanied, and thus only, immediately enter upon the "Miseries of the Country." Here he indeed wants companions of a more cheerful and patient disposition; for the miseries he meets with at his outset are really no laughing matter. Here, as in many other places, Messrs Sensitive and Testy quite lose their capriciousness and causeless irritability, and only complain of misfortunes that would vex, and that very effectually, any man of the greatest reason and equanimity.

"10. (T.) While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, leaving the other shoe in the same predicament:—the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both feet planted, ancle-deep, in the quagmire. The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other clogged polluted foot into its choaked-up shoe, after having 'scavengered' your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each, separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state

proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe is, that each of the party floundering in his, or her, own gulf, is utterly disabled from assisting, or being assisted by, the rest."

"17. (T.) On paying a visit to your garden in the morning for the purpose of regaling your eye and nose with the choice ripe fruit with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been carefully gathered—in the night!

"18. (S.) The delights of hay-time! as follows:—After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitch-fork, into the hands of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising and advancing, in frowning columns, from the south-west; as if the sun had taken half the Zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap: —behold the ruthless vapours!—they halt—they muster directly over head;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued, without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic-flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and retires in open order; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear."

"20. (S.) Losing your way, on foot, at night in a storm of wind and rain—and this, immediately after leaving a merry fireside."

Now, we do not conceive that it is necessary to

possess the unreasonable irritability of these gentlemen, to be very much discomposed at losing both your shoes in a bog; or all your fruit being stolen; or all your hay being spoilt; or losing yourself in a stormy night. These are all circumstances productive of such positive loss or ill effects, that we believe any one of them (to use a vulgar idea) might make the most meek and pious clergyman utter an oath of considerable magnitude. In the same strain, as we go on; lying awake a whole night, which is generally symptomatic of illness; sleeping in damp sheets, which is almost certainly productive of illness; being sea-sick, which is illness; finding a hornet in your boot while putting it on, whose sting would probably lay you up; losing the *memoranda* of your dividends, by which you are disabled from receiving your money at the bank, and, perhaps, arrested in consequence—are all serious misfortunes that we think any gentleman would complain of, and be very ill treated, if his lamentations were laughed at. Indeed, we often think Messrs Testy and Sensitive not at all ridiculous and peevish, but very sensible and reasonable men, who, if they really have undergone all the grievances here related, may justly claim a preeminence of misery, not only over the fancifully unhappy, but over the really wretched, and truly afflicted part of mankind. This is defeating and destroying the prime design and groundwork of the book.

Tom Testy, who is introduced in the second dialogue, is a very agreeable addition to the com-

pany; and by no means merits the character given him by his schoolmaster, who, his father says, "thought proper to tell me that my boy is half mad; though, for all I can see, the whole offence is, that he is a little wild or so in his way of reading; and by running from one book to another, and dashing from this part of the volume to that, has stuffed his head with more words than he knows well how to manage; and so by dint of a good memory, without brains quite enough to ballast it, he flirts out his crude scraps of authors upon all occasions, without stopping to think where he is, or who are his hearers." This incautious young man is, however, very entertaining, and his school miseries among the best in the book.

"8. (Tom. T.) Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition, which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did."

"14. (Tom T.) At dinner—the joint lasting only as low down as to the boy immediately above you:—you are too stout to eat bread, and so go starved, and broken-hearted, into school."

His chief fault is, too frequent an exhibition of his talent; for, though he often produces remarkable and unexpected quotations, he seldom misses an opportunity of uttering the most trite or remotely connected. Thus, in the following.

"35. (S.) After having dealt carelessly with honey at breakfast, being hurried away, without a moment allowed for washing your hands; or—(since that cannot possibly be granted you)—for chopping them off.

"Ned Tes. 'Plus aloes quam mellis habet.' Juv."

The plain translation of the single word "*mellis*,"

hardly compensates for the total want of application of "*aloës;*" and the inaptness of the metaphorical signification of the passage affords no excuse. And in,

"35. (S.) In walking through a vile alley—passing under a window at so 'seasonable' a moment as to intercept the liquid refuse which a foul witch is emptying from the third or fourth story.

"Ned Tes. 'Insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.' VIRG.

"Tes. I fancy the words which follow soon after are not quite so applicable.

——————'placidum caput extulit unda.'"

There is nothing at all appropriate in this passage, except the plain application of the comprehensive word "*aquæ;*" and Old Testy, in his attempt to give it a point, must have been much puzzled, since he is forced to join to it four words, which, in Virgil, are twenty lines distant, belong to another passage, and which, after all, he only quotes because they are not applicable. But Mr Thomas Testy is perpetually obliged to cram a quotation into the situation he wants, by such means as, "Virgil never knew that when he wrote such a line;" or, "Horace could not have said here that," &c.; or oftener, boldly, "We cannot apply to this the passage, which says," &c. Nor is this young gentleman content with watching for, and torturing every occasion to his use; but will very often engross the whole conversation, to make himself an opportunity for wit, and bring us round to a jest by degrees. Thus, a joke is very often scented a

page beforehand; and often, in his observations subsequent to a groan, he prefaces a quotation of four or five words, by an introductory harangue of his own, at least long enough for a maiden-speech in the House of Commons. He copies too freely the style of Joe Miller, and other jest-book composers, who prepare us for any most improbable mistake, by introducing "an Irishman noted for blunders;" or for a practical joke, which any one must have foreseen or discomfited, by "a gentleman, proverbial for long fits of absence." The plots for his jokes are sometimes almost as intricate, as the introduction to those composite jests of the worthies above mentioned, which depend upon the choice, assortment, or contrast of characters, as much as any regular drama. Such are those enacted by a man with a hump-back, and another without an eye; or by an Irishman, a barber, and a bald-headed man; or that most extraordinary witticism, the joint production of a sexton, a surgeon, a maid-servant, and a man recovered after being hanged.

"57. (T.) The handle of the tea-urn coming off in the servant's hand, as he is passing by you! and this in such a manner, that though you break its fall with your leg, you, at the same time, break your leg with its fall—to say nothing of the contents, which, in my own case, I did not find of a very healing nature!

"Ned Tes. Why, sir, as to the simple fact of oversetting the 'urn,' that misfortune, if you will take Horace's word for it, 'is destined to befal every man in some part of his life or other.

——————'omnium
Versatur urna, serius, ocius.'"

Here he is obliged to lay a train for his joke, and almost to explain it beforehand, in order to make it fit at all to the place. We are afraid he is used to make jokes, and keep them ready cut and dry by him; and then his eagerness easily overcoming his caution, he is reduced to beg an opportunity for them, such as, "What do you think of such a thing, for I say that," &c.; or, "If you had said thus, I should have said that," &c. Thus—

"108. (T.) The two-fold torment inflicted by a flea—viz. first, the persecution to which he subjects you through the night; secondly, the loss of your meditated revenge in the morning, by his hocus-pocus escapes—his unthought-of and incredible capers, leaps, and flings, from under your eager fingers, at the very instant when you seem in the act of——nay, to have actually annihilated him.

'Mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus alter
Hæret hians; jam, jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
Increpuit—morsu elusus!'—VIRG.

"Ned Tes. I am quite at home in this misery;—'*intus et in cute novi.*' (Pers.) This little Harlequin of the insect race, seems, like his brother the biped, to consider his pursuers as foes, '*quos fallere et effugere est triumphus.*' (Hor.)—But have you nothing to say against a bug, father?—In London, at least, 'these bugs do fear us all!' (Shak.)"

In this hodge-podge of quotation, he is first obliged to introduce his inept sentence from Persius, by the inappropriate phrase of being at home in this misery; then metamorphoses the flea into a Harlequin, which, after some trouble, lets in his half line from Horace, only applicable to the newcomer, Harlequin, and by no means to the flea, from whom the joke began; and at last is so cruelly bent upon giving vent to the new thought that suddenly pops into his head about bugs, that he cannot wait for a proper time, but abruptly asks his father

what he has to say about them; and then, without stopping for an answer, lets fly his own bald quotation, if indeed, that deserves the name of quotation, which only depends upon the usage of the same word, without any similitude of sense to the passage, to illustrate which it is mentioned.

We find many more instances of these faults, but are afraid of exceeding our limits; and are altogether so much obliged to any body who makes us laugh, that we wish not to be severe upon any thing that gives rise to that vulgar convulsion; even though it be involuntarily accompanied with the muttered "pish" or "paha," that seems to chide ourselves, and express shame for being amused at such nonsense. In this publication, however, we often find ourselves at liberty to laugh in perfect good taste.

After having enumerated the miseries of the country, these gentlemen go on to those of every place and occupation.—Of Games and Recreations —of London—of Public Places—of Travelling—of Social Life—of Reading and Writing—of the Table—Miseries Domestic, Personal, and Miscellaneous. In addition to these, Mrs Testy furnishes a "few supplementary sighs," which were certainly imperiously called for. As, otherwise, the "miseries" of the fair sex (and we believe they enjoy at least as many, and as fanciful and fantastic as those which torment the lords of the creation) would have been entirely untrenched upon. As it is, we suspect Mrs Testy has made a very small draught from the army of vexations and megrims

in which "angel woman" delights. This arose, necessarily, from the author's slender stock of information upon that point; for we are convinced they were furnished by no female friend. No lady, we think, would undertake a task, which, if fairly performed, must discover all the hidden springs and recesses of the female mind; all the arcana of the Bona Dea, which have hitherto been preserved as sacred as the secrets of freemasonry. Nor would any true woman ever give up so much of the assumed dignity of the sex, as to allow that their gross vassal, man, is held in such estimation, or capable of producing such uneasiness, by his most trivial actions, in their refined minds, as is confessed in the following sighs.

"10. At a ball—being asked by two or three puppies 'why you don't dance?'—and asked *no more* questions, by these, or any other gentleman on the subject:—on your return home, being pestered with examinations and cross-examinations, whether you danced—with whom you danced—why you did not dance—&c. &c.; the friend with whom you went, complaining, all the time, of being worried *to death* with solicitations to dance, the whole evening."

"14. After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topics are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two hours; having three or four times sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer, 'Very well—another bottle of wine.' By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a *reasonable* complaint, to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee;—soon after, the carriages are announced, and the visitors disperse."

" 16. At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains (because you know not in what manner to refuse) ' the honour of your hand ' for the evening."

We here finish our analysis of the work. The author seems to entertain an idea, that written dialogue is entitled to the liberties used in real conversation. We meet, accordingly, with some incorrect grammar, and much crudeness of style, encumbered with many unwieldy parentheses. Above all, he seems to have adopted, from colloquy, the use of several words, newly and extraordinarily applied, which, in company, are easily explained, and enforced by some gesture or emphasis of the speaker; but, when written down, convey no immediate idea to the reader, or, at least, a very feeble one. We meet with a " washy remark," " a man of iron," " a sepulchral party," &c. all perhaps good colloquialisms, but which, in writing, lose all their force, from the explanations necessarily affixed; or, in default of them, the thought which the reader must bestow to discover their humour, or even meaning. Printing in italics is a disgraceful method of marking the point of a witticism. But the chief faults of the work are, great sameness and length, which mutually and severely aggravate each other; and we could readily have dispensed with much of the conversations introductory to the groans, and, still more willingly, with the dull homilies preached at the end by Mr Sensitive, senior. This is a remark-

able instance either of an author's distrust in his readers, whom he would not leave to pick out his moral, or of diffidence in his own powers of rendering it plain and easy. The reader, at the end of the groans, thinks he has finished the book, and is leaving it merry and pleased, when Mr Sensitive, senior, steps in, and, like the butler in the drama of *Lovers' Vows*, detains him, insults his understanding, and deadens his spirits, by the heavy recitation of his musty moral.

On the whole, we strenuously recommend this work to all who love to laugh; and, at the same time, feel no pleasure in disappointing an author, who aims at humour, by captious objections or dignified sullenness: for (as Tom Testy would put in)

> "By two-headed Janus!
> Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time,
> Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
> And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
> And others of such vinegar aspect,
> That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
> Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."—SHAK.

To the first class described here, we promise much merriment from the perusal of this work; and to support our opinion, we will select a few of the best groans; or at least those which most affected our risible faculties. A selection, we avow, much easier made, than that of the faults that have been mentioned in this review.

OF TRAVELLING.

"4. (S.) Just as you are going off, with only one other person on your side of the coach, who, you flatter yourself, is

the last,—seeing the door suddenly opened, and the guard, coachman, hostler, &c. &c. craning, shoving, and buttressing up an overgrown, puffing, greasy, human hog, of the butcher or grazier breed—the whole machine straining and groaning under its cargo, from the box to the basket.—By dint of incredible efforts and contrivances, the carcase is, at length, weighed up to the door, where it has next to struggle with various and heavy obstructions in the passage. When, at length, the entire beast is fairly slung in, and (after about a quarter of an hour consumed in the operation) plunged down and bedded, with the squelch of a falling ox, and the grunt of a rhinoceros,—you find yourself suddenly viced in, from the shoulder to the hip; upon which the monster—when, in another quarter of an hour, he has finally pumped and panted, and snortled himself into tranquillity,—begins to make himself merry with your misery, and keeps braying away,—totally callous to the dumb frowns, or muttered execrations ('curses not loud but deep') of the whole coach."

"25. (S.) At a formal dinner—the awful resting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses:

"Ned Tes. 'Inde alios ineunt cursus, aliosque recursus,
Adversis spatiis.'"

"10. (T.) After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms."

"29. (S.) Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold, in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate, by 'taking you off' before morning!

"Ned Tes. 'Ægrescitque medendo.' VIRG."

From Mrs Tabby's Scrawls.

"11. At a long table, after dinner, having the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation, that you are strikingly like Mrs or Miss ———, particularly when you smile."

We are sorry the author inserted such an affected and nonsensical groan as the following.

"21. (T.) Hearing the threats of invasion which have long been bawled out by the little bloated fiend on the other side of the channel, honoured with serious attention by men actually born and bred in England. There are not, indeed, above half a dozen of our countrymen of this white-livered description; 'but who can think, with common patience, even of that handful?'"

In powerful contradiction, too, to the sense and truth of the following.

"11. (S.) At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such after-pieces as are called 'England's Glory,'—'The British Tars,' &c.—with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded."

In the second edition, the author has informed us of a new calamity, which he entitles *My own Groan*. It contains his complaint of the work being attributed to other noblemen and gentlemen, whose initials only, and those perhaps fictitious, he publishes. We suppose, from this caution, that they are gentlemen who have never yet dared the public eye in a printed shape; but, since the world has attributed to them a work which has met so favourable a reception, we suppose they are held in estimation as some of the prime wits and "merriest men" of the age. This favourable opinion thus expressed, should not be disregarded by them; they are called upon to enter boldly upon the fields of literature, and exhibit to the world proof of those talents for which it has thus universally given them credit.

We now unwillingly leave this work; and, as a farewell to the author, we intreat him (without meaning to measure weapons with so formidable a

rival) to cast an eye of compassion and sympathy upon a few

REVIEWER'S GROANS.[1]

1. A complacent author's enquiries, whether his book is about to be reviewed, and what is the character to be given of it;—said book having only been thought worthy to be dismissed with a general censure for stupidity, ignorance, and self-sufficiency.

2. A plaintive author's reproachful question how he ever injured you, so that you chose to be his executioner; and the candour with which he argues upon your opinion of his work; only denying that it wants genius, wit, or taste; while he ingenuously confesses there are some few grammatical inaccuracies and carelessnesses in the style.

3. Finding yourself seated at dinner next a gentleman whom you have before pilloried in a review of extreme severity; then being somewhat relieved by finding that you are unknown to him; till a blundering pretender to literature, on his other side, calls you by your name; and asks across him, Who is to be cut up in the next Number?

4. The harsh and opprobrious review done by your brethren upon a book that you have generously published anonymously; then, upon your owning it, in hopes of softening them, and perhaps procuring a revisal of the second edition of the review; their comments upon your unkindness and folly in not telling them before; and, above all, the subsequent grins and rejoiced faces of the whole literary world, to whom your friends immediately publish your avowal.

5. The copy just set up, and more wanted—the printer's imp, or the great Beelzebub himself in waiting, and grinding his fangs with impatience—the postman delivers a treble letter, which you eagerly open, expecting a communication from a first-rate correspondent, and which proves to contain a long expostulatory and indignant refutation of your last quarter's critique on an incensed author—postage unpaid.

6. The doleful alternative of perusing a huge quarto, at the risk of dislocating your jaws, in order to review it—or of reviewing the said quarto, without so perusing it, at the risk of making

[1] [Lord Jeffrey is inclined to think that he himself added some of these "Reviewer's Groans;" but his recollection is not precise.]

blunders, and furnishing pegs on which charges of misrepresentation will not fail to be suspended.

7. ——— Last scene of all,
To close this sad eventful history—

Long labour bestowed in endeavouring to extract subject for an article from a book too dull to be commended, and too accurate to be condemned, where ordinary subjects are treated in an ordinary style, and with ordinary ability; so that, at last, you relinquish the hope of drawing forth, from the mass of mediocrity, food either for reason or for ridicule, and shut the book, with the fruitless apostrophe,

"Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
I wish from my soul thou wert better or worse."

ARTICLE V.

CARR'S CALEDONIAN SKETCHES.

[The first Number of the *Quarterly Review*, February, 1809, contained these remarks on a huge quarto, of 541 pages, entitled, "*Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland, in* 1807. *To which is prefixed an Explanatory Address to the Public upon a recent Trial. By* Sir JOHN CARR. London, Matthews and Leigh, 1809."—The work entitled "*My Pocket Book, or Hints for a Righte Merrie and Conceited Tour, to be called the Stranger in Ireland,*" in ridicule of Sir John Carr's quarto volume of that title, was written by Edward Dubois, Esq author of various translations, &c. The trial to which it gave rise occurred before the Court of King's Bench, on the 25th July, 1808. The Jury found for the defendants, Messrs Vernor and Hood. The other works of the Knight were, *The Stranger in France, or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris.* 4to. 1803. *A Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, &c.* 4to. 1805. *A Tour through Holland.* 4to. 1806; and *Descriptive Travels in Spain and the Balearic Isles.* 4to. 1811.]

THE advice of the Giant Moulineau to a reciter, *Je vous prie, Belier mon ami, commençez par le commencement,* is too often neglected. We, how-

ever, admonished by a recent event,[1] new in our high office, and anxious to discharge its duties with unexampled fidelity, actually read the explanatory address prefixed to this volume, before we proceeded on the *Caledonian Sketches*. It is, in sooth, a piece of very tragical mirth, in which we hardly knew whether to sympathize with the wounded feelings of a good-natured, well-meaning man, or to laugh at the ambiguous expressions in which he couches his sorrow and indignation upon a very foolish subject. The trial, in which Sir John Carr sued the editor of a satiric work, called *My Pocket Book*, for damages, as a libel on his literary fame, must be fresh in the memory of every reader. The Address displays great anxiety to ascertain the precise grounds upon which the action was commenced; but there is no little embarrassment and confusion in bottoming the case, as will appear from the opening of the subject.

"Had this attack been announced as a travesty, the public would have regarded it as a burlesque, and I should have been as much disposed as any one to have smiled at what humour it might have possessed. Indeed I should have deemed it, in some measure, an honour; for, as the nature of travesty is laughable deformity, the original must at least possess some symmetry, before it could be twisted into deformity. Nay, I should have felt myself flattered to have been placed in the same line of attack in which many illustrious literary characters have been assailed, although immeasurably removed from them in literary reputation. I should also have reflected that the public would not be interested in the travesty of an unknown author. But many, who have never read the *Tour in Ireland*, have considered the quotations as authentic, and the comment as fair and candid. I am placed before a mirror that distorts, and the mirror is thought to represent me faithfully."—P. 4.

[1] See p. 50.

We suspect that the author of this passage remained a little too long in the "southern and western parts of Ireland," to be an absolute stranger to the national mode of ratiocination. If a work be announced as a *burlesque* it must undoubtedly be regarded as a *travesty*, which is pretty much the same thing. But although it be not announced as a *burlesque*, it by no means follows that an action lies against the author, because the public insist upon mistaking for grave matter of fact what was intended for raillery. The readers are then to be blamed more than the satirist; and indeed, so dull was our apprehension in this very case, that having dipped into "My Pocket Book," and afterwards heard of a suit at law, we could not but conclude that Sir John had commenced it not on the score of libel, but on that of piracy; for whatever the author may have intended, the imitation had all the merit of being as prosing as the original, with the sole advantage (certainly no inconsiderable one) of being much shorter.

But Sir John does not rest his case here. He proceeds to state that the "frontispiece of this publication attempted personally to degrade him in a point of view which had no reference to his travels." And again,

"In my work I have mentioned, that the cruel custom of yoking the plough to the tail of the drawing horse, which once existed in the uncivilized parts of Ireland, has for some time past been discontinued; yet, in this print, I am represented in the attitude of making a drawing of this barbarous usage; and, if such print be admitted to be fair criticism, I am made by the artist's pencil to assert that the custom still endures. In fact I am as-

sured that I have already incurred the displeasure of some of the Irish, who have not perused my work, and who have been misled by this print, for having, as they thought, in this instance thrown an odium upon the character of their peasantry. To return to the action, the frontispiece caricature, and the explanation, constituted the sole ground of my legal complaint."—P. 6.

This ground of complaint appears to us still more fantastical than that which he stated for the purpose of abandoning it. For an author has certainly some right in equity, if not at common law, to complain of the *maladresse* of a satirical satellite, who shaped his irony so awkwardly that all men took it for sober truth. But that any human being upon either side of St George's Channel could seriously draw a conclusion, as matter of fact, from a caricature print, is one of the most whimsical innuendoes which a declaration ever attached to a libel. There are twenty prints in the windows of St James's Street, representing the highest characters in the most absurd attitudes and employments; by each of which, no doubt, a certain inference is intended, but we suppose something very different from the emblem offered to the eye. If a group of forlorn statesmen were to be presented in the shape of pigs possessed with an evil spirit, and precipitating themselves into the sea; would an action lie at their instance against the caricaturist, not because they were ridiculed for a noble abandonment of their places, but because he might mean to infer that the "nine-farrow" had literally jumped from Dover Cliffs, in order to take the shortest road to Calais!

While Sir John Carr is thus puzzled to shape a legal ground for his action, we cannot but feel some

sympathy in his distress; for although he may have done very ill to go to law, it is possible he may do very well to be angry; and it is some suspicion that his resentment is neither unprovoked nor unjustifiable, that restrains our inclination to smile at the legal distinctions which he makes concerning it. *As "My Pocket Book" is a burlesque, it pleaseth him well, but in respect it is a satire, it is naught; in regard it is criticism, it may be the "palladium of literature," but in respect it was actively dispersed, it is a very vile work; as it is a book, look you, it fits his humour well, but in regard it hath an engraved frontispiece, it goeth much against his stomach!*

But Sir John hath a fellow sufferer in this matter, whom it is not meet to pass without notice.

"I have only one observation more to make, which I owe in justice to myself, and my late publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, who has been accused of having, from objects of personal feeling, prompted me to bring the action to which I have adverted. I can most solemnly declare that he never excited me to such a measure."

This is a subject not to be proceeded upon rashly—let us look for a precedent. When a gentleman-like person, swinging his switch, and pointing his toes, happens, in bestriding a kennel in snowy weather, to slip down upon his central part, he is greeted by the shouts of all the children in the street. But if the alderman of the ward *vir pietate ac meritis gravis*, hath lent his arm in the perilous pass, and shared the disgraceful tumble, the elder 'prentice boys (who probably formed the slippery trap) rush to condole with his worship, and fall to rubbing his coat; while the younger fry suppress

their grinning, and emulously join in upraising and comforting his companion. Even so, we novices in criticism, are taught compassion by our elder brethren of Edinburgh, whom we lately beheld with edification, consoling the senior knight, moved by the reverence due to the shrieval furs, or to a misfortune deep enough to affect even the soldiers of the dire Ulysses.

It becomes our duty, therefore, to comfort the neglected sufferer—to tell him that Pope, like himself, had to complain of

"The libelled person, and the pictured shape."

That Dryden affirms more libels had been written on him than on any man alive in that libellous age; that in our own time, the wittiest and worthiest of the nation have had the same fate. Had Sir John eaten his posset with the composure which Page recommends to his namesake, he might have laughed at those who now laugh at him. A wise man, who in ambling his hobby along the highway, has the dirt thrown in his face by some mischievous varlet splashing past him, will wipe off the mark of dishonour, and escape at the expense of a stifled titter among grooms and hackney-coachmen. But if he gives the reins to his resentment, and pursue the offender with whip uplifted, he excites a general interest in the cause; it becomes an eventful matter, a skirmish or race: and at a skirmish, were it only between two dunghill cocks; at a race, were it only between a pair of donkies, the

dogs will bark, the children scream, and the blackguards shout. And now, Knight,

> "Unbuckle wide your mail,
> And to the full requite us tale for tale."

What news from the land of cakes and whisky, from the region of mist and snow? "Stands Scotland where it did?" Do her critics still brandish their scalping knives, her bards still tune their bagpipes, their sackbuts, their dulcimers, and their psalteries? Do her lawyers still wrangle about politics, her clergy about patronage, her professors about heat and cold, her philosophers about the cosmogony of the world (which has puzzled the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as much as ever it did Sanconiathon and Berosus), and last, and fiercest of all, her physicians, about—the Lord knows what? Alas! these questions have offence in them, and our knight, the gentlest that ever prick'd upon a plain, refuseth the information which "an if he would" he could doubtless communicate. His details are entirely confined to a short description of the exterior of the country, a few trite anecdotes of ancient history and manners, and an account of local customs and laws neither remarkable for value nor accuracy.

It would, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to bring us news from Scotland. Formerly indeed, we knew Scots, and, as we thought, to our cost; but we knew little of Scotland; and most plain London citizens would have made their wills before

they ventured into a country where the fair sex dispensed with the use of shoes and stockings, and the males with that of a still more necessary integument. But that time is gone by. We no longer wonder at the hardihood of those who, to give us information (and take two guineas for the book which contains it), plunge into these hyperborean regions, are absent from home about six weeks, and return after having seen Johnnie Groat's house. Since the continent has been shut against us, Edinburgh is as much visited by every dashing citizen who pretends to fashion, as Margate or Tunbridge. Then for "tender youth and weary age," the information which they cannot seek in person, may be found in a hundred volumes. There is Johnson's Philosophic Tour, Pennant's Descriptive Tour, Gilpin's Picturesque Tour, Stoddart's Sketching Tour, Garnet's Medical Tour, Mrs Murray's Familiar Tour, Newte's Nautical Tour, Mawman's Bookselling Tour, Campbell's Crazy Tour, Lettice's Insipid Tour, and Boswell's Fantastic Tour, with the Humours of the Bear and the Monkey. From collating these, the curious may learn, without stirring from the sound of Bow bell, the depth of the supposed unfathomable Loch Ness, the four wonders of Loch Lomond, the height of Fingal's cave, and all those Caledonian memorabilia which the more desperate visit in person, at the expense of being obliged to drink whisky, and eat *Scattan agus braddan agus spuntat*.[1] Now it

[1] Dried salmon, oat cakes, and potatoes; these words (which we spell from the too well-remembered sound) form the usual list of refreshments at an Highland alehouse.

will presently be seen that Sir John Carr, although himself of the more adventurous class who demand ocular evidence of the existence of these wonders, has not disregarded the labours of his predecessors so far as to disdain to incorporate them with his own. On the contrary, so much of this quarto may be traced to Pennant and his numerous successors, that we are really of opinion it might have been compiled without the author taking the trouble to stir from No. 2, Garden-court, Temple; and that the mountains being thus brought to Mahomet, in the shape of quartos and octavos, Mahomet might have dispensed with his personal attendance on the mountains. Sir John may no doubt reply that, in describing the same scenes, it is impossible to avoid recalling the descriptions of those forerunners, whom perhaps, in his heart, he accuses, as the Frenchman did the ancients, of having stolen all his fine things. But this unavoidable consequence arises, first from his choice of a hackneyed subject, and secondly, from his treating it in a most hackneyed manner. For although it is true, that Scotland in her outward features presents nothing to the traveller which she did not offer to former tourists, the inhabitants are at present in the act of undergoing some important changes, which call for attention both from the philosopher and the politician. A gentleman educated to the English bar, might be expected to have offered some remarks upon the alterations which the wisdom of the legislature has deemed necessary in Scottish jurisprudence, and upon the policy and possibility of assi-

milating the laws of the united kingdoms. The subject, however, though it has agitated Scotland to the very centre, and divided the soundest of her lawyers and statesmen, is scarcely hinted at in the following passage:

"In the Court of Session the judges are also the jury. Most of the proceedings are carried on in printed pleadings, in which refined logic and noble specimens of composition are frequently displayed. Sometimes a hearing in presence is ordered, when barristers argue, *viva voce*, the pleas of their clients. As the judges have a double duty to perform, for want of a separate jury, they take peculiar pains with their decisions, which renders procrastination inevitable; but justice is in general fairly and satisfactorily administered, and their decisions are not very often reversed upon an appeal to the British Parliament. The number of the judges has been much objected to, on account of their being likely to be unduly swayed in favour of their patrons, in matters coming judicially before them, where their interests may clash with those of other individuals before the court; of the difficulty of procuring so many persons adequately learned in the laws; and, finally, of the occasional warmth and irritability with which they, in open court, defend their respective opinions when they differ from each other, in a manner sometimes derogatory to the dignity of the judicial character."—P. 126.

We know not where nor with whom Sir John found any apprehension of the judges being unduly swayed in favour of their patrons; and no plan, that ever we heard of, proposed to diminish their number, but only to divide them into two separate courts or chambers of the same court, as has been lately done by act of parliament; a remedy which could not apply to the imaginary subject of complaint. We understand that by this subdivision, each of the two chambers of the Court of Session has singly been enabled to discharge more business than would have overwhelmed the old court, and

that the long arrear of causes which hung in dependence, are now nearly decided. It remains to prove how far, by the introduction of jury trial in cases proper for that mode of decision, it may be possible to compel parties to come to a more special issue upon disputed facts, than has of late been the custom in the Court of Session.—But we crave Sir John Carr's pardon for going out of the record. Although the storm raged around the traveller, and every lawyer's tongue in Edinburgh was unloosed to censure, or vindicate, the ancient course of justice, we may address Sir John in the words of the poet:

> "Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
> Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures."

A yet more important subject of discussion was open to our traveller, on the state of the Highlanders.

The emigrations are slightly touched, and without any pretence of giving a decided opinion upon them; but we read the best and only possible cure for this unfortunate drain of a population invaluable for hardihood and military spirit, in the improvements of Ranald Macdonald of Staffa, a young gentleman possessed of a large estate in the Western Isles, which he improves with the prudence and wisdom of a Scottish farmer, combined with that love of his people, and desire to render them happy, which was the finest feature in the character of an ancient Celtic chief. We are happy to find an opportunity to give Sir John

Carr our sincere thanks for such valuable information as is contained in chapter 6.

The process of making kelp, in which the lower classes of Hebridean population are now every season engaged, is described with accuracy, and the following remarks on the cultivation of the isles, are well worthy of preservation.

"The soil and climate of most parts of the islands and west coast of Scotland, and the shelter which they afford, are better adapted to grazing than cropping. There is no calculating the extent of cultivation into which these islands may be brought, from the almost primeval state in which they still continue. The average price of land in Mull and Ulva is still very low, compared with the price which is given for land in the neighbouring districts of Lorn, Knapdale, the Duke of Gordon's, and Mr Cameron of Lochiel's, property, &c. &c. Although there are several fields in Ulva, consisting of twelve to fifteen acres each, which are annually enclosed and laid carefully down in grass seeds, and in good heart, for which 1*l.* 10*s.* and 2*l.* per acre have been frequently offered for the grass alone, still it was found by the proprietor to be more beneficial and productive to keep it in his own hands, for pasturing black cattle.

"I was informed, by a gentleman who had long resided in the Hebrides, and knew their local advantages well, that the population of the islands would be by no means too great if some of the large estates were put in a proper train of management, and the land distributed amongst the lower classes upon a different plan and principle from those now followed. Not that the number of tacksmen of capital and enterprise should be diminished, for the purpose of giving their farms exclusively to small tenants, for that indeed would be ruinous to a large estate, but that the extent of the moor and hill pastures of the larger tenements, which are possessed by the gentlemen tacksmen, should be increased, and part of the better, or arable, soil, divided among the small tenants, but in smaller quantities than formerly, and on such terms and for such a duration of lease as to induce them to improve their respective lots, and toil the land off by enclosures, for hay, corn, and green crops and pasture. Upon this mode, he assured me, the economy and sound policy of Highland management principally turn.

"The right of primogeniture exists all over Scotland amongst the higher classes, and most generally amongst the lower orders also. Staffa thinks it good policy to encourage it amongst his tenantry, being of opinion that it is a valuable remnant of the feudal system. As an instance, he has upon his property at present some tenants who are the fifth and sixth generations, in regular descent, upon the same piece of ground, and who would refuse exchanging it for twice its size upon English ground."—Pp. 493, 494, 495.

The following account of the tenantry of Staffa (so Mr Macdonald is properly distinguished) is highly honourable to their worthy and patriarchal landlord; whose achievements, we doubt not, will be sung to the oars of the men of Ulva, not only when those of Fingal, but even of Sir John Carr, shall have faded from the memory.

"Notwithstanding the occasional vexations which those who chiefly live by the fisheries endure in consequence of the salt-laws, the natives of Ulva, and, it is believed, of the other islands, have an opportunity of living in great comfort and happiness. Their food consists of fish, of which they have upwards of twenty different species, within a few hundred yards of the shore, all around the island and along the coast; of mutton, lamb, and beef, of which they, of late years, consume a good deal; of geese, ducks, hens, chickens, &c. &c. Indeed, at certain seasons of the year, they consume a considerable quantity of poultry; eggs and milk they have in great abundance all the year round.

"The worthy Laird of Ulva arranges all the lots of land upon his property in such a manner, that the holder of the smallest lot of land has his two cows, and from that number up to six, ten, and twelve cows. In consequence of this, many of them not only provide their families with butter and cheese, but have a surplus to dispose of. The bread generally made use of is from barley and oatmeal, of which they also make porridge, which forms their breakfast or supper, along with milk; and when there is any scarcity of that in the winter months, they take molasses with their porridge.

"As every small tenant, or lotman, has a garden attached to his house, he in general plants a quantity of cabbages, and of

late turnips, which, with potatoes, are the principal vegetables; the latter are so much cultivated, and in such abundance, that they eat a great quantity of them with their fish, of which, as I have mentioned, they have great variety, close to the shore of most of their respective lots; and in general every tenant has a row-boat for himself and family, with which they fish, make kelp, &c. &c."

We cannot always congratulate Sir John on the accuracy of his information. Kelp, he says, is on an average 3*l.* 10s. per ton: we believe it greatly exceeds that sum doubled. He tells us, p. 271, that in the Carse of Gowrie, "the English traveller will see English agricultural instruments, and English farming, every where adopted." We dare not accept this compliment. A Scotchman, with more accuracy, would tell him, that the said traveller will see "*Scotch* agricultural instruments, and *Scotch* farming;" which, with reference to arable ground, are as much better as Scotch rents are higher than those of England. The Highland dress, p. 450, is described as including the belted plaid, philabeg, or kilt. If Sir John means that these two garments are both worn at once, he might as well describe an English gentleman wearing his breeches over his pantaloons. The belted plaid was the original dress. It is precisely that of a savage, who finding a web of cloth which he had not skill to frame into a garment, wrapt one end round his middle, and threw the rest about his shoulders. This dress was abundantly inconvenient, for the upper part of the plaid was only useful in rain, or for a cover at night, while the lower extremity was essential to decency. It was, in

short, as if a man's great coat were fastened to his breeches, and in exertions of war or the chace, all was necessarily thrown away. And it is little to the honour of Highland ingenuity, that although the chiefs, to avoid this dilemma, wore long pantaloons called *trews*, the common Gael never fell upon any substitute for the belted plaid, till an English officer, for the benefit of the labourers who worked under his direction on the military roads, invented the *fileah beg*, philabeg, or little petticoat, detached from the plaid, and fastened by a buckle round the waist.

Having adverted to the agricultural information, the reader may expect that we should afford him a specimen of Sir John's descriptive style. And here we must observe, Heaven knows, without either censure or regret, that in this volume the traveller has given us but few examples of superfine writing. Sir John's eye, indeed, sometimes "hunts for trees as a sportsman would for game," p. 311, and sometimes "banquets" on the splendour of a landscape: but these graces of language are sprinkled with a sparing hand. The following is no unfavourable specimen of his descriptive powers:

"Afterwards we followed the line of the river Awe, which is very long, black, deep, narrow, and rapid, flowing into Loch Etive. Our course lay through copses of weeping birch and hazel, along the foot of the stupendous and rugged Cruachan Ben, a mountain measuring three thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and twenty miles in circumference at its base. This Alpine scenery, particularly as the evening advanced, was at once awful and tremendous; frequently the road extended along a frightful precipice, overhanging Loch Awe,

which lay in many places a prodigious depth below us, and which we occasionally saw, through the opening of trees impending over it, reflecting star for star of the cloudless sky in its clear, but sable, mirror of waters; whilst huge shattered fragments of rock, arrested in their descent by projecting crags, impended awfully and frightfully, far above us, on the sides of this mighty mountain, deriving increased magnitude and horror from the shadows of the night, the solemn silence of which was only interrupted by the melancholy murmur of remote waterfalls."—P. 505.

In general, Sir John is not tempted to follow the vagrant muse of Mrs Radcliffe over rock, precipice, waterfall, fen, lake, and torrent. He is contented to give a short sober-minded statement of the reality, and leave the reader to fill up the sketch, according to the dictates of his own imagination; or the vacancy is sometimes supplied with a quotation from *Ossian*, or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Yet he now and then plays us a provoking trick, peculiar to a practised traveller, in describing some place in Scotland to which we must be supposed strangers, by reference to another on the Continent, of which, in all probability, we know still less. Thus, we are little edified by being informed that Jedburgh is like Upsal; that Edinburgh may be compared to Athens; and that to form a conception of Perth, we have only to recollect Bonn. This is something worse than *obscurum per obscurius*, unless, perhaps, to those who may be possessed of all his previous Tours.

In point of extent, Sir John's travels through Caledonia are not on a large scale. He entered Scotland by Jedburgh, and went straight to Edinburgh, where he spent, we conjecture, about four

days, but found materials for ten chapters, being nearly one half of the work in question;

> "For what the niggard time of lore denied,
> From other stores the fearless knight supplied."

Arnott's *History of Edinburgh*, and Creech's *Contrast between the state of that City in* 1760 *and* 1780, have been laid under liberal contribution. We have also the usual remarks of strangers, a hope that the new college will be one day finished, and that the old jail will be one day pulled down. The following observation on the Register House is probably original:

> "The decorations of the interior do not correspond with the external beauty of the building. The rotunda under the dome is disfigured by a vast collection of old and modern record and other books, plainly bound, which, instead of being concealed by green silk and brass lattice-work, obtrude themselves upon the eye, and accord with the noble appearance of the room just as well as the hat of a mendicant would become a Knight of the Bath in his full robes."—P. 77.

We dare not dispute with our traveller upon the attire of knighthood; but we may just hint that these same unseemly volumes are the denizens of the place, for whose reception and preservation it was built; that, on the same principle, he might object to the splendid halls of Greenwich being disgraced by a rabble of maimed weather-beaten seamen; and demand that such slovenly and unhandsome objects should not come between the wind and his gentility.

From Edinburgh our traveller proceeds by Stirling and Alloa to Perth, and thence by the coast-road to Inverness; then along what is called the

Chain to Fort Augustus and Fort William. In this, the most common of Scottish tours, Sir John never diverges from the beaten track, and being, as he somewhere allows, "a little nearsighted," does not very distinctly observe even those objects of curiosity which lay within his ken. The vast ruins of Dunnottar Castle are briefly noticed as "very ancient;" and that strange and puzzling work of old times, the parallel roads of Glenroy, is coolly stated to have been constructed "for the accommodation of the ancient Scottish kings." Now although accommodation comes from *accomodo*, and is—"When a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing;" yet we own that it conveys to us no very particular information as to the parallel roads of Glenroy. Perhaps these roads, which are six in number, lying in parallel lines one above the other on opposite sides of a glen, may have accommodated the Scottish kings better than they would our traveller's one-horse chaise: at any rate, he went not near them. However, as Shallow says, "Good phrases are surely, and ever were very commendable."

Two or three chapters are dedicated to the manners of the Highlanders, in which Sir John has most unmercifully pillaged a curious work, entitled *Letters from Scotland*, published in 1754, but written about 1730, by an English officer of Engineers, quartered at Inverness.[1] We do not blame him for drawing both jest and earnest from

[1] [See a note to a subsequent article on "the Culloden Papers."]

this authentic source. But he ought to have mentioned his authority. From Home's *History of the Rebellion*, and *Boswell's Tour*, the traveller gives an abridged narrative of the escape of Charles Edward, in which he is pleased to introduce a flourishing account of his entering the house of a chief, hostile to his family, and throwing himself on his mercy; which was, we believe, invented by Voltaire for the sake of effect. The story of his being harboured by six robbers, one of whom was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow, is true, but very inaccurately told. One of these men was alive in Edinburgh about twenty years ago. His name was Chisholm. Sir John here gives a curious instance of mistaking the drift and real merit of a story. He had been told (and it is a fact) that one of these faithful Highlanders ventured to Fort George to procure intelligence of the motions of the troops, and unwilling to return without something that might improve the prince's fare, in the simplicity of his heart, purchased and brought home a pennyworth of gingerbread. Sir John blunts the story cruelly by saying, he brought him "abundance of gingerbread, *of which the unhappy prince was very fond!*" Among the remarks of our author, which seem to be most original, we discover a peculiar abhorrence of the Scottish bagpipe. Even the hospitality of Staffa hardly induces him to stifle his sarcasms on this obstreperous musical retainer; and he exults, in an unseemly manner, over the fate of one of the profession, who in an ambitious attempt to pipe, sans intermission, during

a march of thirty miles, actually blew the breath out of his body!—P. 479.

From Fort Augustus Sir John proceeds to Oban, and thence to Mull and Ulva. He sees Staffa (the island as well as the laird), but not Iona, which was rather unlucky, as all the monuments had been just white-washed to receive his Grace of Argyle! He returns by Lismore to Loch Lomond, and thence crosses to the Highlands of Perthshire, as far as Dunkeld; and turns westward again to Glasgow. Here he arrived in time to give his advice to the magistrates concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, an obelisk then just completed. Sir John recommended, that the base should bear this brief record "Glasgow to Nelson." We are surprised at the rejection of this laconic posy, because "there is a dignity in brevity;" and also because we have heard that a sagacious citizen, recollecting that there was a village in the vicinage bearing the name of the gallant admiral, proposed this useful addition, "Glasgow to Nelson, IX MILES;" so that the column might serve the double purpose of a milestone and a monument. From Glasgow, Sir John, tired with wandering, escapes in two pages into England.

An eager desire to rush, with the poet, *in medias res*, prevented us from noticing in the proper place, that Sir John begins his eventful journey from London, and describes, at some length, the cities, towns, and hamlets, which he surveyed in his progress to the border land. Cambridge, Stamford, York, Durham, Newcastle, &c. pass successively

under his review; and as he travels, like Uncle Toby, "in the kindest disposition in the world," he finds something civil to say of them all.

Those who are aware of the knight's perspicacity, will hear without emotion, that even in places so well known, he meets with wonders of which the existence was never suspected; but they will yet be somewhat startled at the singular concatenation of ideas and language on which his discoveries appear to depend. Thus, at Cambridge, while contemplating the writings of Milton, he finds out that the lovers of the sublime and beautiful may be gratified by seeing a lock of his hair in Yorkshire! And at Stamford, that the city of Cologne, as well as most of the houses, are built of a fine hard stone in Lincolnshire.

At Durham, he tells us, that "the houses are in general mean, and far from corresponding with the features he has just mentioned." Here we are tempted to exclaim with poor Audrey, *Features! Lord bless us, what's features?* for we hear of none "but walks of elm and mountain ash, and bridges over the river Wear!" But thus the knight proceeds, bewildering himself and his readers, "and venting his folly" from town to town.

At Newcastle, we are favoured with "a copy of verses, made by Ben Jonson on a steeple." This notable piece of humour concludes thus:

> "I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not;
> Tell me now what I am, and see that ye miss not."

We can venture to assure the knight, that he has been imposed upon, and that Ben Jonson (howe-

ever incredible it may appear to him) was incapable of writing vile doggerel in viler English. We are almost inclined to suspect that the couplet in question was composed by some Newcastle wag upon Sir John himself; as, in this view, and in no other, it forms a tolerable riddle. We can follow him no farther.

Although Sir John quotes Horace, he has yet to learn that a wise man should not *admire* too easily; for he frequently falls into a state of wonderment at what appears to us neither very new nor very extraordinary. Thus we hear of a portrait of Lady Caroline Montague by Sir Joshua; "and *what is singular*, the background is a winter scene, and a little robin is *whimsically* approaching her."—P. 87.

In Northumberland, nothing astonishes him so much as the language of the common people. "Some of their words are pronounced precisely the same as some words of German, and have the same meaning: for instance, a shepherd *one day* said to a friend of mine" (all the knight's stories, even those purloined from Joe Millar, happen to himself or his friends), "the maiden is no blait. In German it is"—(No, not in German, Sir John, we can venture to assure you,)—"das madchen is no blöde."—P. 26.

But the Northumbrians not only use German, but French words; "thus they have pese from peser." All this utterly confounds the knight; he never heard, apparently, that the Saxons and the Normans had once a footing in this country; and,

like the bourgeois of Molière, will scarcely trust the evidence of his own senses, when we inform him that he has been talking German and French from his cradle without knowing it. Upon the whole, we do not much admire Sir John as a philologist.

Just as he enters Scotland, he gives a singular proof of that disposition, already noticed, to say something civil of every thing; and truly, when we take into consideration the awkward pains which it must have cost him, we cannot sufficiently praise his good nature. "At Wallington, there is a portrait of Mrs Trevelyan, by Hoppner, of which it may be *most justly remarked*, that had the beauty portrayed in the picture been less, it had been in that degree less like its amiable original."—P. 32.

Ere we dismiss our traveller, we cannot but remark his want of precision in the names of persons and places. We have *Branton* for Brampton, *Corniston* for Comiston, *Willcox* for Willox, *Lockiel* for Lochiel, *Stath Lachlaw* for Strath Lachlan, &c. &c. Besides this, Sir John has an unlucky vacillation and uncertainty of phrase, which sometimes leaves us utterly at a loss to comprehend him. We propound the following doubts for solution to any Œdipus wiser than ourselves. Of Dunolly Castle, Sir John says,

"The remains of this castle stand on a bold rocky promontory, jutting into Loch Etive. This castle was founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar. It is said, that when visitors unexpectedly arrive at this castle, and there are not sufficient provisions within for their entertainment, an hospitable telegraph, namely, a *table-cloth*, is hoisted upon a pole

on the battlements, which is a signal for certain tenants of the proprietor to bring supplies of fresh salmon, or any other fish which may be in season."

In this confusion of tenses are we to conclude that the displaying of the genial banner belonged to the times of the Pictish monarch, Ewin? or that the remains of the castle are still inhabited, and that the ceremony is of modern date? Again, p. 484, it is recorded that the generous Bishop of Derry bestowed on a western islesman three razors, several pounds of soap, and a purse of ten guineas, "which made the poor fellow pity and despise the rest of the world, till his presents were worn out and expended." The guineas might be expended, the soap worn out, but what became of the *razors?* Yet again, p. 127, it is said of the Court of Justiciary, "The causes which come before this court are tried by a Jury of fifteen; a *majority* of whom most wisely decide." Here arises a high and doubtful question for future scholiasts: are we to understand that it is *most wise* that the verdict should be decided *by the majority*, or that the majority of a Scottish jury always decide most wisely? The last supposition may account for the partiality of the Caledonians to majorities elsewhere, from their observing that they were always in the right in their own national courts. But the sentence is deeply oracular, and will bear either construction.

We take our leave of Sir John with a sincere advice to him to extend his next travels to some more distant bourne. He has long been the

Stranger Abroad, we will not permit him to be the Stranger at Home. We must guard him against giving us a Hampstead Summer, Memoranda of Margate, or, the Traveller at Brighton: A top—Sir John must not be offended at the simile, Virgil compares a queen to the same thing —a top, when it narrows its gyrations, is apt to become stationary; in which case all schoolboys know it will either fall asleep or tumble down: the remedy to restore its activity, and enlarge its circuit, is a tight flagellation. We have taken the hint; but we hope that Sir John will not go to law with us for so doing: we would rather whip our top any where than in Westminster Hall; and our Review is not, at least in the engraver's sense of the word, adorned with cuts.

ARTICLE VI.

LADY SUFFOLK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

[*The Quarterly Review for January* 1824, *included this Article on* "*Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her Second Husband the Honourable George Berkeley, from* 1712 *to* 1767. *With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes.* 2 vols. 8vo." *The Work was edited by the* Right Honourable J. W. CROKER.]

THE French have been long allowed to

'Shine unrivalled in the gay Memoir.'

But they are not more rich than we are in that other sort of autobiography which an individual gradually and insensibly composes in the course of his epistolary correspondence, and which possesses an advantage over professed Memoirs, as exhibiting the sentiments and feelings of the writer, contrasted with, and of course corrected by, those of his correspondents. The Augustan age of Queen Anne and the reigns which succeeded, gave occa-

sion to several collections of this nature. Pope, who felt his own powers in this particular department, and was unwilling that the public should remain in ignorance of them, contrived, it is said, by a manœuvre not perhaps entirely worthy of a man of genius, to give to the public what was professedly designed for the cabinet. His example, and perhaps his assistance, produced the letters of Swift, Gay, and Bolingbroke, and since his time we have had the admirable correspondence of his fair friend and foe Lady Mary Wortley Montague; the playful, ingenious and amiable letters of Gray and Cowper, and the mingled history and gossip of the satirical, keen, and polished Horace Walpole. It is no wonder that the public should receive with unabated favour the various epistolary collections which have from time to time been laid before them, for they are peculiarly qualified to gratify that undefined yet eager curiosity, which, without having any determined object, pursues the great to the inmost recesses of their privacy, and eagerly seeks after the personal details of the lives of those whose names are eminent either in history or in literature. The possession of their letters gives us the same command over them which Gulliver exercised over the ghosts of the departed great by favour of the Governor of Glubbdubdrib; they —the long insensible and silent—seem thus to revive to human feeling, to mingle again in the world, and to add their passions, wishes and complaints to those which swell the living tide of humanity.

Sharing this general feeling, we opened with no little interest the present work, containing the correspondence of those distinguished persons, who, deeply engaged in the politics or literature of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, were led from peculiar circumstances to make the celebrated Countess of Suffolk,—still more celebrated perhaps as Mrs Howard,—the common centre of their interest.

"Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Young;—the Duchesses of Buckingham, Marlborough, and Queensberry;—Ladies Orkney, Mohun, Hervey, Vere, and Temple;—Misses Bellenden, Blount, Howe, and Pitt;—Lords Peterborough, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Lansdowne, Mansfield, and Bathurst;—Messrs Fortescue, Pulteney, Pelham, Pitt, Grenville, and Horace Walpole."—*Introd.* p. xxix.

Such is the illustrious list of Lady Suffolk's correspondents; but the editor has shown an honest desire rather to moderate than enhance the expectations which such names might excite. He observes (with a candour not usual with editors, whose labours, in general, impress them with perhaps an undue partiality in favour of their subjects), that—"the letters themselves can hardly be said to fulfil the expectations which the reputation of the writers must create;" which he proceeds to account for, by saying that Lady Suffolk was of a character too prudent to preserve much that related to political intrigue; and he intimates that perhaps the real abilities of some of the writers were not quite equal to their reputations. But after these deductions, he expresses an opinion, in which we cordially concur, that there remains a great deal

which is both interesting and curious; and we will add, that the correspondence is rendered still more acceptable to the general reader by the judgment, precision, and critical taste with which the editor has supplied the necessary illustrations, filled up chasms in the correspondence, and pointed out the light which the present publication throws upon facts and characters which had been previously misconceived or misrepresented.

The situation of Mrs Howard is well known, in respect to its general relations at least. Henrietta Hobart was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, Bart., and through her influence her paternal house was ennobled in the person of her brother the first Earl of Buckinghamshire. She made an early and, as it proved, an unhappy marriage with the Honourable Charles Howard, who afterwards became ninth earl of Suffolk. In the last years of Queen Anne, they visited together the court of Hanover, and there Mrs Howard seems to have laid the foundation of that intimacy with the electoral prince and his consort, afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline, which subsequently distinguished her. Upon the accession of the house of Hanover, she became bed-chamber woman to the princess, and enjoyed so great a share in the confidence of the royal couple, that the world presumed an attachment towards her on the part of the prince prudently connived at by his politic consort—a presumption which was increased to something like certainty by Mrs Howard refusing to quit her situation in the household, even in obe-

dience to the commands of her husband. These evil reports (which, true or false, arose so naturally out of the circumstances of the case, that we never have before happened to hear them doubted) are, in some particulars, questioned by the editor of the correspondence before us. He does not indeed express any disbelief on his own part of the truth of the general impression on this subject; but he finds, and finding, we think he was bound to state, that several of the facts on which that impression has hitherto rested are unfounded, and he clearly proves that some details which Horace Walpole gives in support of a very scandalous version of the case are erroneous. The editor alleges that, although Mr Howard undoubtedly took some violent steps to remove his lady from the prince's household, his motive was not mere jealousy, but a desire to gratify George I., who was willing in this as in other matters to annoy and mortify his daughter-in-law; and, strange as it may appear, it certainly does seem that the supposed mistress was almost as great a favourite with the wife as with the husband. The editor avers besides, and we have no hesitation to believe him, that in no line of the mass of papers which he has carefully examined, does there occur the least proof of the imputation so broadly thrown out by Walpole. We regret that his researches have not enabled him to state whether it is true that the restive husband sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his lady for a pension of L.1200. Horace Walpole was too wicked a wit to adopt the most favourable

view of a court-intrigue; he admits, indeed, that the lady's friends always affected to consider the attentions of the royal friends as quite platonic, and that she maintained great decency and received uncommon respect to the end of her life.

For our own parts, without believing all Walpole's details, and in fact disbelieving many of them, we substantially agree in his opinion (which indeed seems to be that of the editor) that the king's friendship was by no means platonic or refined; but that the queen and Mrs Howard, by mutual forbearance, good sense and decency, contrived to diminish the scandal: after all, the question has no great interest for the present generation, since scandal is only valued when fresh, and the public have generally enough of that poignant fare without ripping up the frailties of their grandmothers.

Whether founded on love or friendship, Mrs Howard's favour in the family of the prince stood so high, that all who were discontented with George the First's government and Walpole's administration, and hoped to see a change of affairs under his successor, sought her patronage as the most secure road to that of her royal protectors.

Among these, an illustrious band of British authors, whose names are indissolubly united with the literary fame of their country, appear for a time to have paid successful court to Mrs Howard, and through her to the Princess Caroline, who was unquestionably a woman of talent, and though more attached to the study of metaphysics than of letters, was capable of admiring, if she did not entirely

appreciate, the powers of such men as Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. From a tract written by the witty physician himself, entitled *Gulliver Deciphered*, we learn (by a story not very delicately told) that it was his professional abilities which established him at the prince's little court, where he easily paved the way for the reception of the rest of the Scriblerus club. They approached royalty and future sovereignty not quite so circuitously as their own creature P. P., but certainly their proceedings were not without some slight share of that vanity which they laughed at in Bishop Burnet. Pope had not as yet embraced any very marked line in politics, although his bias to Toryism, arising both from his religion and his friendships, had already rendered him suspicious to the court and ministry. But it is probable that he was drawn to the princess's court by the natural desire of being distinguished in such a circle, and by the hope of rendering himself useful to Gay, a person in whom all his friends took an interest, which had its source in the good-natured simplicity and helplessness of the indiscreet and indolent bard.

Gay's first motives were probably those of personal interest; but his intimacy with Mrs Howard seems to have ripened into a real and mutual kindness. On the one hand she appears to have exerted herself in his behalf, and on the other she did not scruple to employ him on many little occasions, when she would have feared to employ, or perhaps dared not even to ask the assistance of Pope, or the yet more formidable Swift.

The last of these three friends, while we may suppose him pleased at regaining a share of that importance which he had held during Oxford's administration, had of late turned his active mind to the politics of Ireland in particular; and as the "true patriot—the first, almost the last"—of that ill-fated country, he desired to make her grievances known, and if possible to obtain redress. As for Arbuthnot, we may presume that his Jacobite principles induced him to hope that the breach betwixt George I. and his son might be attended with consequences favourable to the depressed party to which he continued to adhere. Such seem to have been the separate motives which produced the attendance of these distinguished persons at the court of the Prince of Wales, where they received the countenance to which their talents entitled them, and endeavoured, each in his own manner, to secure the continuance of their common favour. Mrs Howard listened to the poetical flattery of the Bard of Twickenham, and to the yet more poignant compliments which the Dean of St Patrick's could pay under cover of that fine irony which, as he justly boasted,

> "He was born to introduce,
> Refined it first, and showed its use."

But of Gay's talents she made a more every-day use, for she not only employed him in divers little domestic affairs, but it appears that she engaged his pen in conducting the literary correspondence which she entertained with some wit of the day, and which she was too diffident, or perhaps too indolent, to

support upon her own mental resources. The editor believes that the other party was the celebrated Earl of Peterborough. Mrs Howard makes the following apology for devolving her own share of this intercourse upon her substitute Gay.

"Perhaps you think I treat you very oddly, that, while I own myself afraid of a *man of wit*, and make that a pretence to ask your assistance, I can write to you myself without any concern; but do me justice, and believe it is, that I think it requires something more than wit to deserve esteem. So it is less uneasy for me to write to you than to the other; for I should fancy I purchased the letters I received (though very witty) at too great an expense, if at the least hazard of having my real answers exposed."—Vol. i. p. 122.

The reader will naturally be desirous to know the character of the correspondence thus maintained by the poet on behalf and in the name of Mrs Howard with the celebrated Earl of Peterborough—versed in courts and camps, ardent, impetuous, and ambitious, who moved in war with the speed of a thunderbolt, and in peace with the celerity of a carrier pigeon—and not small will be his surprise when he discovers its object and its tenor. Unquestionably, the ultimate design of the earl was, by this correspondence, to maintain an interest with the favourite of the prince and princess, but the means are sufficiently singular. Addressing her in the character of a Platonic lover, he plies her with all the overstrained jargon of metaphysical conceit and affected wit, leaving us at a loss to conceive how a man of common sense could have written or even read them. Perhaps

fashion, which recommended *Euphuism* to the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's time, might render the following explosion of *la belle passion* interesting to those of George I.

"Change of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease: a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though, perhaps, not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

"How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind.

"The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other?

"But, most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments.

"In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray for you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable."—Vol. i. p. 152.

Some passages of the answers, which are written by Mrs Howard herself, are easy, and ridicule the highflown style of her admirer; but all that Gay seems to have supplied are also "in King Cambyses' vein," and when we consider that in "this keen encounter of wits" Johnny Gay was the Earl of Peterborough's real correspondent, it is impossible not to think of the similar case of Slender, who, though he cried "Mum," and his partner "Budget," had the mortification after all, to find

that, instead of Mrs Anne Page, he had carried off "a great lubberly boy."

Mrs Howard's patronage of Gay proved, as is well known, if not totally ineffectual, still so far short of what he himself and his friends had expected, that the post offered him, in the formation of the royal household, was regarded as only fit to be rejected with contempt. Lady Betty Germaine, in a very spirited and sensible letter addressed to Dean Swift (vol. ii. p. 54), repels the doubts which he, with some of Gay's other friends, had entertained (or, as the editor supposes, *affected* to entertain) of Mrs Howard's sincerity upon this occasion. "Thus far I know," says her ladyship, "and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him, and the friendship upon all other occasions which she showed him did not look like a double dealer." The editor takes a somewhat higher line of defence for her and her royal mistress, and seems (vol. i. p. 31) to think the situation of gentleman usher to a royal babe no bad preferment for a bard whose chief reputation at that time was founded on fables written for another royal infant. *Otium* there might be in the place, for it must have been a sinecure; but the *dignitas* was wanting, and as the character of such situations is fixed by public opinion, we must suppose that the proposed preferment ranked very low, since Gay, who was during all his short life looking for court-patronage, refused it without hesitation. The editor, however, thinks (and indeed shows, vol. i. p. 118),

that Gay had indiscreetly attacked Sir Robert Walpole, and he expresses an approbation, almost amounting to surprise, that Walpole should have been so generous as to leave the author of the *Beggars' Opera* in possession of a small situation as a commissioner of the lottery; but we hope that he remembers and approves the noble answer of Harley, when some interest was used with him to protect Congreve from the consequences of the fall of Godolphin's administration.

> "Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe."

We suspect the truth to be, that the fate of the poor poet was mixed up with matters of far greater importance, and his disappointment is to be regarded chiefly as a sign of the ascending splendour of Sir Robert Walpole in the horizon of the new court. All expected the fall of this mighty favourite; and all who had speculated upon that event were confounded to see him re-established in his power, with even additional authority, by the very prince to whom, as his father's favourite minister, he had been supposed most obnoxious. It was incumbent on him in policy to show his complete predominance, and to evince to the world that his will was the chief consideration in the distribution of favours at the new court. Sir Robert Walpole, with many great qualities, was neither a judge nor a friend of literature, and he had been already the subject of satire to Swift and other wits of the time. An attempt to reconcile *Flim-*

nap and *Gulliver* to each other had been defeated by the prejudices of both, and it was at last a measure of precaution on the part of the minister to shut the court against a politician of Swift's bold, dexterous, and enterprising character, who had avowedly great changes to propose in Irish politics, and whose popularity rendered him formidable to those by whom the affairs of that country were administered. He was no idle and inconsiderable walker of antechambers; no tame *lion*, to use a modern phrase, to be wondered at by the ladies, and bantered by the wits of the court. Swift had already successfully encountered and defeated, by the *Drapier's Letters*, a favourite scheme of the arbitrary administration of Ireland, and his only interview with Walpole was employed in the very unpalatable subject of that nation's grievances;* and it was prudent, at least, in the minister, to elude the chance of that collision which the dean's transference to an English preferment, perhaps an English mitre, might have occasioned. This jealousy of Swift may probably have increased his dislike of Gay, of whom Pope had already said, as an objection to his preferment, that "because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly he was thought to have dealt with the devil." After all, however, it must not be forgotten, that Gay had written the *Beggars' Opera*, and that the quarrel between Peachum

* See a letter from Dean Swift to Lord Peterborough, dated 28th April, 1728.

and Lockit was universally believed to be an allusion to a personal collision which had taken place between Walpole and his brother-in-law and colleague Lord Townsend.

Swift seems to have been quite sensible that he was under the ban of the minister, for he declined to stay in England, though urged by Mrs Howard, who again and again assured him of the queen's continued regard. Taking his leave in a dutiful manner, but by letter, as his ill health (brought on by the illness of Stella) prevented his personal appearance at court, he retired to Ireland for the rest of his life. It was some time after this, and not until his nerves were rendered irritable by Gay's death, and his domestic calamities, that his complaints of Mrs Howard's insincerity were made. Perhaps some unknown circumstances happened to exasperate his feelings against her; perhaps however, and this we think the most probable conjecture, he was only disappointed, and therefore displeased, with or without reason, with all who had been concerned with his hopes and their failure. Assuredly Queen Caroline became afterwards often the butt of the dean's satire, as well as Sir Robert Walpole. The present work preserves one of those lampoons against the latter, which the author of Gulliver alone could have written, and which, written and corrected in Swift's own hand, was found among Lady Suffolk's papers. The editor observes, that in this bitter and exaggerated catalogue of the minister's feelings there are still some traits of his real manner and character.

" With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest;
Of favour and fortune unmerited, vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;
A prater at court in the style of the stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber.
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean—
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain."—
Vol. ii. p. 32.

But although Swift retained a keen sense of the disappointment of the hopes which he had entertained of being, through the influence of Mrs Howard, settled in England, he is completely vindicated in this work from the imputation of having, as is alleged by Horace Walpole, left a written character of that lady, published after his death, differing materially and much to her disadvantage, from one which he had sent her during her life.

" The *Character*, carefully written in the dean's own hand, and as carefully preserved by Lady Suffolk, here follows; and a comparison of it with the character printed in Swift's posthumous works will show there was but *one* character, and that Walpole's statement, and *all* the charges he builds on it, are absolutely without foundation."—*Introduction*, p. xxxviii.

It, however, is right to add that Walpole's mistake in this instance was clearly unintentional, and arose out of a mere misapprehension; we are glad to find a case of such black duplicity as this would have been, so indisputably and triumphantly disproved.

Another very pointed statement by Horace Walpole is also satisfactorily refuted. He has stated in his *Reminiscences*, that, in order to discover whether Mrs Howard's influence could really be effectual, she was put upon asking a coronet for Lord Bathurst, which having failed through the interference of the Queen, Swift retired to Ireland in despair, "to curse Queen Caroline." The editor confutes this anecdote as follows:—

"On this it is to be observed, in the first place, that George the Second was proclaimed on the 14th of June, 1727—that Swift returned to Ireland in the September of the same year—and that the first creation of peers in that reign did not take place till the 28th of May, 1728. Is it credible that Mrs Howard should have made such a request of the new king, and suffered so decided a refusal ten or eleven months before *any* peers were made? But, again, in this first creation of peers, Mrs Howard's *brother* is the second name. Is it probable, that with so great an object for her own family in view, she risked a solicitation for Lord Bathurst? But there is yet stronger evidence;—we shall see (vol i. p. 275) that Lord Bathurst writes, on the 24th of October, 1727 (a month after Swift had gone to Ireland), to beg Mrs Howard to explain to the King his proceedings relative to the Gloucester election. The whole tone of that letter, and the very selection of Mrs Howard as his mediator, are almost decisive against the fact of her having been so lately and so signally defeated in another request in his behalf. But that which seems most convincing is Swift's own correspondence. He left London, suddenly indeed, alleging his ill health as the cause of his return home; but it is now known that his disorder, his departure, and his *despair*, were all occasioned—not by Lord Bathurst or Queen Caroline—but by the commencement of the fatal illness of poor Stella. And what may conclude the argument on this point, is Swift's letter to Mrs Howard, of the 9th of July, 1727; in which, rallying her on the solicitations to which the followers of the *new king* would be exposed, he says, 'for my own part, you may be secure that I will never venture to recommend even a mouse to Mrs Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic!'"—*Introduc.* pp. xxv. xxvii.

One or two other inaccuracies are noticed as occurring in the *Reminiscences* of the noble owner of Strawberry Hill. When it is considered, however, that he was speaking of very remote events, which he reported on hearsay, and that hearsay of old standing, such errors are scarcely to be wondered at, particularly when they are found to correspond with the partialities and prejudices of the narrator. These, strengthening as we grow older, gradually pervert, or at least alter, the accuracy of our recollections, until they assimilate them to our feelings, while,

> "As beams of warm imagination play
> The memory's faint traces melt away."

There is much interest in the light correspondence of the merry maidens of the Princess Caroline's court, the wit of Mary Lepel, the vivacity of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, the gaiety of Miss Howe, Lady Vere, and Mrs Bradshaw, which, however, is often pushed by these free dames and damsels far beyond "the limits of becoming mirth." We used to feel indignant at the frolics of the maids of honour at the court of Brobdingnag, to which Gulliver has given circulation, and at the report of other wags of the period, who alleged that the attendants of Princess Caroline were great adepts in the noble art of "selling bargains." But we must now apologize to the traveller and the wit for having suspected them of outstepping the limits of truth and probability, and admit that our grandmothers, however portentous the length of their stays, did not, after all, lace them so tightly as we

have always hitherto supposed. There is great amusement in comparing the style of the same individual at different periods of life, or acting under different circumstances. The correspondence of Lady Hervey, published some years since, is grave, moral, and literary, and shows little of the wit and gaiety for which she was famous. But then her correspondent was the Reverend Mr Morris, her sons' tutor; whereas many of her letters in the present collection are written in the original character of the light and laughter-loving Molly Lepel, and are full of an amiable vivacity; yet it is but justice to remark that even her gaiety never leaps the pale, like that of Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, or Mrs Bradshaw.

We subjoin an extract from the correspondence of Miss Howe, in illustration of our remarks.

"Miss Howe to Mrs Howard.

"[*The Holt*, 1719.]

"You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since I am here; but you will be mistaken; for the moment I entered Farnham, a man, in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, stopped the coach to bid me welcome, in a very gallant way: and we had a visit, yesterday, from a country clown of this place, who did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the noise and fatigue of a court life, and intimated, that a quiet country one would be very agreeable after it, and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own.

"I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here; and, truly, since what this gentleman has said, I am half resolved not to return to you, but follow his advice in taking up with a harmless, innocent, and honest livelihood, in a warm cottage; but for fear I should be tempted too far, put my Lord Lumley in mind to send the coach for me on Tuesday se'ennight; for though it will be a sort of mortification for me to leave this

place, I will not be so ill natured as to let you all die for want of me.

"I am just come from Farnham church, where I burst out in laughing the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to; * * *—Vol. i. pp. 36–38.

Another year, and what was this gay, fluttering, thoughtless creature!—the victim of seduction, abandoned by the world for which alone she lived, and dying, in solitude and shame, of a broken heart. One friend, indeed, she found; and there is reason to hope that when she "entered His courts," she did it with other feelings and other thoughts than those suggested by cloth handkerchiefs or the recollection of Jenny Smith.

There is a good deal of this romping and hoydening with the pen in Mrs Bradshaw's letters, but thanks to the editor, it usually stops on this side of offence, and upon the whole we consider this lady as a very pleasant correspondent.

"Mrs Bradshaw to Mrs Howard.

"[*Gosworth Hall,*] *May 28th,* [1722.]

"Our bells have rung ever since four this morning, which is more a proof of Lady Mohun's power than the people's inclinations.

"I am told you expect from me an account of the manners and customs of this place: it is impossible for me to obey your commands at present, for the weather has been so wet that none of the neighbouring nymphs or swains have been able to make their appearance: but if you can be contented with a description of the hall, and the manner of life we lead this Christmas time (for so it is here, I do assure you), take it as follows.

"We meet in the work-room before nine; eat, and break a

joke or two, till twelve; then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing: at noon the great bell fetches us into a parlour, adorned with all sorts of firearms, poisoned darts, several pair of old shoes and boots won from the Tartars by men of might belonging to this castle, with the stirrups of King Charles I. taken from him at Edge-Hill.

"Here leave we the historical part of the furniture, and cast your eye (in imagination) upon a table covered with good fish and flesh, the product of our own estate; and such ale!—it would make you stare again, Howard. After your health has gone round (which is always the second glass), we begin to grow witty, and really say things that would make your ears tingle: your court wits are nothing to us for invention (plots only excepted); but, being all of a side, we lay no scheme but of getting you amongst us, where, though I say it that should not (because I would have my share in it), you would pass your time very agreeably in our dike, for you must know we have hardly seen dry land since we came.

"Mr Mordaunt has once or twice made an effort to sally out into the gardens, but finding no rest for the sole of his foot, returns presently to us again; and, I must give him his due, always in good-humour. Miss had a small ray of hope last night, for Colonel Lawrence, and a gentleman with him, swam to us; the last was clothed in blue, turned up with red, and adorned with plate buttons, upon which she puts me on her lutestring suit, not omitting all the little flirtation she is mistress of: if she brings it to any thing you shall be sure to have notice time enough to provide another maid.

"Nay, I will assure you, old as I am, I have my little gallantries too. A gentleman, of three hundred per annum, fancies me extremely, and if he had not been under an engagement before I came, I have some reason to believe I might have kept a chaise of my own; however I live in hope that a loose man may come, though it will be some time first, for all the best families in the parish are laid up with what they call the yoke—which in England is the itch. We have had a noble captain, who dined in a brave pair of white gloves, to my very great surprise; but it was when I was in my London ignorance.

"I am now called upon to see a pond drawn, which will produce carp as big as some of your lords of the bedchamber. Madam Howard, I live in expectation of an epistle from you,

which is the only wish I have out of my company, who are all your humble servants; but nobody is more entirely so than your slave

" Peggy."—Vol. i. pp. 91–94.

There is an admirable letter from Lady Betty Germaine to Swift, in defence of Mrs Howard from the charges which he was too much in the habit of bringing against her, but it is too long for our purpose, and we must therefore content ourselves with a sprightly *échantillon* of her correspondence which occurs, vol. i. p. 72. In general, the strains of this lady "are of a higher mood" than those of her female friends. Her whole life, the editor says, seems to have been an exercise of good-humour, generosity and affection; of all which qualities, he justly adds, the following letter to her brother appears very characteristic.

" Why thou fool, puppy, blockhead, George Berkeley, dost thou think that I will be troubled with securities? or can it enter into your *no*-head that if you were put to distress for four thousand pounds, that I should not think myself happy to be able to serve you? But please yourself, sir—I have desired the Speaker to let you have what you want. He tells me he fears another such call from the Bank; but even though you should take the four, still I shall have enough without:—they are much higher discount than 13, which most of my last were sold at. I hope to have the honour to see you in town next Sunday—so adieu. Worse and worse here every day—no soul left here that we know but Lady Kit and Mrs Coke, who sit and sigh for S Sea."—Vol. i. 72, 73.

It would be hardly fair to close our extracts without offering the reader a specimen of the epistolary talents of Mrs Howard—the pivot on which all this correspondence turns:—the shortest we

can find is a letter to poor Gay, who in pure simplicity seems to have entertained a design of falling in love, and making his fortune by matrimony. He does not quite speak out; his simpering, however, is fully understood by his more practised correspondent—But we had better give his letter.

"Mr Gay to Mrs Howard.

"Madam. *Tunbridge, July* 12, 1723.

"The next pleasure to seeing you is hearing from you; and when I hear you succeed in your wishes, I succeed in mine—so I will not say a word more of the house.

"We have a young lady here that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who, if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an equipage, a title, a husband, or matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she can only lose a husband, but that ale is her passion. I have not as yet drunk with her, though I must own I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or her appearance. If to show you love her, you must drink with her, she has chosen an ill place for followers, for she is forbid with the waters. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks, in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the least of the lily in her whole countenance. —You see what thirty thousand pounds can do, for without that I could never have discovered all these agreeable particularities: in short, she is the *ortolan*, or rather *wheat-ear*, of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more beautiful, for her figure is almost circular. After I have said all this, I believe it will be in vain for me to declare I am not in love; and I am afraid that I have showed some imprudence in talking upon this subject, since you have declared that you like a friend that has a heart in his disposal. I assure you I am not mercenary, and that thirty thousand pounds

have not half so much power with me as the woman I love."—Vol. i. p. 108.

"Mrs Howard to Mr Gay.

"*Richmond Lodge, July* 22, [1723.]

"I have taken some days to consider of your *wheat-ear*, but I find I can no more approve of your having a passion for that, than I did of your turning parson. But if ever you will take the one, I insist upon your taking the other: they ought not to be parted; they were made from the beginning for each other. But I do not forbid you to get the best intelligence of the ways, manners, and customs of this wonderful *phénomène*: how it supports the disappointment of bad ale, and what are the consequences to the full enjoyment of her luxury? I have some thoughts of taking a hint from the ladies of your acquaintance, who pray for matadores, and turn devotees for luck at ombre; for I have already lost above a hundred pounds since I came to Richmond.

"I do not like to have you too passionately fond of every thing that has no disguise. I (that am grown old in courts) can assure you, sincerity is so very unthriving, that I can never give consent that you should practise it, excepting to three or four people that I think may deserve it, of which number I am. I am resolved that you shall open a new scene of behaviour next winter, and begin to pay in coin your debts of fair promises. I have some thoughts of giving you a few loose hints for a satire; and if you manage it right, and not indulge that foolish good-nature of yours, I do not question but I shall see you in good employment before Christmas."—Vol. i. p. 110.

In noticing the familiar appellation of *Schatz*, by which Lady Hervey, and, it seems, Lord Hervey were known in the princess's court, the editor seems not to have been aware that *schatz* (treasure) is a German term of endearment; it is, however, possible, as we do not see how the word, in its original meaning, could be applied both to my lord and my lady, that it may have been employed, as the editor thinks, from the similarity of the sound, and by a *plaisanterie de société*, to mark the elsewhere-

recorded volubility of the discourses of Lord and Lady Hervey.

There occurs in these volumes a long correspondence between Lady Suffolk and Lord Chesterfield. This distinguished nobleman seems to have had something foreign in his original concoction, nor does he ever appear to have been aware that in Britain the estimate of public men is formed less in a court than in the opinion of the people at large, who are always more interested by the broad and striking lights and shades of character, than by all those fine *nuances*, the study of which he recommends so earnestly. His letters, however, are extremely amusing, and those written near the conclusion of his life are distinguished by the same ease and pleasantry which marked his juvenile productions. Walpole has informed us, that by his assiduous court to Lady Suffolk, Chesterfield gave umbrage to Queen Caroline, and in reality impeded instead of advancing his own political views. This statement the editor combats, and seems to us, by the assistance of several admitted facts and dates, materially to weaken, if not to overthrow it. His lordship's constant friendship with Lady Suffolk for thirty years after she retired from court, proves at least that it was more disinterested than Walpole's suspicions allow.

The letters of the eccentric but clever and entertaining Duchess of Queensberry are also an agreeable addition to the stock of English letters. She never, as all the world knows, changed the fashion of her dress, insomuch that we recollect

having seen her picture in what she was pleased to call the character of a milkmaid. A milking pail she bore sure enough; but her dress in other respects was the same in which she went to court. Her generous though somewhat excessive patronage of Gay, and especially the sincerity with which she cherished his memory, do honour to her taste and feelings. In some of her places of residence, there are traditions however of the poet's escaping from her grace's vigilance to enjoy himself in some favourite alehouse, free at once from state and patronage. But in all such cases, the duchess, who acted as his physician as well as his Mentor, had him sought out and reclaimed as soon as possible. Too proud and too independent to fear the shafts of wit any more than she feared the frown of royalty, the duchess was perhaps the only person who, in corresponding with Swift, sent, without regard to his talents and the use he often made of them, precisely that which arose in her own mind. Sometimes capricious, sometimes sensible, but always entertaining, because never affected, her grace's letters are among the most amusing in the volume.

There are also several letters of William Pulteney, who, having enjoyed the name and reputation of a patriot during his whole public life, concluded his career by accepting the Earldom of Bath, a step which would have been overlooked in a man of less talent, but which appeared an unpardonable inconsistency and meanness in one who had taught the world to believe that he held

his principles with a sincerity and a pride equal to the talents with which he enforced them. The editor, with a good-nature which we cannot wholly participate, seems inclined to extenuate if not to vindicate Mr Pulteney's conduct in this particular. His letters, though they contain little information concerning politics, are easy, witty and diverting.

The second volume of the collection contains chiefly correspondence which took place after Lady Suffolk's retirement from court. This happened in the year 1734, shortly after the death of her husband the Earl of Suffolk. Independent and generous in her disposition, Lady Suffolk had been all her life ignorant of those arts by which court favour can be turned to pecuniary advantage. Her fortune was narrow, but economy and good order rendered it easy; and the beautiful villa of Marble Hall, near Twickenham, had been in part acquired by the bounty of her royal master and mistresses, and here she enjoyed during the rest of her life the liberty she had gained by retiring from court. In 1735, she married the Honourable George Berkeley, youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley, with whom she appears to have lived in a state of conjugal harmony, which compensated the unpleasant circumstances attending her first marriage. The correspondence after this period is rather of a more private nature than that which was carried on while Lady Suffolk was in the midst of court bustle and political intrigue; but as she continued to be loved, valued, and occasionally consulted by her former friends, and as these were chiefly dis-

tinguished by situation and talent, there is, we think, no decay of interest. There are several letters from Horace Walpole, lively and entertaining, as may be supposed. We had closed our extracts, but there is one of his epistles, which presents so amusing and at the same time so just and characteristic a picture of the grotesque splendour of the receiver-general and court-banker of the last century, that we must trespass upon our limits for a few lines.

"Mr Horace Walpole to Lady Suffolk.

"*Paris, December 5, 1765, but does not set out till the 11th.*

"Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainbleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whist, and am more constant to my old flame loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that if I thought it would break any body's heart in England, I would be in love with her. Nay, madam, I might be so within all rules here. I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

"The dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the queen and dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the bishop of Glandeve's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family that he now expresses a wish to live.

"Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking-glass.

You must have a first and second antechamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds—I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense armories of tortoise-shell and or-molu, inlaid with medals. And then you may go into the petit cabinet, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glasses from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the Lord or the devil knows what. But, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you *this*, and Madam de Marsan *that;* and if you have any body that has any taste to advise you, your eating room must be hung with huge hunting pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace, it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres a-year in wood and candles. If you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies."—Vol. ii. p. 311.

We take our leave of the work with thanks to the editor for the labour and attention which he has bestowed upon the illustrations, and biographical notices which he has inserted wherever they are necessary or even desirable. Without prolixity or dulness, the information which they afford us is pointed and correct, and the opinions which they express are acute, liberal, and intelligent. Such notes, easy as they appear, are not to be collected without considerable difficulty, and the most intelligent reader will cheerfully confess that if the information had not been thus supplied, the correspondence would have wanted much of its poignancy and interest.

ARTICLE VII.

KIRKTON'S CHURCH HISTORY.

[From the *Quarterly Review*, for January, 1818: The title-page of the work reviewed, is "*The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the year* 1678. *By the* Rev. Mr James Kirkton, &c. *With an Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp. By* James Russell, an actor therein. Edited from the MS. by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 4to. Edinburgh, 1817.]

This work may be rather considered as containing valuable materials for the history of a dark and turbulent period, than as its being itself such. It has been repeatedly quoted by Wodrow, Laing, and other historians of the period, and carries with it a degree of authenticity scarcely pretended to by other authors of the time. After remaining for more than a century in manuscript, it has been edited, as has happened in some cases, by a gentleman who, although a curious enquirer into the history of that calamitous period, and therefore interested in the facts recorded in the text, seems neither to feel nor to profess much value for the tenets, nor respect for the person, of his author. Various motives have been suggested for Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe

undertaking a task which at first sight seems inconsistent with his opinions. Some have supposed that it was meant as a requital of the *ruse de guerre* of the artful Whig who constituted himself editor of the Jacobite Memoirs of Scotland, written by the well-known Lockhart of Carnwath, and gave them to light in order to have an opportunity to stigmatize the author and his party. This was the more readily credited in Scotland, as Mr Sharpe is allied to that family Others, discovering another concatenation, have supposed that the editor sought some opportunity, if not to vindicate the memory of his celebrated namesake the Archbishop of St Andrews, at least to throw out a few sarcasms against the enthusiasts by whom he was assassinated. On our side of the Tweed these would be deemed fanciful and whimsical motives for undertaking the very laborious and troublesome task of such a publication; but in Scotland, it would seem the ancient bond of "kith, kin, and ally," still possesses, or is supposed to possess, considerable influence.

Upon inquiry, however, we cannot learn that our ingenious editor claims any relationship to the slaughtered prelate; and we are reluctantly compelled to assign the labour which he has undertaken on the present occasion to the ordinary motives of an active and enquiring mind, which, after finding amusement in extensive and curious researches into the minute particulars relating to an obscure period of history, seeks a new source of pleasure in arranging and communicating the infor-

mation it has acquired. Unlike the miser, the antiquary finds the solitary enjoyment of gazing upon and counting over his treasures deficient in interest, and willingly displays them to the eyes of congenial admirers. Perhaps we might add to this motive the malicious pleasure of a wag, who delights to present the ludicrous side of a subject, which, like Bottom's drama, forms a lamentable tragedy full of very pleasant mirth. Accordingly, when his author grows so serious as to be tedious, the notes of the editor seldom fail to be particularly diverting, and rich in all those anecdotes which illustrate character and manners, anecdotes thinly scattered through a wearisome mass of dull and dusty books and manuscripts which only the taste of an accomplished man, united with the industry of a patient antiquary, could have selected and brought together. We purpose, before concluding this Article, to say something more of the tone and spirit in which these commentaries are framed, but it is first necessary to give some account of the work itself and of the author.

The pains bestowed by Mr Sharpe have thrown some light on the obscure events of Mr James Kirkton's life, of which the following is an outline. He was a presbyterian clergyman, and as he seems to have subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant in 1648, he is conjectured to have been one of "the antediluvian ministers" of his persuasion, that is, such who "had seen the glory of the former temple, and were ordained before the Restoration." In this capacity he was settled as minister in the

parish of Mertoun, in Berwickshire, from which he was expelled as a recusant after the Restoration. In the year 1671, we find him engaged in a controversy with the quakers, who then had some proselytes of rank in the south of Scotland. Kirkton did not avail himself of the earlier indulgence which permitted some of the presbyterian clergy to exercise their ministerial functions, and accordingly fell under the lash of power for keeping conventicles. He was trepanned into a house by one Captain Carstairs, whose view seems to have been to extort money from him, or otherwise to deliver him up to the government as a recusant preacher. In this emergency, Kirkton was delivered by the forcible interference of his brother-in-law, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, who was afterwards subjected both to fine and imprisonment for having drawn his sword upon the occasion, and who finally suffered death for his supposed share in what is called from his name Jerviswood's conspiracy; being the Scottish branch of the Ryehouse plot. Kirkton, after his rencontre with Carstairs, was outlawed and obliged to fly to Holland. In 1687, he again returned to Scotland, and condescended to avail himself of the benefit of King James's toleration; a circumstance which probably, for a time, sullied the purity and corrupted the savour of his doctrine in the opinion of the *ultra*-presbyterians. After the year 1688, Kirkton, with the other ousted ministers, was restored to his church at Mertoun, which he speedily exchanged to exercise his functions in the Tolbooth church of Edin-

burgh. Here he continued till his death in September, 1699. A son survived him, who fell off from his path—and a daughter, of whom her father is reported, in a ludicrous and scandalous work, to have said from the pulpit, "I have been this whole year of God preaching against the vanity of women, yet I see my own daughter in the kirk even now with as high a cockup as any of you all."[1] These *cockups* were a sort of hat or cap turned up before; and, whatever truth there may be in the anecdote, so far as Kirkton is concerned, were certainly subjects of great scandal to the godly of that period, as the following passage witnesseth.

"I remember about thirty years ago, when cockups were in fashion, some of them half-yard high, set with wires, a solid serious Christian gentlewoman told me she was going to a friend's wedding; her comrades constrained her to put herself in dress; she was uneasy in her mind, and thought she was not herself through the day; when she came home, before she changed herself, she went to her closet to bethink herself how she had spent the loose time, as weddings and fairs are for the most part, and few that keep a bridle-hand to their spirits at such times; after some thoughts, she went to prayer; her conscience challenged her so sharply, that she rose hastily, plucked it off, and threw it from her, saying—'Thou, nor no such thing, shall ever come on my head or body, that I dare not pray with.' O that all gracious praying souls, who have a mind for heaven, would take good heed what their Bible says, and notice this and such like instances, and lothe, hate, and abhor the sinful, vain, fool fashions of the day, that the perishing world are ambitious of!"—*Life and Death of Alexander Peden, published by Patrick Walker*, 1727.—p. 145.

The same author informs us, in a passage that shows to what extent the vice of profane swearing

[1] Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence.

had attained in Scotland, that Mr Kirkton used to preach against it with a zeal certainly more laudable than that which he displayed against cockups. The note of his sermon appears to have escaped Mr Sharpe. The whole passage illustrates the truth of the French proverb, *Jurer comme un Ecossais.*

"4thly.—Their dreadful unheard of ways of swearing,—the devil's free volunteers,—crying to damn their souls for Christ's sake, and others for his glory's sake, which are to be heard in our streets; others wagering their bottles of wine, who to outstrip in greatest oaths; others, when their comrades are going for *England,* request them, as their best service and news, that if there be any new-coined oaths, to write and send them down, for the old ones in *Scotland* are become stale. Many have changed the holy and blessed name of God to Gad, one of his sinful mortal creatures; yea, some called presbyterian ministers, who affect the English cant, follow their hellish example even in their pulpits, which struck me with consternation, and filled me with indignation, to hear the holy name of God so irreverently mentioned, or rather blasphemed, and many tender souls complaining of it to me, declared that it made their hearts to quake. The reverend, sententious old Mr *James Kirkton* said in his pulpit in *Edinburgh,* that swearing was not a saint's sin, for it was not possible that a saint of God could be guilty of it habitually."—*Ibidem,* p. 140.

The same biographer (the zealous Patrick Walker), who puts so severe a construction upon the affectation of correct English pronunciation, gives us another specimen of Mr Kirkton's preaching, which, if correct, will confirm the charge his editor has brought against him of prejudice and credulity:

"It was one of the sententious sayings of the Rev. Mr James Kirkton, in his pulpit in Edinburgh, insisting upon Scotland's singular privileges above all other churches for a long time, 'that there had been ministers in Scotland *that had the gift of*

working miracles and prophesying, which he could instruct: and that he had heard French, Dutch, English, Irish, and other ministers preach, and yet there have been, and are ministers in Scotland that preach much more from the heart and to the heart than any he had ever heard.' "—*Life of Daniel Cargill*, p. 34.

From all we know of the author, he seems to have been a serious and well-meaning man, not superior certainly to the prejudices of his time and sect, and credulous therefore in what flattered them, but incapable of perverting the truth so far as it was known to him, and having opportunities as a clergyman of eminence in his party, and from his connexion with a man of talents and fortune like Jerviswood, to collect much accurate information.

The "Secret History of the Church of Scotland" unfortunately only embraces the period betwixt the Restoration and the year 1678, when, as we have seen, the reverend author was compelled to fly to Holland. Mr Sharpe has added something to the narrative by printing the account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by James Russell, one of the actors.

In reviewing the history of the church of Scotland, it will not be expected that we should draw a parallel between its discipline and that of England. We believe that the doctrines of both in spiritual matters, unless perhaps upon some very dark and abstruse points of divinity, coincide with much exactness. However great therefore the external difference in respect to government, it will be now readily granted by Christians of both persuasions, that each church contains and teaches that which is essential to salvation. And touching the

points of external discipline in which they differ, we shall not perhaps greatly err in supposing that different kinds of church government may suit a wealthy and a poor country, one where the reformed doctrines were introduced peaceably and under the authority of the civil ruler, and another in which those by whom the Reformation was received were necessarily obliged to plead their cause in arms and assert their liberty of conscience in opposition to Roman Catholic rulers. The great Shepherd of our souls, who, through all his works, has led us to seek our spiritual good by the means best adapted to our relative situations, has been pleased, from the very commencement of the Restoration, in both kingdoms, to make so wide a distinction betwixt England and Scotland, that as the attempt to introduce the Presbyterian form of church government into the former would have been like insanity; so in Scotland, such was the aversion, and so absolute the overthrow, not only of the Roman Catholic doctrines, but of all rights, privileges, and property belonging to the national church, that it became a matter of absolute necessity to establish a more popular and less expensive form of church government.

In England, the rule adopted by Queen Elizabeth was to preserve all that could be saved of the old fabric, transferring the supremacy of the church from a foreign priest to the domestic and natural sovereign, and renouncing those vain superstitions and human devices with which a long tract of usurpation and priestcraft had darkened the lustre

of the true religion. Not only the graduated ranks of the clergy and their former means of support were carefully assured to them, but many circumstances of dress and ceremonial were retained, some as laudable and decorous, some as indifferent, yet proper to be kept up, lest an alteration, in itself very extensive, should be rendered violent by being urged farther than was absolutely necessary. Even in assuming the supremacy of the church, Elizabeth was anxious to guard against the misconstruction of such perverse persons as contended that she challenged the authority and power of ministry of divine service, protesting that she challenged nothing more than the sovereignty and rule, under God, of all her native subjects, ecclesiastical or temporal, of whatever class or religious belief.

Nothing could be a stronger contrast to these cautious and deliberate measures than the progress of the Reformation in Scotland, which was literally brought in with a strong hand and an outstretched arm. All was there prepared, not for a partial but for a total change, and the hierarchy, long previously undermined, subsisted only by the countenance of the sovereign. The Scottish prelacy, long before their final downfall, had become objects of envy and jealousy to the powerful and proud nobles. They saw with deep sentiments of hatred Beaton and other churchmen of mean birth raise themselves by talents and learning to places of honour and dignity which they considered as their own birthright, and held those by whom such offi-

ces were, as they conceived, usurped, in high contempt and hatred. On the other hand, the dissolute lives and profound ignorance of the lower orders of the Roman clergy rendered them the scorn of the middling and lower classes in Scotland. The exactions of the church were resented by the inferior ranks; their lands were coveted by the nobles and gentry. Add to all this, the natural turn of the Scottish nation for metaphysical discussion, induced them to receive the doctrines of the Reformation with general interest and favour. And when it is recollected, that doctrines excellent in themselves, and recommended by so many various passions and second causes, were withstood by a feeble regency, with the obnoxious assistance of a foreign power, it will not seem surprising that the work of reformation in Scotland was carried through with an overbearing force, which left but few vestiges of the ancient church against whom it was directed. Yet the form of church policy adopted by the reformer John Knox, in 1560, in a mixed plan taken from the foreign churches of Geneva and Germany, not only admitted and enjoined a form of common prayer, but also a body of ten superintendents, whose office did not greatly differ from that of bishops, saving that they were to be themselves preachers, and, to use the words of the Form itself, "were not to be suffered to remain idle as the bishops had done heretofore." Thus it was apparently the purpose of Knox to retain something resembling, in appearance, at least, the ancient form of church discipline. He is

said to have received a message on this subject by a monk called John Brand, afterwards a preacher, from the Catholic archbishop of St Andrew's, warning him either to retain the old form of church government, or put a better in place thereof, before he shook the other. And it was, perhaps, in conformity to such advice, though coming from an enemy, that Knox, in his first *Book of Discipline*, endeavoured, too late, to save from dilapidation such of the church revenues as had not yet been swallowed up by the secular nobles. He proposed that the church rents should be collected by officers called deacons, and employed in support of schools and colleges. But this was rending the prey from the lion. The Earl of Morton treated the proposal as a "devout imagination;" and this cold reception from one of the most zealous lords of the congregation was followed by the miscarriage of that part of the scheme. In fact, the regent, and the nobles whose interest it was necessary for him to consult, were in the act of using an indirect mode to possess themselves of the church-lands by soliciting and obtaining grants of them both in lease and in property from those who held them under title of bishops, deans, and chapters, and other dignitaries of the Scottish church. How this game was played, and what arguments were used to induce the churchmen to this system of alienating the rights of their order, we learn from the following singular incident, quoted by a contemporary annalist, Richard Bannatyne, the zealous secretary of John Knox.

The Earl of Cassilis, who from his great power in Ayrshire was usually called the King of Carrick, was desirous to obtain certain leases and grants of feu affecting the lands of the abbacy of Crossraguel, in his neighbourhood. For this purpose he entrapped the abbot, Mr Allan Stewart, in the month of October, 1570, to a small tower overhanging the sea, commonly called the Black Vault of Dunure. Here, when the abbot expected to be treated with a collation, he was carried into a private chamber, where, instead of wine and venison, and other good cheer, he saw only a great barred chimney with a fire beneath it. In this cell the deeds were laid before him, and he was required to execute them. So soon as he attempted to excuse himself the tragedy commenced. He was stripped naked and stretched out on the bars of iron, to which he was secured while the fire beneath was adjusted, so as now to burn his legs, now his shoulders, and so forth, while the earl and his brother kept basting him with oil. This procedure soon removed the abbot's scruples about the alienation of the property of the church; and when, having intimated his willingness to subscribe the deeds required, he was released from his bed of torture, his inhospitable landlord addressed him with a hypocritical impudence which is almost ludicrous. "Benedicite Jesu Maria! you are the most obstinate man I ever saw. If I had known you would have been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you in that sort. I never did so to man before you." These apologies

the half-roasted abbot was compelled to receive as sufficient. The story, besides being a curious picture of the age, may serve to show that by force used or menaced the nobles of Scotland extorted from the Catholic beneficiaries, those surrenders and alienations of the church patrimony which took place at the Reformation. But it was plain that this course of proceeding must terminate, unless there were means retained of keeping up nominally, at least, those ranks of churchmen in whom the law vested church patrimony, and from whose grants the nobles might expect to secure it to themselves. Accordingly, it seems to have been chiefly with the purpose of continuing and legalizing this spoliation, that in the year 1572, by a convention held at Leith, the *Book of Discipline* was reviewed, and it was resolved that the names and titles of bishops and archbishops should remain in the church, being subject to the general assemblies of the church *in spiritualibus*, and to the king *in temporalibus*. Even the resolute spirit of John Knox (though urged to resistance by Theodore Beza) seems to have acquiesced in this as a necessary measure; but we agree with the learned author of his life, that his doing so could only arise from the despair of being able effectually to oppose the introduction of this species of episcopacy. The bishops thus established as the means of transferring the church rents and tithes by lease or sale to the nobility, were long known by the name of *tulchan* bishops, from a stuffed skin of a calf called a *tulchan*, placed before a cow to induce her to suffer herself to be

milked. This species of church government was a mixture of episcopacy and presbytery, both of which might be said to exist in the same time and in the same country, the latter for actually exercising the duties of the ministry, the former for managing or mismanaging what remained of the property of the church.

There ceased not to be a warm and violent opposition to the name and order of bishops in the general assemblies of the kirk, which displayed itself at various times, and with more or less success, until 1580, when an act of the General Assembly declared the office of bishop, as then used in Scotland, to be an unwarrantable usurpation on the freedom of God's church. Soon after this period, however, King James, who had experienced much inconvenience, and sometimes gross insults, from the presbyterian clergy, and who was moreover desirous of obtaining and exercising a certain influence in church affairs, obtained, in 1585, from the General Assembly, a very limited acquiescence permitting the name and office of a bishop still to remain in the church. A statute, in 1598, ratified the sitting of such ministers in parliament as should be admitted by the king to the office of prelates—a provision so alarming to the more rigid presbyterians that one of them likened it to the Trojan horse, and another exclaimed "Busk him as bonnily and bring him in as fairly as you can, we see him well enough, we see the horns of his mitre." In 1610 the King at length succeeded in obtaining the restitution of the order of bishops. And thus

the church government of Scotland fluctuated from its mixed state to proper presbytery, and from thence to moderate episcopacy.

The order of bishops was thus restored, but upon the most limited footing, and differing in many respects from the more solidly founded and highly ornamented architecture of episcopacy in England. The Scottish prelates possessed no ecclesiastical jurisdiction or pre-eminence; their sees were poorly endowed with the wretched remains of those temporalities which had not been alienated by the crown; their dress was a plain black gown, and the ceremonies used in the church were few, simple, and such as in themselves were, to say the very least, decent and unexceptionable.

But while it would be difficult for an impartial person, at the present day, to see any thing in the order of bishops, as thus re-established, which could threaten either the Christian or civil liberties of the kingdom of Scotland, and while on the contrary it seemed to provide for the order, dignity, and stability of the church, it must be owned that, considered with reference to the state of Scotland at the time, the experiment was ill-timed, and excited suspicion in all ranks of people.

The nobles, the proudest in Europe, were indignant at the pretensions of the spiritual lords to precede them on public occasions; while as the poorest in Europe, they were also aware that to support episcopacy on a respectable footing, they would be necessarily, sooner or later, compelled to refund a part of the temporalities of the church,

which they enjoyed either by simoniacal compacts with former prelates, or by grants from the crown.

The inferior clergy, instead of considering the rank of bishops as an object of ambition to which their order might aspire, which might give them a direct vote and voice in the management of the state, and combine them with the other orders of government, held the office in a sort of sacred horror. They termed the restoration of episcopacy a rebuilding of the walls of Jericho; the bishops' pre-eminence in the church, the precedence of Dagon; and their seats in parliament, the means of introducing the arbitrary will of the monarch, on whom they were dependent, into the council of estates of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding these general prejudices, the hierarchy was established without any express opposition, although its members held but a doubtful rank between the secular nobility and the presbyterian clergy, contemned by the pride of the former, and hated by the jealous emulation of the latter. Success on this main point led James to attempt further alterations in the discipline of the church of Scotland, by introducing a certain part of the ceremonial of the church of England.

The common people, always liable to the most exaggerated impressions, had been preached into such a holy hatred of popery, that they saw its type and shadow in every thing which approached even to decency in the order of worship; so that, as a satirist expressed it, they thought it impossible they could ever lose their way to heaven provided

they left Rome behind them. The extreme unpopularity of every thing approaching to ritual or ornament was so manifest, that even in the first visit which James made to his native kingdom after assuming the crown of England, not all the delight of again seeing their sovereign could prevent the inhabitants of Edinburgh from manifesting the greatest disgust at the splendid ceremonial of his chapel. Notwithstanding the aversion thus openly testified, James forcibly introduced into the national church of Scotland five points of ceremony, well known by the name of the Articles of Perth. They were, 1. That the eucharist should be received in a kneeling posture. 2. That it might be received in private in cases of extreme sickness. 3. That baptism might, in certain cases, be privately administered. 4. That the youth should receive episcopal confirmation. 5. That the anniversaries of the Birth, Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Saviour, with that of the Descent of the Holy Ghost, should be observed as holidays. Decent, reasonable, and moderate as these propositions must appear to every member of the church of England, they were totally uncongenial with the habits in which the Scottish clergy had been educated, and with the views, right or wrong, which they entertained of the reformation of religion. The leading ministers appealed to the settled state of their church, which had subsisted for nearly sixty years, confirmed by ecclesiastical constitutions, acts of parliament, the approbation of foreign churches, and the manifold experience of God's

blessings. And they urged that ceremonials, supposing them in themselves things indifferent, cease to be so and become noxious when they give offence or scandal to tender consciences, or even to the weakness of our brethren. Even the Scottish bishops, and especially Spottiswoode, archbishop of St Andrews, gave a reluctant consent to these measures, and not without urging the maxim of Saint Augustin, that as even a change for the better disturbs by its novelty, so all innovation, not obviously useful, must be dangerous, by exciting disturbance without any countervailing advantage. On the 4th of August, 1621, however, the Articles of Perth were ratified by parliament, and perhaps an account of the omens attendant on that concurrence between the crown and nobles, which fixed these innovations on the church, will best express the feelings and sentiments of the presbyterians.

" When all the acts were now concluded, and the ringleaders were insulting over the defenders of ancient orders, gaping for thanks and reward, and wishing every one to have wings to flee to court with the report; the grand commissioner, rising from the throne to ratify the acts by touch of the sceptre, at that same very moment was sent from the heavens in at the windows of the house, which was dark before by reason of the darkness of the day, an extraordinary great lightening, after the first a second, and after the second a third more fearful. Immediately after the lightening followed an extraordinary darkness, which astonished all that were in the house. The lightenings were seconded with three loud claps of thunder. Many within the parliament-house thought them to be shots of cannons out of the castle. It appeared to all that dwelt within the compass of ten or twelve miles, that the clouds stood right above the town, and overshadowing that part only. The beacon standing in the centre of *Leith* haven was beaten down with one of the blasts of

thunder. After the lightening, darkness and thunder followed: a shoure of hailstones, extraordinarie great, and last of all raine in such abundance, that it made gutters run like little brookes. The lords were imprisoned about the space of an hour and a half; servants rode home with footmantles, and their masters withdrew themselves, some to their coach and some to their foot. So the five articles were not honoured with the carrying of the honours, or riding of the estates in ranks. In the mean time, the castle thundered with their fierie cannons, according to the custome used at other parliaments. This Saturday, the fourth of *August*, was called by the people black Saturday. It began with fire from the earth in the morning, and ended with fire from heaven at the evening. When the fear was past, then durst atheists scoff and say, that as the law was given with fire from Mount *Sinai*, so did these fires confirm their lawes."—*Calderwood's History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 783.

Inauspicious as this commencement was, not indeed from the accidental circumstances mentioned by Calderwood, but from the disposition which the people so plainly indicated by thus interpreting ordinary natural appearances as marks of the divine displeasure, it did not prevent Charles I. from following up the plan of his father; and while he vexed the English church by the introduction of new observances into their ritual, from labouring with more zeal than prudence to bring that of Scotland to the same model.

By wringing indirectly out of the nobility the tithes to which they had acquired a right at the Reformation, the King gave the greatest possible offence to that powerful body without immediately benefiting the great body of the landholders. But the introduction of the book of canons and liturgy, steps which James had meditated, but from which he receded in just apprehension, set the seal on

the rashness of Charles. A casual tumult arose among the meanest and most worthless of the audience, which was commenced by a female, of whom the proverb is still current,

> "That when a woman scolding mad is,
> We call her daft as Jenny Geddes."

Yet so wide and so general was the disaffection to the government, that this slight tumult soon spread into a general, almost an universal national insurrection, led by a discontented nobility, inflamed by preachers who boasted something of learning and more of rude eloquence, and supported by a hardy population, who conceived that in fighting the cause of presbytery they were defending that of heaven. The success of the Scottish in two successive wars, or rather abortive attempts at hostility, gave great and preponderating weight to the clergy of that kingdom, in whose cause and by whose exhortations the war had been undertaken. We wish to speak of these men with the respect which in many points of view they deserve. Their leaders possessed a competent share of learning and no small quantity of natural parts; their lives were, generally speaking, regular, even to ascetic severity; and they rejected and condemned even innocent pleasures and elegant pursuits, as unworthy of men dedicated to the explanation and maintenance of true religion. But in the imperfect state of humanity, even virtues carried to extremity run into error and indeed into vice. Conscious rectitude of intention hurried these emi-

hent men (for many of them deserved that name) into the extremes of spiritual pride and intolerance; and what they esteemed the indubitable truth of their cause made them too anxious to enforce their tenets to hesitate about the means of accomplishing an event so desirable. Their friends were the friends, their opponents were the enemies, of heaven; it was scarcely possible to do too much in behalf of the one or for the suppression of the other. The theocracy which the clergy asserted in behalf of the kirk was not in those days so distinctly understood or so prudently regulated, but that its administrators too often interfered with the civil rule of the kingdom. The Scottish ministers remembered the saying of old Melville, when, grasping King James the Sixth's sleeve, he told him that in Scotland there were two kingdoms, that in which he was acknowledged monarch, and that in which kings and nobles were but God's silly vassals; and they were but too apt to assert the superiority of the last, which was visibly governed by the assembly of the kirk (that is, by themselves) in the name of their unseen and omnipotent Head. To disobey the king might be high treason, but to disobey the kirk, acting in the name of the Deity, was a yet deeper crime, and was to be feared as incurring the wrath which is fatal both to body and soul. The intolerant character of the Solemn League and Covenant corresponded with the writings of some of their more ardent divines. Some of these theologians (falling certainly into one of the very worst errors of the Roman church) went so

far as to assert that men living papists and dying so, holding the complex body of their principles, cannot obtain salvation. The ruder class, as they termed the church of Rome the whore of Babylon, gave little better terms to that of England; and we find prelacy called in their writings "a grey-haired strumpet, mother and daughter of popery, having a skin and face as black as a blackamoor with perjury and defection."

But intolerant as these preachers were upon principle, and incompetent from their ignorance of the world, and of worldly policy, to the management of state affairs, the zeal of the Scottish people gave them a predominating influence in the management of the state subsequent to 1639. The total destruction of the hierarchy, and the re-establishment of the church on a model purely republican, was their first and most joyful labour. Proceeding now on the principle not merely of *proper* but of *rigid* presbytery, the lay-patrons were deprived of all right of presentation, and the power of calling to a cure was vested in the kirk sessions, or parochial meeting of the elders of the parish. The minister was the continual president or moderator of this body; and, in case of vacancy in the cure, a neighbouring clergyman was called in to supply the place. This privilege of free election completed the popular character of the church, but at the same time rendered the preachers too dependent upon popularity and the humours of their audience.

The kirk, thus reformed, had no occasion to regret the mystical union supposed to exist betwixt

church and state by the intervention of the lords spiritual. The clergy had been so much the soul of the insurrection, which gave to Scotland a sort of temporary independence, that they both claimed and possessed the means of making their opinions heard and received by all true followers of the Covenant. It could hardly be otherwise, for it was in their name and behalf, and by their influence, that the aristocracy of Scotland had once more proved too mighty for the crown. The "doctor's chair" was not indeed "stuck into the throne," but was substituted in its stead; and the estates of Scotland had no influence in the government of that kingdom that was not shared and often obscured by that of the General Assemblies.

The possession of so much power had its usual effects on the weakness of humanity. Wodrow himself, after declaring that the church, as reformed in 1639, was "fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners," allows that, as it is difficult to carry a full cup steadily, there were errors even in that brilliant period; amongst which he justly reckons the fierce division of the Presbyterians, in 1650, into *Resolutioners* and *Remonstrators;* the former being such as made common cause with the Royalists against Cromwell; the latter, those who refused to admit the support of the Malignants or Cavaliers, and showed an early inclination to fraternize with the English sectaries. But the historian might have added the previous and more important blunder, that when Scotland was in a condition to have acted the important part of an

armed mediator betwixt Charles and his parliament, the influence of the absurd and crusading idea of extending the reign of presbytery, induced her rulers to throw their whole weight into the scale of the latter, by which they missed the opportunity of bringing the civil war to a conclusion, and ultimately set fire to their own Diana in her Ephesian temple.

The reign of presbytery was at this period abridged by the course of events. The violence and arrogance of many of these men, who acted in the name of the Deity, and affected to be the immediate channels through which his will as well as his doctrines were intimated to the people, received a fearful castigation after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and subsequent subjugation of Scotland. The Independents met their texts with texts, but dissolved their General Assembly by the more expeditious argument of a military force. Lieutenant-colonel Cottrell, backed by a detachment of foot and horse, entered the Assembly and demanded to know whether they sat by the authority of the parliament of the Commonwealth of England, of the English commander-in-chief, or of the Scottish judges. When the moderator replied that they were an ecclesiastical synod—a spiritual court of Jesus Christ, who held their authority from heaven, the republican officer commanded them to begone, or they should be dragged from the room.

"He led us," says Baillie (who shared in this calamitous expulsion), "through the whole streets a mile out of the town,

encompassing us with foot companies of musqueteers, and horsemen without, all the people gazing and mourning as at the saddest spectacle they had ever seen. When he had led us a mile without the town, he then declared what further he had in commission, that we would not dare to meet any more above three in number; and that against eight o'clock to-morrow we should depart the town, under pain of being guilty of breaking the public peace; and the day following, by sound of trumpet, we were commanded off the town, under the pain of present imprisonment. Thus our General Assembly, the glory and strength of our church upon earth, is by your soldiery crushed and trode under foot, without the least provocation from us, at this time, either in word or deed."—BAILLIE's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 370.

The same author gives several specimens of the mode in which the appointment of clergymen took place during the usurpation. If named by the presbytery of the bounds, the minister who received the cure had to preach in the fields, without a stipend; those only who were appointed upon the call of the Remonstrants, or by the actual power of the sword, received any temporal advantage from their benefices.

In these circumstances, the Restoration was hailed by most of the Presbyterians as a joyful event, which promised to relieve Scotland from the ignominious bondage of the English garrisons, and her national church from the degraded state of subjection to which she had been reduced. The call of the king to the throne was so unanimously uttered, that they possessed neither the time nor the means, perhaps not even the inclination, to arrange any precise stipulations for any particular form of church policy; and men's minds were at the time so weary of the disputes which had given

rise to such unbounded misery, that it seemed to be left to the King, the church of Scotland lying in ruins, to choose whether he would rebuild her bulwarks on the model of moderate Episcopacy, which they displayed before 1639, or on the more republican system which was substituted at that period. Those who held neither Episcopacy nor Presbytery to be systems of divine derivation or positive ordinance, naturally enquired which was likely to promote the tranquillity and suit the temper of the people; and the point was accordingly keenly agitated in the council of Charles. Middleton, a gallant soldier, but a man of a rash overbearing temper and dissolute manners, assuming the high tone of a determined loyalist, exhorted the King to seize the opportunity of putting Scotland at rest for ever, by annulling the Solemn League and Covenant as an unlawful association, and re-establishing the order of bishops. Lauderdale, with equal professions of devotion to the King's interest, and with much ridicule of the formality of Presbyterians, adroitly thrown in to gratify the King's humour, advised Charles to proceed more cautiously, and for the present to leave the Presbyterian church government undisturbed, and suffer them for a longer space to enjoy their beloved Covenant. There were many, he said, of the first rank in Scotland who were still so wedded to this engagement, that they would as soon renounce the four gospels; and some time and argument would, he contended, be necessary to bring them to another way of thinking. The former opinion prevailed,

and Middleton received full powers to proceed in the introduction of Episcopacy without delay.

The too-celebrated James Sharp, himself a leading presbyterian minister, intrusted with the cause of the presbyterian Resolutioners, or Royalists, contributed not a little to this change, foreseeing his own aggrandizement as primate of St Andrews. Our ingenious editor has thrown some palliating colouring upon a character usually painted with the most detestable features. He has proved that, either from shame or compassion, his namesake occasionally interfered to prevent the severities directed against some of the remonstrant clergy, and that in his office of primate he was active in reproving the immorality even of his own most powerful friend. A letter to the High Commissioner Rothes, upon the license of his conduct (p. 213), is in a style of pastoral reproof well becoming a father of the church. But the great stain will always remain, that Sharp deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren intrusted to him, and abused to his own purposes a mission which he ought not to have undertaken but with the determination of maintaining its principal object. Kirkton says that when Sharp returned from Scotland, he himself affecting no ambition for the prelacy, pressed the acceptance of the see of Saint Andrews upon Mr Robert Douglas, one of his former colleagues. The stern presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and when he had given his own positive rejection, demanded of his former friend what he would do himself were the offer made to

him. Sharp hesitated ;—" I perceive," said Douglas, " you are clear—you will engage—you will be primate of Scotland: take it then," he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, " and take the curse of God along with it." (P. 135.) The subject would suit a painter.

It cannot be denied that one main cause of this violent change had been the imprudent carriage and extreme zeal of the presbyterian teachers themselves. The severity with which they inflicted church penances, which in themselves have something allied to popery—the dominion which they assumed over the laity in all cases in which religion could be possibly alleged as a motive, or pretext, that is to say, in almost all cases whatever—and the sullen and fanatical affectation with which they condemned all pleasures however innocent or indifferent, had made the better classes generally weary of their yoke. A contemporary gives the following ludicrous account of the marriage betwixt Somerville of Drum (ancestor of Lord Somerville) and a daughter of Sir James Bannatyne, of Corehouse, forming but an unamiable picture of a festival meeting during the interregnum. There were, according to the historian of that noble house,

" One marques, three earles, two lords, sexteine barones, and *eight* ministers, present at the solemnitie, but not one musitiane; they lyked yet better the bleetings of the calves of Dan and Bethell, the ministers' long-winded, and sometimes nonsensical graces, little to purpose, then all musical instruments of the santuarie, att so solemne ane occasione which, if it be lawfull at all to have them, certanely it ought and should be on a wedding-day, for divertisement to the guests, that innocent recreatione of

musick and dancing being much more warrantable, and farre better exercise than drinking and smoakeing of tobacco, wherein these holy bretheren of the Presbyterean [persuasion] for the most part imployed themselves, without any formall health or remembrance of their friends; a nod with their head, or a sigh, with the turning up of the whyte of the eye, served for the ceremony."—*Memoirs of the Somervilles*, vol. ii.

When we recollect when and by WHOM a miracle was wrought for the express purpose of continuing the innocent festivities usually attendant upon such a joyful occasion, we must hesitate to adopt a creed so sour as to condemn the ordinary expressions of innocent mirth and happiness.

As men rush readily from one extreme to another, the debauchery which followed the Restoration formed a strong and disgusting contrast to the affected and puritanic strictness of the preceding period. Kirkton has painted it in odious, yet, we fear, too just, colours.

"Our three commissioners, Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale, gave every one of them the parliament they governed a denomination (in the observation of the vulgar) from their own behaviour; and this Parliament was called 'the drinking Parliament.' The commissioner hade L.50 English a-day allowed him, which he spent faithfully amongst his northern pantalons; and so great was the luxury, and so small was the care of his family, that when he filled his wine-cellars, his steward thought nothing to cast out full pipes to make way for others. Himself was sometimes so disordered, that when he hade appeared upon the throne in full Parliament, the president, upon the whisper of the principal members, would be necessitate to adjourn. Then they made the church their stews; then you might have found chambers filled with naked men and naked women; and many, who lived under sober report formerly, turned harlots and drunkards; you may believe cursing, swearing, and blasphemy, were as common as prayer and worship was rare. Debauching was loyalty, gravity smelled of rebellion; every man that hade eyes perceived what

spirit ruled among them; and among all the families in town, none gave greater scandal than Fletcher the advocate, where the vaste sums extorted from the innocent Presbyterians in danger of criminal pursuit, were turned into crying scandals, unparalleled in the history of Scotland."—Pp. 114, 115.

The first step taken to restore Episcopacy in Scotland was by an act of parliament, rescinding, without distinction, all the statutes passed from the year 1633 to 1660, including of course those for the extirpation of Episcopacy. Next it was declared that the power of establishing the model of church government was vested in the crown, whereby, according to Kirkton, they erected the King into a sort of pope. This last statute purports to be "An Explanation of the King's Prerogative of Supremacy over all Estates, as ratified by Act 129, 8, King James VI."—It certainly gave the King a degree of power inconsistent with both Episcopacy and Presbytery, since he might have abolished both, and established any other model by his own immediate authority.—Accordingly the statute was rescinded in the first Parliament after the Revolution.

The act rescissory of 1660, and that of supremacy, though the first inferred the destruction of the Presbyterian church government, and the second contained an acknowledgment of the King's supremacy fatal to the very principle on which Presbytery rests, passed without the shadow of opposition. The appointment of bishops by Charles, and the confirmation of that office by an act of parliament, were carried through with the same ease and unanimity. Viewing the matter therefore as an

act of the legislature, it cannot be denied that Episcopacy was restored with the same formality wherewith it had been taken away; and that the lamentations of Kirkton and other authors of his party, are only just so far as they may happen to be correct or otherwise in their notions of the divine right of prelacy. Nor had men of tender consciences among the Presbyterians to complain of the same ceremonial observances being anew forced upon them, which were enjoined by the canons of Perth. These obnoxious points were tacitly abandoned, and the mode of worship used in the Episcopal establishment was, in all material parts, the same which the Presbyterians used, excepting that the former read the doxology, the Lord's Prayer, and, in baptism, the Apostles' creed. To the matter of these additions to daily worship, the most rigid fanatic could be hardly supposed to object; and nothing was added of those ceremonials, such as surplices, altars, or the cross in baptism, which are disputed by English dissenters. The communion tables were placed according to convenience, without any principle of uniform position; they had no chancels, and they used no bells, saving that for the convocation to divine worship. In a word, the Episcopal church of Scotland in her ceremonial was so tender of offence to the Presbyterians, that she could scarcely be said to differ from their own forms. The clergy wore gowns and cassocks, but did not venture to shock the eyes of their congregation with the abhorred surplice.

There were therefore no doctrinal, and scarcely

any ceremonial, points in controversy betwixt the Scotch Presbyterians and Episcopalians,—on the contrary, the best and most moderate of either party held church communion together without reluctance, neither charging error, far less schism or heresy, against the others. Neither could the revenue of the Scottish Episcopal church be justly objected to as exorbitant, or unequally divided. The primate had L.1000 yearly; the bishops from L.300 to L.500; and the inferior clergy a greater equality of benefices than in England, few exceeding L.100, or falling beneath L.20 of annual income: even the last sum afforded a decent livelihood in that remote age and cheap country. But if there was no dispute concerning the doctrines, and nothing to object to the endowments, of the new-modelled church, her discipline and outward government were the subject of much complaint to the Presbyterians.

Upon their own principles these men were not perhaps entitled to be heard against the establishment of a moderate Episcopacy, such as had prevailed in the church of Scotland from 1612 to 1638, and indeed had never been altogether discontinued for any considerable length of time. Episcopacy was now restored by the legislature as formally and effectually as it had been formerly abolished, and Presbytery had for the time lost all authority, except what the votaries of that form of church government claimed for it *ex jure divino*, an argument set up by divines of both churches. But the Presbyterians complained, and not without

reason, that a larger and more formidable authority was allowed to the bishops under this new model than their predecessors had been admitted to; and they had speedy reason to add that their faculties were less meekly borne, and their power, as it was more extensive, was also much more severely and harshly exercised. Lauderdale, as already noticed, had begun with advising the King to tolerate Presbytery some time longer as the national form of worship; but when he found that his rival Middleton was gaining ground on him, by encouraging the King's predilection for Episcopacy, he resolved to out-manœuvre him, by carrying the authority of the bishops to a pitch higher than the other had proposed, and thereby placing them in a more equal balance against the power of the nobility. On this subject Kirkton has an interesting anecdote:—Glencairn, who had taken Middleton's side in the discussions before his majesty, endeavoured, when in private with Lauderdale, to qualify his opinion by saying, that

"tho' the other day he hade declared himself for bishops, he desired not to be mistaken, for he was only for a sort of sober modern bishops, such as they were in the primitive times, but not for the lordly prelats, such as were in Scotland before. Lauderdale answered him with ane oath, that since they hade chosen bishops, bishops they should have, higher than any that ever were in Scotland, and that he should find."—Pp. 133, 134.

They retained indeed, in the new order of things, those forms and names which from the very beginning of the Reformation, and under all the former varieties of church government, had given the colour of a classical or Presbyterian model to the

kirk of Scotland, even when most Episcopal. They had monthly Presbyteries, Provincial Synods, and General Assemblies. But with reference to these consistorial judicatures, Kirkton points out the infinite difference in extent of power assigned to the bishops on the revival of their order.

"Whoso shall compare this sett of bishops with the old bishops established in the year 1612, shall find that these were but a sort of pigmeys, compared with our new bishops; for, first, the Presbyteries were standing judicatories, using the power of the keyes in the time of the former bishops; but in the time of the new bishops there was no shadow of church power in Scotland, except what resided or flowed from the bishop in person; and as Presbyteries were discharged before ever our new prelates entered upon their throne, so it was a considerable time, even some years, before ever ministers were permitted to meet together, so much as for the exercise of their ministerial gifts; and when they first mett, they were constitute a meeting for such and such effects, by virtue of the bishop's commission allowing the ministers of the precinct secluding the ruling elders. Moreover, the first bishops were, in effect, allowed no more but a sort of negative vote, and great were the conflicts betwixt some stout Presbyteries and the encroaching bishops; but the new bishops had not only a negative, but a positive vote, having the full power of government lodged upon their solitary person, their assistants being only their arbitrary attendants, or shaddows. However, men said the bishops grumbled because they were not reponed to all that the popish bishops enjoyed."—Pp. 141, 142.

Unfortunately this great increase of jurisdiction and power was conferred on men who had former injuries to avenge, and immediate contempt and insult to repel and to subdue. It was not to be expected that the Presbyterian clergy should have so soon forgot the supremacy which they had so lately enjoyed; or, proud as most of them had reason to be of their influence over their audiences,

that they should endure, without a sense of pain and mortification, the triumph of those over whom they had very recently exercised no lenient measure of authority. Something had been done to intimidate opposers by the trial and execution of Argyle, whose death was well deserved by many acts of falsehood and cruelty; and of Guthrie, whom even Sharp interceded for in vain. These were the only men of note who died to atone for the lives of so many loyalists as had suffered under the pretended judicatures of the interregnum. Argyle richly merited his fate; his character, however gilded over by Kirkton, is shown by his editor, p. 104, to be one of the least dubious of modern times. His cruelty, fraud, and ambition were notorious; his signal hypocrisy had, at length, ceased to deceive even the lowest of the puritans. But as we conceive it a sacred principle, that punishment cannot be morally inflicted for the mere purposes of vengeance, and that it is a heinous crime to pervert and strain the laws even to destroy those who are really deserving of death, we cannot acquit Charles's Scottish government of transgressing both principles, even in the case of Argyle, and still more in that of Guthrie. Several ministers were exiled to Holland, where they formed a sort of Scottish dissenting church, and, much at their ease themselves, encouraged by books and messages the non-conforming ministers in Scotland to follow such measures as necessarily exposed them to the severities of the government. It is, indeed, singular, but not unamusing, to see that

those farthest removed from the danger appear to have been the most scrupulously zealous in the cause.

Neither did the rulers neglect such means as in their opinion were calculated to bring into public contempt the opinions of the Presbyterians, and particularly that solemn league and covenant which had been at once the cause of their success, their idol when in prosperity, and their subject of regret and mourning during their adversity. Kirkton gives us a curious scene which took place at Lithgow upon the anniversary of the King's restoration.

"I cannot omit to mention one example of the madness of the people at that time. Upon the first 29th of May, 1661, the town of Lithgow, Robert Mill being chief author, and Mr James Ramsay (who afterward ascended the height of the pitifull bishoprick of Dumblane) being minister, after they hade filled their streets with bonfires very throng, and made their crosse run wine, added also this ridiculous pageant: They framed ane arch upon four pillars, and upon one side the picture of ane old hagge with the Covenant in her hand, and this inscription above: A GLORIOUS REFORMATION. On the other side of the arch was a Whigge with the Remonstrance in his hand, and this inscription, NO ASSOCIATION WITH MALIGNANTS. On the other side was the Committee of Estates, with this inscription, ANE ACT FOR DELIVERING UP THE KING. On the fourth side was the Commission of the Kirk, with this inscription, THE ACT OF THE WEST KIRK. On the top of the arch stood the Devil, with this inscription, STAND TO THE CAUSE. In the midst of the arch was a litany:

> From Covenanters with uplifted hands,
> From Remonstrators with associate bands,
> From such Committees as govern'd this nation,
> From Church Commissioners and their protestation,
> Good Lord deliver us.

"They hade also the picture of Rebellion in religious habit, with the book Lex Rex in one hand, and the causes of God's wrath in the other, and this in the midst of rocks, and reels, and kirk stools, logs of wood, and spurs, and covenants, acts of assem-

bly, protestations, with this inscription, REBELLION IS THE MOTHER OF WITCHCRAFT. Then after the minister hade sanctified the debauch with a goodly prayer, and while they were drinking the King's health, they put fire to the whole frame, which quickly turned it to ashes. Lastly, in place of this there appeared a table supported by four angels with a sonnet to the King's praise, and so with drunkenness enough they concluded the day. This was not required by any law, but they would outrun the law. All these men some twelve years before hade renewed the covenant with uplifted hands, but single perjury could not satisfie them, except they boasted in their sin with a triumph."—Pp. 126, 127.

Having thus tried the means of terror and of ridicule, the bishops seemed to conceive themselves strong enough to attempt to exercise the high powers intrusted to them. They proclaimed diocesan meetings, and the Privy Council enjoined the attendance of all ministers on these occasions. This was the touchstone which first brought to a precise test the temper of the Scottish clergy, and few of them, excepting in the north, gave attendance upon the prelates. Middleton (still royal commissioner) was at this time engaged in a solemn tour through Scotland, in the course of which he was feasted and banqueted with the most licentious profusion. A quorum of the council attended him, that in the intervals of riot they might transact public business. Those who would receive him agreeably, provided not only the ordinary room for banqueting, but separate apartments for each of the beastly consequences which ensue upon unlimited excess. While the commissioner and most of his council were in this course of revel, a complaint was made to him by Fairfowl, the bishop of

Glasgow, that the ministers had refused to acknowledge his authority and attend his diocesan meetings. Middleton required the prelate to suggest a remedy. With extraordinary rashness, Fairfowl proposed that a proclamation should be issued expelling from their cures and parishes all ministers appointed since the year 1649, who should not receive collation from the bishop of their diocese against a term assigned. Hot with wine, and impatient of contradiction, Middleton, without waiting either to consult the whole Privy Council, or pausing upon a measure so violent, or regarding the remonstrances of Sir James Lockhart of Lee, who foresaw the confusion which so rash an injunction was certain to occasion, consented to issue this ill-judged proclamation. Even the Primate Sharp complained of the folly of Fairfowl in precipitating a measure of such consequence, and the council took some imperfect steps to mitigate its rigour. But the deed was done, and the schism in the church, which that act of council introduced, was destined never to be ended but by the downfall of Episcopacy. The effect was so extensive that it could not but prepare materials for a national convulsion. Of six hundred ministers, two hundred resigned their livings rather than submit to collation, and as they were banished to the north side of the river Tay, without the means of providing for their families, their personal distress excited compassion—their resignation, or determination, as they termed it, rather to suffer than to sin, demanded respect, and

the relish of their doctrine, now about to be lost to them, called for the regrets of their flocks.

"It did not," says our author, "content the congregation to weep all of them, but they howled with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sackt. Then Middleton began to curse and swear (as he spared not) what would these mad fellows do? he knew very well many of them hade not a stock could maintain their poor families for six months: and that was very true; but he understood not they resolved to live by faith, as sufferers used to doe."

The ministers thus expelled from their charges, found succour and comfort from those who pitied their case, respected their persons, and admired their doctrines. And it was one obvious error amongst many attending this harsh and impolitic measure, that the bishops were taken unawares, and found it impossible to levy a sufficient number of well-educated and qualified persons of their own persuasion to fill two hundred pulpits thus rendered vacant at once. The hasty recruits which were drawn for this purpose from the schools in the north, where alone Episcopacy had retained favourers, were so raw and ill-qualified that a wag observed, that since the expulsion of the Presbyterian clergy they had not been able to get a lad to keep the cattle there—they had all turned curates. It was not likely that under such teaching the people should forget the "spiritual manna which of late fell so thick about their tents;" and it was in the natural course of things that the expelled clergy should continue to preach in houses, barns, and at length in the open fields; and that their ancient flocks should gather round them on such

occasions. The bishops endeavoured to counteract the tide of favour and popularity, which was taking a direction so ominous, by sending several of their best scholars to make a progress through the west, and, if possible, preach the congregations back again into the churches which had been emptied by the insufficiency of the curates. It is remarkable that Gilbert Burnet (the future low-church historian and bishop of Salisbury) was one of those Episcopal missionaries, and went, according to Kirkton, furnished with other means of persuasion than those of rhetoric. The Primate Sharp saw no redress for this general defection but obtaining from the civil power denunciations against those who attended conventicles, and of fines upon those who absented themselves from the church—measures which they endeavoured to justify by appealing to the penal acts in Queen Elizabeth's time against Papists, but which, whenever or wherever used, can never be justified in morality, and seldom if ever in sound policy, in which state-necessity is a word very rarely and suspiciously received.

Mean time the curates came into the churches as a sort of invaders, and Kirkton has given a whimsical account of their general reception, some points of which he frankly admits to be little to the credit of his own sect, who were the actors on those occasions. In some places the new incumbents were welcomed with tears and requests to get them gone; in others with reasoning and disputes; in others with affronts and indignities. Sometimes

the clapper of the bell was stolen; sometimes the church doors were barricadoed; sometimes the unfortunate incumbent was received with volleys of stones. On one occasion a box full of pismires was emptied into the curate's boots. On another, which our Presbyterian divine tells at more length than we care to rehearse it after him, a trick, something like that played off on the miller of Trompington, was practised on two of these hated divines, who were thus led innocently and involuntarily into a breach of the seventh commandment. Kirkton adds candidly, "I have known some profane people that, if they committed an error over night, thought affronting a curate to-morrow a testimony of their repentance."

We have before us, at this moment, the opposite evidence of one of these obnoxious incumbents, called Andrew Symson, minister of Kirkenner, who professes that when he and his Episcopal brethren came to Galloway, in 1663, they found several parishes not only *vacantes* but *vocantes*, desiring and soliciting their ministry. He does not, indeed, assert that they had a formal popular call, yet contends that when they had performed service for several Lord's days, and duly executed their edicts, the representatives of the parish attended upon their ordinations, assisted them in their duties, and thus ratified their ministry. And he declares that he himself was never insulted by his parishioners, but often saved by them from the violence of strangers. These and some other curious passages occur in his preface to a poem called Tripatriarchi-

chon. But if Mr Symson was so cordially received and fostered by his parishioners, it is certain his case was singular among the western curates.

When so much provocation is admitted by the historian, it was certainly to be expected that the government would employ some means of supporting the authority of the church which they had set up. By rash and violent men the use of the sword, and of superior force, is always the most readily resorted to upon such occasions. These means had been taught them by the Presbyterians themselves, who, during the domination of the council of estates, had first introduced the severities of free quarters, fines, cess, and other burdens imposed on recusants, until their domination, unknown in Scotland; and, in their mode of imposing their solemn League and Covenant on all persons above the age of ten years, had set an example which was as unadvisedly as unconscientiously followed by those who had now succeeded to their power. And as this precedent is often lost sight of, we shall here quote, from an impartial eyewitness, the manner in which the Covenanters enforced uniformity of sentiment in matters religious and political while they possessed the power of doing so. The scene is Aberdeen, then occupied by a powerful force of Covenanters; the date 1639.

"Mr Robert Douglas, minister of Kirkaldie, preached before noon: after sermon he read out the Covenant, and caused the hail town's people convened, who had not yet subscribed, both men and women, to stand up before him in the kirk, and the men subscribed the Covenant. Thereafter the women were urged to swear with their uplifted hands to God, that they did subscribe

and swear the Covenant willingly and freely, and from their hearts, and not from any fear or dread that should happen, syne the kirk dissolved. But the Lord knows how thir town's people were brought under perjury by plain fear, and not from a willing mind, by tyranny and oppression of thir Covenanters, who compelled them to swear and subecribe, suppose they knew it was against their hearts."—SPALDING's *Troubles in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 132.

We quote this fact, as we may do others hereafter, by no means as affirming that it justifies the power of compulsion over the human conscience, assumed by the Episcopalians, but simply that the reader may bear in mind he is reading not the history of saints and martyrs on the one side, and heathen persecutors on the other, but that of two fierce contending factions in a half-civilized country, who alternately tyrannized over each other's persons and consciences—one in the abused names of gospel-freedom and civil liberty; the other under the no less misplaced watchword of social order and loyalty. Our ingenious editor, though he seems to enter into the vindication of the cavaliers somewhat further than we can accompany him, has made this plain in many passages of the book, contrasting the charges of cruelty and oppression, brought by his author against the Episcopalians, by instances of their own misconduct while they possessed the power of persecution.

Kirkton gives us a very animated picture of the contest betwixt Middleton and Lauderdale, and, with the satirical humour of which he is not sparing, draws a lively sketch of the two rivals for power.

"Middleton was a soldier, and had suffered with the King, and undertaken for him a very dangerous part, to command the Tories on the hills, in Cromwell's time; and he hade for his patrons the Duke of York and Chancellor Hyde. Lauderdale was a witt and a courtier: he had suffered much for the King, and was his private in his secret pleasures, in which office, to keep himself in favour, he acted a most dishonourable part; for after the King's fleet was burnt at Chatham, and the Dutch retired, he came to the King's privy chamber and danced in a woman's petticoat to dispel the King's mellancholy. But he knew well what the King's delights were; he choosed for his patron neither statesman nor prince; Barbra Villiers, first Mrs Palmer, then Dutchesse Cleveland, was his choise; and before her bedside he would have kneeld ane hour at one time to implore her friendship with the King, because he knew well what influence his miss hade upon him, and with thir weapons he prevailed."—P. 138.

In this controversy, as was to be expected, the sword yielded—not to the gown—but to the petticoat; and Lauderdale must be thenceforth considered as absolute minister in Scotland, though his ally Rothes bore the office of commissioner. It might have been supposed that the greater wisdom and moderation of this intelligent statesman would have modified the violent courses which Middleton had begun. But he probably found that severe measures were most acceptable at court, where the least countenance afforded to Presbyterianism was held allied to disloyalty; and, besides, though it is easy to forbear entering upon such a headlong career, it is very difficult to control or temper its violence when once fairly commenced: whence it sometimes happens that a minister, moderate in his own principles, is, for a time at least, obliged to pursue the line of conduct adopted by a violent predecessor in authority.

The people continued to complain on the one hand, and the bishops on the other. The former alleged that most of the curates intruded into low-land parishes were ignorant, and many of them debauched; and it is highly probable that they allowed themselves too much latitude, in compliance with the dissolute manners of the cavaliers, and in contradiction to the reserved deportment of the Presbyterians, which they stigmatized as hypocrisy. Kirkton enlarges on these topics; but though we believe him strictly honest, we conceive him to be a little prone to receive the exaggerated reports of others; and in particular, we cannot subscribe to the probability of the crime of witchcraft being half so common as he pretends among the Episcopal clergy. We will not go so far as Mrs Elizabeth Harris, who declares she never took one of that cloth for a conjurer in her life; but we doubt that Mr Gideon Penman ever said grace at the devil's table as his chaplain. (P. 190.) We conceive that the bullets of nine assassins would have slain Archbishop Sharp, though he had "several strange things," and in particular "parings of nails" about his person. (P. 84.) We think also, it may be rash to call Mr Thomson, the curate of Anstruther, "a diabolic man," although the wench who bore a lantern before him, as he returned from a visit, "affirmed that she saw something like a black beast pass the bridge before him." (P. 188.) We do further verily believe, that any strange circumstances in the life, and suddenness in the death of the celebrated General Dalzell, may be

accounted for—the former by a savage temper improved by a Russian education; and the latter by a stroke of apoplexy, without supposing a covenant betwixt Old Tom of Binns and the enemy of mankind: and we own that our worthy author's proneness to credit these and many similar accusations, leads us to suspect the accounts which he gives us both of the gross debaucheries and of the dying agonies of divers of the curates, one of whom his informers affirmed to have roared on his deathbed like a woman in the torments of childbirth, merely on account of his having held a cure under the Episcopal establishment. These are the scandals by giving credit to which men furious in controversy disgrace themselves and their cause; and, as Kirkton justly says of imputations against himself by the Episcopalians, "such are the arrows of the wicked, even bitter words."

On the other hand, the bishops complained that in the western shires particularly their authority was totally disregarded; and the government chose to remedy this matter by quartering forces among the obnoxious Presbyterians under command of Sir James Turner. This person was of an active and somewhat harsh temper, not improved certainly by his service under the Covenanters, under whose authority he was the spectator, if not participant of two horrid massacres at Dunnaverty and Duart. (See p. 44.) He wrote his own memoirs, besides several works on military discipline; the former are extant in manuscript, and are at present announced for publication. Kirkton imputes to him

extreme severities in the execution of the laws for recovery of the fines. This Turner denies in his memoirs, affirming, that he never levied above half the fine inflicted on any one delinquent. The vexations which he inflicted, however, were sufficient to stir up a fierce but short-lived rebellion.

Kirkton gives a curious narrative of this event. It arose, according to his authorities, which Mr Sharpe seems to dispute, from the interference of the country people to rescue an old man, whose bare person the soldiers were going to place on a red-hot girdle or gridiron. Successful in disarming this party, the insurgents marched suddenly to Dumfries, and made Sir James Turner prisoner. It is a sufficient proof of the hardships which the poor people must have endured, that, expecting to be attacked by regular forces, they assembled about three thousand men; and it is no small credit to them that they neither slew Turner, according to the proposal of the more violent, nor committed any material injury, as they marched through the country, only taking free quarters and provisions. Turner describes their horse as armed with sword and pistol; their infantry with musket and pike, and some with scythes, hay-forks, and staves. He saw two of their squadrons go through their exercise with great agility and regularity; and declares their foot were the lustiest he ever saw, and that they kept their ranks in the most wretched roads and bad weather. He mentions also the blasphemous but characteristic language in which one of their preachers, called Robinson, required

rather than besought Omnipotence to be their second; "and if," said he, "thou wilt not be our secondarie we will not fight for thee at all; for it is not our cause but thine own, and if thou wilt not fight for it neither will we." "They say," added he, "that dukes, earls, and lords are coming with the King's general against us, but they shall be nothing but a thrashing to us." This will remind our readers of the language of the Presbyterian clergymen before the battle of Dunbar.

On the skirt of Pentland-hills this handful of insurgents were doomed to stand the assault of the royal regular forces, augmented by many volunteers. Two of their preachers, posted on a hill at a tolerably safe distance, ejaculated, *The God of Jacob! the God of Jacob!* so often as their party seemed to have any advantage. Two Irish divines, whose zeal was more fervent, gave active assistance with their weapons, and were both slain. The insurgents behaved with great spirit in repelling the two or three first parties sent against them, but were routed and dispersed when pressed by the main body of Dalzell's infantry. Several of the prisoners were executed, though quarter had been given, upon the pretext so often used in civil war, that quarter only saves from the immediate edge of the sword, not from judicial proceedings for treason. The revival of torture upon this occasion, added to the general horror entertained against the severities of the Scottish rulers of the period. Dreadful cruelties were perpetrated by the soldiers in consequence of this insurrection; and the

Privy Council, in which was vested the whole power and government of Scotland, came to resemble a court-martial so exactly, that Dalzell called the Duke of Hamilton *Ritt-master* (i. e. Captain) *Hamilton*, the Earls of Rothes and Linlithgow, *Rittmaster Leslie* and *Colonel Livingstone*, and so forth, as if military rank and distinctions were alone in observance and request. The insurgents, however, found to their cost, that there were civil as well as military exactions to be complied with. What the locust had spared the palmer-worm devoured, and, to use the language of the poet,

"Statutes glean'd the refuse of the sword."

The various prosecutions at law which followed the affair of Pentland were severe and vexatious in the extreme; besides which, the accusation was kept up and protracted to a length of time equally unjust and impolitic. Treason is the most dangerous crime to the commonwealth, but it may happen to be, in a moral point of view, the most excusable in individuals, since it is often incurred from imaginary though false views of duty. Such examples as are necessary to prevent its recurrence should therefore be made while the sense of the danger incurred by the community, and the necessity of preventing such evils, is fully imprinted in the mind of all men. Beyond this period, the prosecution of ancient political offences can only be ascribed to vindictive hatred, and the compassion which attends the sufferers is, in respect to the government, a more dangerous feeling than any

encouragement which could be exacted from the apparent apathy of the rulers. On the point of moral justice, we have already said, that in our opinion, punishment of every kind is only so far legitimate as it is useful to the community, and becomes always criminal when it has its source merely in the desire of vengeance, a passion, the gratification of which is proscribed in an especial degree by Christianity, and even by sound policy and philosophy.

We pause at this part of our retrospect of Scottish history, because we shall speedily have an opportunity to resume the subject, and, also, because, at the period of the Pentland insurrection, the Presbyterians acted with an unanimity of principle which never afterwards appeared among them. The insurgents, on that occasion, owned the royal authority, and limited their contendings and testimonies by declaring they were only directed against the military law unjustly exercised on their persons, and the tyranny to which their consciences were subjected. A bolder class followed, who asserted the indefeasible bond incurred by the national covenant, and the impossibility of again adopting Episcopacy in face of those national engagements by which it had been renounced. The affair of the Indulgence made a separation of many different shades betwixt the non-conformists. There were divisions and sub-divisions, and endless splittings of these sub-divisions, neither common danger nor joint suffering preventing persons whose grounds of difference seem to have been

always obscure, and now are almost imperceptible, from reviling each other with the bitterest animosity and in the grossest language, always under pretence of zeal, tenderness of conscience and straightness in the cause; and each petty *coterie* assuming to itself the exclusive title of the "lovely remnant," and only remaining faithful followers of the church of Scotland. These divisions, and their causes, real or imaginary, may hereafter be treated at more length than we can at present afford. We therefore leave Kirkton at this period of his history.

In general we conceive this publication to be highly valuable and important. It has been quoted by every Scottish historian of the period as the work of an honest and well-informed man; and the historian Wodrow, whom Mr Fox introduced to the knowledge of the English (raising the price of his two ponderous volumes from ten shillings to five or six guineas), has quoted whole passages from Kirkton, using in general his very words. And although as a suffering Presbyterian minister Kirkton cannot be esteemed an impartial writer, yet his very prejudices often afford us the means of discovering the truth. His style is that of the period and class to which he belonged—diffuse and prolix on affairs of little moment, yet not without point, compression, and force on more important occasions; exhibiting some pretence to learning and logical argument, intermixed with a caustic turn towards personal satire, only allayed by the writer's profession, and animated by the zeal of an

ancient covenanter. It remains to enquire how far this venerable champion of Presbyterianism has been fortunate in an editor—a question the more important, since, as we have already hinted, Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe and his author differ diametrically in civil and religious politics.

Mr Sharpe is already known to the public by a volume of legendary poetry, of which the verse exhibited talents not only for the heroic ballad, but for that arch and playful style of poetry which helps to "add feathers to" the lightsome hours of pleasant society. The notes in that work indicate the same talents which we meet in those on Kirkton's work. They evince extensive antiquarian research through the most wearisome and dull volumes, with the singular talent necessary for distinguishing and extracting from them whatever is interesting in point of manners, or curious as an elucidation of principles, and for seasoning the whole with a strong turn for humour seldom exhibited by professed antiquaries. The quantity of curious matter, political, genealogical, and satirical, which he has exhibited in these notes, adds an important value to the edition. To some men these advantages may be counterbalanced by the contrast which the comments afford to the text, for Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, though residing in the land of Presbytery, is an Episcopalian and a tory, or rather an old cavalier, with much of the respect for high family, contempt of the Covenanters, and dislike of democratical principles proper to that designation. Of course he has not escaped the censure of those industrious literary

gentlemen of opposite principles, who have suffered a work always relied upon as one of their chief authorities, to lie dormant for a hundred and forty years, and are now mortified that it should be published by a person of opposite opinions in politics and church-government, as if he had usurped an office to which they had an exclusive title. We cannot listen to these querulous outcries, unless they alleged (which would be most groundless) that the work had suffered through the infidelity of the editor. In every point of view, we conceive that Kirkton's History has received, from the liveliness of Mr Sharpe's illustrations upon a subject which is sometimes uncommonly dull, from the art with which he has contrasted the same facts as told by different people, and illustrated heavy details by interesting examples or comments, a value which, edited by some great admirer and worshipper of his own system, it would never have attained.

This is not all, however. Although we consider the experiment of setting up Episcopacy as a fair one at the time when it was made, yet now that the experience of nearly a century and a half has shown (what might have been justly doubted in 1660) that the Presbyterian form of church policy is in every respect reconcileable to good order, liberty of conscience, and a limited monarchy, we are disposed to rejoice that the experiment, however promising, did not succeed.

What *had been* is unknown—what *is* appears.

Conveying ourselves back to that period, we might

have dreaded the revival of that solemn league which carried intolerance and religious persecution in its train, and whose obligations were capable of receiving an interpretation inconsistent with the peace of society; and we might have feared the Presbyterian principle, which as they then explained, gave the rulers of the church a perpetual pretext for interfering with the civil and even with the military measures of the legislature and secular government. But, in the present day, when we hear no more of the League and Covenant, with its obligations to extirpate heresy, and when the general assemblies of the church only exercise their necessary and useful jurisdiction in the spiritual affairs which properly fall under their cognizance, we cannot desire that a system so simple, unexpensive, acceptable to the public, and honourable to those by whom it is upheld, should be superseded by any other whatever. Were it necessary to say more, the kirk might appeal to the general moral and respectable conduct of her pastors, as well as to many illustrious names among them, to show that she needs, for restraining corruption or encouraging merit, no other jurisdiction or power of reward or punishment than she herself possesses upon her present system.

While we say this we are far from uniting our own views of the subject with those of Mr Sharpe. He has in general attempted the vindication of Charles's administration (indirectly at least), by recriminating on the Whigamoors. He opens an account of murder with them, and reckons confis-

cation for confiscation, and blood for blood. He contrasts the military and civil executions by the triumphant cavaliers with the dreadful cruelty of the Covenanters after the victory at Philiphaugh, where they massacred their prisoners in cold blood, with the atrocities after taking the fort at Dunaverty, in the Highlands, where, instigated by a wretch called John Nave, the chaplain of the Earl of Loudoun, Collkittock, with nearly two hundred men, who had surrendered on terms of quarter, were put to the sword, and with the judicial murders of Montrose, Gordon of Haddow, Hay, Nathaniel Gordon, the Marquis of Huntley, and much more gentle and noble blood spilled for defending the king and the Episcopal church which they found established in the kingdom.. All these counter charges may be true, and they may diminish our personal commiseration for men like Argyle and others, who, active in those dreadful scenes, while they had power, became, when subdued, in their turn the miserable victims of similar cruelties. But justice is immutable, and no degree of guilt committed by the one party authorizes or vindicates similar atrocities on the part of the other. In fact, although there may remain in Scotland many true-blue whigs and stanch cavaliers, to be excessively offended at our neutrality, we must say, that we regard neither party in that ancient kingdom as playing a respectable part during this tumultuous period. Both sides indeed had champions, who fought and suffered with the obstinate valour peculiar to the country; but the peculiarities of either faction, as they existed

in England, were inflamed and exaggerated among her less civilized neighbours. The Scottish civil dissensions were stained with crimes and cruelties to which those of England were strangers. The detestable period of the popish plot, when so much blood was so wantonly and unjustly shed, and the after-game of sham-plots set up by the court, did indeed authorize the historian to say that the two predominating parties in England, "actuated by mutual rage, but cooped up within the narrow limits of the law, levelled with poisoned daggers the most deadly blows against each other's breast, and buried in their factious divisions all regard to truth, honour, and humanity." Still, while subject justly to these reproaches, the headlong torrent whose ravages we deplore, *was* confined within the boundaries of the law; but in Scotland, reasons of state policy, the thirst of vengeance, the avarice of spoil, the keen and sharpened rage of polemical hatred, the selfish and greedy pursuit of private ends, so often the ruling motives in a delegated government, together with a disregard of personal character peculiar to that age, burst over every restraint, and levelled every bulwark that preserves either rights or liberties. If during their brief domination, the tyranny of the covenanting rulers was more open and avowed; if their clergy maintained spies in the houses of the nobles, and, forgetting their own peaceful profession, embroiled and deepened by their exhortations the horrors of war; if, in their prosperity, they sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind—and in their adversity,

were humbled without being humble, it must be acknowledged that the Presbyterians had circumstances of delusion and temptation, as well as of provocation, which the Episcopalians could not allege for the perpetration of similar cruelties and violences after the Restoration. They were almost inevitably engaged in war, and they found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly placed at the head of a martial nation. But the Episcopalians used the same rigours in the time of profound peace, and when there was little chance of resistance, saving that which they themselves might provoke by aggression and severity. Nor could they plead, like the Covenanters, that they used forcible means only to compel a minority of the nation to comply with the wishes of the majority. The establishment of Prelacy was endured rather than desired by the greater part even of those who submitted to it, and its favourers ought at least to have gained a majority by persuasion, before attempting to convert a nation by force. The motive of the ministers of Charles we are far from disapproving. To attempt to establish Episcopacy might be a fair and legitimate object of policy; and sanctioned as the scheme was by an almost unanimous vote of the legislature, and by the submission of the nation, there is reason to believe that in time, and with due management, it might have succeeded. But not even the doctrine of religion, far less its forms or its exterior policy, can be justly or wholesomely forced on a nation by breach of laws and invasion of liberties.

Among many passages in Mr Sharpe's notes, which form interesting and curious illustrations of national manners and individual character, we were particularly interested and amused by the letters of a certain Anne Keith, by courtesy Lady Methven, as wife of Patrick Smythe, Baron of Methven. This lady seems to have been a woman of high spirit, and animated by anti-covenanting zeal as determined in favour of Episcopacy, as that which many of the ladies of the period entertained in favour of Presbytery. Her husband, or, as she affectionately terms him, "her heart's keeper," being in London, this gallant dame herself called together his vassals for the purpose of dispersing a field-conventicle which proposed to meet upon his ground. She marched against them at the head of sixty armed men, accompanied by the laird's brother, with drawn sword and cocked pistol; the lady herself with a light horseman's piece on her left arm, and a drawn tuck in her right hand. The conventicle, about a thousand strong, sent a hundred men to encounter her party, to whom the Amazon declared that she and her followers would "ware their lives on them before they should preach in that regality;" and charged them either to fight or fly. Upon the whole matter, the Covenanters deemed it surest to retreat, and Lady Methven and her band went to the parish church to hear a "sacred minister preach."

"They have sworn," she adds, "not to stand with such an affronte, but resolves to come the next Lord's day; and I, in the Lord's strenth, intends to accost them with all that will come to

assist us. I have caused your officer warn a solemn court of vassals, tennants, and all within our power to meet on Thursday, where I intend, if God will, to be present, and there to order them in God and our king's name to convine well armed to the kirkyard on Sabbath morning by eight ours, where your brother and I, with all our servant men and others we can mak, shall march to them, and if the God of Heaven will, they shall either fycht, or goe out of our parish; but alesse! there is no parish about us will doe the like, which discuradges our poor handfull; yett if all the eretors in the parish be loyall and stout, we will mak five hundred men and boys that may carrie armes. I have written to your nevo the tresorer of Edin: to send me twa brasse hagbutts of found, and that with the bearer. If they come against Setterday, I will have them with us. My love, present my humbell dewtie to my Lord Marques and my Lady, likwayes all your friends, and, my blessed love, comfort yourself in this, if the fanaticks chance to kill me, it shall not be for noucht. I was wounded for our gracious king, and now in the strength of the Lord God of Heaven, I'll hazard my persen with the men I may command, before these rebells rest where ye have power; sore I miss yow, but now mor as ever."—P. 357.

Her second crusade against the Covenanters was as bloodless as the first. She was not herself present, but sent the bailie of the regality with her husband's horses to assist the Marquis of Athol's Highlanders. There was a long chase, and the horses had "a sore *tassell* among the Ochil-hills; the Highlanders also got sore travail, but were rewarded, for they went laden home with less or more." The lady urges the dubious expressions of the laws against the conventicles which, according to her apprehension, directed the appearance but not the reality of force to be exercised against them.

"It is a grievous matter," she says, "that we dare not draw their blood, yet must disperse them—how should that be if they come well armed to fight? The acts against them are for and

against—riddles indeed not easy to be understood. My love, if every parish were armed, and the stout loyal heads joining, with orders to concur, and liberty to suppress them as enemies to our king and the nation, these vaguing gipsies would settle."—P. 358.

Though this lady is an ultra-royalist and an enthusiast in her way, we own we give as much credit to Dame Anne Keith for her courage and activity, as we do to Mrs Hutchinson for her affectionate zeal to her husband and *his* cause. There are several other letters from her written in the same earnest and determined style. A letter also from the Primate Sharp shows how highly he esteemed her courage and loyalty, which he contrasts with the desperation shown by so many of her sex to tempt their husbands in "that evil time when schism, sedition, and rebellion are gloried in, though Christianity does condemn them as the greatest crimes."

This lady, notwithstanding her spirit and courage, died an early martyr to wounded maternal affection. Her only son, while shooting wild-fowl, was killed by his tutor through an unhappy accident. His mother broke her heart in consequence of this loss: a circumstance which we are rather surprised not to see enumerated in that terrible chapter of the Cameronian biography, entitled "God's judgment on persecutors." It being (notwithstanding the solemn warning to the contrary afforded in the example of the tower of Siloam) the convenient practice of that sect to term all calamities which happened to befall them or theirs, trials, or at most paternal chastisements; and to

ascribe to the direct vengeance of providence all casualties which happened to their opponents.

We must, however, leave this ample topic, though not before we have said enough to disoblige both parties. As in these happy days we have neither to fear the repentance-stool of the kirk, or the *boots* of the Episcopalian privy-council, we shall endure with much equanimity the harmless thunders with which zealots of either side may reward our critical labours. The balance of guilt, no doubt, inclines heavily on the side of the governors, whose cruel measures drove their unfortunate opponents not only to despair but to madness, and whom we therefore hold responsible for much of the frenzy which they excited, as a brutal driver is justly considered as answerable for the damage done by an over-driven ox. When, however, the question is as to the rationality or decency, much more the sanctity and heroism of the *ultra*-presbyterians, we confess we could as soon bring ourselves to bow down and worship Apis, if we met him in Smithfield, with half a score of Whitechapel butchers at his heels, foaming, floundering, tossing, and goring whomever he encountered, as to reverence the memory of the Cameronian leaders, or consider them as the objects of any feeling warmer than commiseration, and a sense of the humiliating pass to which persecution can reduce men's understandings.

We have not room to enter fully on the second part of Mr Sharpe's interesting volume. It con-

tains a particular account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, drawn up by James Russell, one of the assassins. Of this atrocious transaction he writes with much composure, and his account seems to have supplied the materials of Wodrow's narrative. It makes plain one circumstance, that although the opportunity of slaying the bishop strangely and suddenly presented itself, it was a thought which had frequently entered into the mind of more than the desperate man by whom it was finally executed. For not only the assassin Mitchel, for shooting at him, suffered under circumstances which rendered even *his* condemnation illegal (such was the dexterity of the government in putting themselves in the wrong), but moreover a rabble in the streets of Edinburgh, headed by a pious sister, the wife of a deceased divine, made an attempt to strangle this obnoxious prelate. "He then escaped," says Kirkton, "only some of them reproached him, calling him Judas and traitor, and one of them laid her hand upon his neck, and told him that neck must pay for it ere all was done, and in this guessed right." (P. 345.) And Russell frankly informs us, not only that it was by many of the Lord's people and ministers judged a duty long since not to suffer such a person to live, "but that he himself had been at meetings with several godly people in other places of the kingdom, who not only judged it their duty to take that wretch's life, but had essayed it twice before;" and he mentions that he had experienced outlettings of the spirit, which had induced him to re-

new his engagements against Papists, prelates, and indulgences, and to believe that he was to be an actor in cutting off some powerful enemy.

The manner of this singular tragedy is minutely told. David Hackstoun of Rathillet, and John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, with Russell the narrator, and nine other persons of inferior rank, all well armed, rendezvoused at Gilston Muir, in the county of Fife, in order to search for and slay a magistrate called Carmichael, who had been active in levying the fines on the non-conformists. They had been encouraged to "clearness in this matter," by one Alexander Smith, a weaver at the Struther-dyke, a very godly man, who desired them all "to go forward, seeing that God's glory was the only motive that was moving them to offer themselves to act for his broken down work." John Balfour (Burley), afterwards their leader in the action, had his own inspirations besides the strong encouragement which he derived from the respectable authority of the weaver,

"for he, being at Paris his uncle's house, intending towards the Highlands because of the violent rage in Fife, was pressed in spirit to return; and he inquiring the Lord's mind anent it, got that word born in upon him, 'Go, and prosper.' So he coming from prayer, wondering what it could mean, went again and got it confirmed by that Scripture, 'Go, have not I sent you? whereupon he durst no more question, but presently returned.' —P. 413.

Nor was James Russell, the narrator, without his precise revelations for guidance in this matter. It had been borne in upon his mind, during several great *out-lettings* of the spirit, about a fortnight

before, that the Lord would employ him in some special service—that some great man, an enemy to the kirk, was to be cut off. He could not rid his mind of the thoughts of *Nero*, and asked where he could find the Scripture respecting that tyrant. It does not appear that his companions could point out the text which he looked for concerning Nero; but the impression was so strong as to induce him to enter into a new covenant with the Lord, and to renew all his former vows and engagements against Papists, and prelates, and indulgences.

The minds of this devout party being in such an inflamed state they prosecuted their search of Carmichael. This man had left off the sport of hunting in which they hoped to have surprised him, having obtained some hint of their kind dispositions towards him. But as the disappointed assassins were about to disperse, a boy, despatched by the gude-wife of Baldinny, brought them unexpected intelligence.

"'Gentlemen, there is the bishop's coach, our gude-wife desired me to tell you;' which they seeing betwixt Ceres and Blebohole, said, 'Truly, this is of God, and it seemeth that God hath delivered him into our hands; let us not draw back, but pursue;' for all looked on it, considering the former circumstances, as a clear call from God to fall upon him."—P. 414.

The command of this party of enthusiasts was offered to Hackstoun of Rathillet, as the man of highest rank. But as he declined the office, that the glory of the action might not be sullied by its being ascribed to a private grudge which existed betwixt him and the prelate, it was tendered to

and accepted by the famous John Balfour of Burley, who gave the word of command, saying,

"'Gentlemen, follow me:' Whereupon all the nine (two of them had accidentally separated from the party) rode what they could to Magus-muir, the hill at the nearest, and Andrew Henderson riding afore, being best mounted, and saw them when he was on the top of the hill, and all the rest came up and rode very hard, for the coach was driving hard; and being come near Magus, George Fleman and James Russell riding into the town, and James asked at the goodman if that was the bishop's coach? He fearing, did not tell, but one of his servants, a woman, came running to him, and said it was the bishop's coach, and she seemed to be overjoyed; and James riding towards the coach, to be sure, seeing the bishop looking out at the door, cast away his cloak and cried, Judas, be taken! The bishop cried to the coachman to drive; he firing at him, crying to the rest to come up, and the rest throwing away their cloaks except Rathillet, ... fired into the coach driving very fast about half a mile, in which time they fired several shots in at all parts of the coach, and Alexander Henderson seeing one Wallace having a cock'd carrabine going to fire, gript him in the neck, and threw him down and pulled it out of his hand. Andrew Henderson outran the coach, and stroke the horse in the face with his sword; and James Russell coming to the postiling, commanded him to stand, which he refusing, he stroke him on the face and cut down the side of his shine, and striking at the horse next brake his sword, and gripping the ringeses of the foremost horse in the farthest side: George Fleman fir'd a pistol in at the north side of the coach beneath his left arm, and saw his daughter dight of the furage; and riding forward, gripping the horses' bridles in the nearest side and held them still, George Balfour fired likewise, and James Russell got George Fleman's sword and lighted off his horse, and ran to the coach door, and desired the bishop to come forth, Judas. He answered, he never wronged man: James declared before the Lord that it was no particular interest, nor yet for any wrong that he had done to him, but because he had betrayed the church as Judas, and had wrung his hands these eighteen or nineteen years in the blood of the saints, but especially at Pentland; and Mr Guthrie and Mr Mitchell and James Learmonth; and they were sent by God to execute his vengeance on him this day, and de-

sired him to repent and come forth: and John Balfour on horseback said, Sir, God is our witness that it is not for any wrong thou hast done to me, nor yet for any fear of what thou could do to me, but because thou hast been a murderer of many a poor soul in the kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and his members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth, and therefore thou shalt die! and fired a pistol; and James Russell desired him again to come forth and make him for death, judgement, and eternity; and the bishop said, Save my life, and I will save all yours. James answered, that he knew that it was not in his power either to save or to kill us, for there was no saving of his life, for the blood that he had shed was crying to heaven for vengeance on him, and thrust his shabel at him. John Balfour desired him again to come forth, and he answered, I will come to you, for I know you are a gentleman and will save my life; but I am gone already and what needs more? And another told him of keeping up of a pardon granted by the king for nine persons at Pentland, and then at the back side of the coach thrust a sword at him, threatening him to go forth; whereupon he went forth, and falling upon his knees, said, For God's sake, save my life; his daughter falling on her knees, begging his life also. But they told him that he should die, and desired him to repent and make for death. Alexander Henderson said, Seeing there has been lives taken for you already, and if ours be taken it shall not be for nought; he rising of his knees went forward, and John Balfour stroke him on the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon he, laying upon his face as if he had been dead, and James Russell hearing his daughter say to Wallace that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the bishop's men, went presently to him and cast of his hat, for it would not cut at first, and hacked his head in pieces."—Pp. 416–418.

Mr Sharpe's industry has traced some curious particulars of James Russell, who so coolly narrates his own share in this horrible transaction. He was afterwards a captain among the insurgents at Bothwell bridge. He occasioned a good deal of schism among the suffering remnant, being a person

not only "of a hot and fiery spirit," which is evident from his narrative, but also, which could less easily have been anticipated, one of a very nice and scrupulous conscience, extending the duty of disowning the prelatic government beyond the bounds adopted even by the most scrupulous Presbyterians. He quarrelled with the heathen names given to the days of the week and months of the year. Whereas it was generally regarded as lawful to pay all public burdens excepting cess, he abhorred, as a base compliance, even the paying customs at ports and bridges, and upon this ultra-scrupulosity separated from the communion of the brethren. Russell was followed in his schism by three men, a boy, and seven or eight women, who were to the Cameronians what the Circumcellions in Africa were to the Donatists, or rather what the Cameronians themselves were to moderate Presbyterians. The Cameronian societies when "refreshed" by the return of Mr James Renwick from Holland, and exhorted to lift up (in the language of the times) and display the fallen banner of the church, became anxious to recall these scattered sheep from their wanderings in the wilderness. They despatched missionaries to the dissidents,

"to whom they feelingly described the great gifts of Mr James Renwick, and, in the name of the general meeting, invited them to partake of *that rich and unspeakable blessing, the Lord hath bestowed.* But their eloquence was of no avail; for *the three men, the boy, and the women* declared that they would neither listen to Renwick, nor join with them, insisting on the abomination of paying customs at ports and markets, though they were willing to pay them at boats and bridges; 'and as for days of the week, and months of the year, they owne the same was not

a ground of separation, yet adhered to that paper given in by James Russell to the general meeting anent the same.'"—P. 401.

What became of Russell afterwards does not appear, but we are inclined to think that he was the person who, having commenced the killing trade on the person of Sharp, afterwards carried it on as a physician in London, and lived there for several years after the Revolution.

Respecting the principal action of Russell's life, various opinions have been entertained. A gentleman of fortune and military rank, the descendant of the celebrated John Balfour of Burley, has hurled down the gauntlet (in the Scottish Magazine) to all cavaliers of the day, Jedediah Cleishbotham included, declaring himself too proud of "his *great* progenitor to refuse either his name to his life, or his hand to his defence." As the wager of battle is not received among the canons of criticism, we can only reply to this bold defiance by the expostulation of the poet.—

> "What will you do, renowned Falconbridge?
> Succour a villain and a murderer?"

On the whole, if Archbishop Sharp was a persecutor of the Covenanters while he lived, a scandal to them in the manner of his death, and a stumblingblock and shibboleth to them after he was no more, the question of the justice of his death being illegally pressed upon every prisoner of their faction, it can hardly be said even now that the sinister influence of his name has ceased to affect those who cannot divide their just attachment to

the Kirk of Scotland from a doting and depraved admiration of men who, far from having put on religion, seem, from their own narrative, to have stripped themselves of every ordinary feeling of humanity. What should we now say of the memory of Ridley and Latimer, had they encouraged their followers to waylay and murder Pole or Bonner? We know thousands who have adored the name of Hampden, and some who could even admire that of Cromwell; but we never heard of any who made a saint of Hugh Peters, or Ludovick Claxton. As to the pretended share which these enthusiasts are supposed to have taken in the Revolution, there is extant on the subject their own formal resolutions taken at a general meeting on the 24th October, 1688, in which, after deliberating how far they could concur in conscience with the Prince of Orange, whose landing was then expected, they determined thus: "It was concluded unanimously, that we could not have an association with the Dutch in one body, nor come formally under their conduct being such a promiscuous conjunction of Lutherans, malignants, and sectaries, to join with whom were repugnant to the testimony of the Church of Scotland." This rational decision at such an important crisis shows these enlightened persons' zeal for civil and religious liberty to have been similar to the refined parental affection of the French lady of rank, who suffered her infant to starve rather than feed it out of any dish but a porcelain one.

This singular and entertaining volume is embel-

lished by etchings of the well-known Duke of Lauderdale and his duchess, who has much the air of what she was, a woman of gallantry, rather too old for the profession; and of Archbishop Sharp, whose countenance neither augurs ambition nor pride, but seems, on the contrary, grave and evangelical: two curious vignettes are also given, one representing an allegorical defence of the candlesticks of the church by two sturdy Whigs: the other a bas-relief on the sumptuous tomb of Sharp, exhibiting the scene of his murder. There is another curious etching from a picture of the battle of Bothwell bridge, preserved at Dalkeith House; the original, however, has not the merit of exhibiting an accurate landscape; for the houses on the right-hand bank of the Clyde, some of which, coeval with the battle, are still standing, are whimsically transferred to the left bank. The reader owes these illustrations to the editor, who is distinguished by his genius and execution as an amateur of the art.

ARTICLE VIII.

LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN HOME.

[*The Life and Works of the Author of Douglas, edited by the venerable* HENRY MACKENZIE, *appeared in* 3 *vols.* 8*vo, in* 1824 *; and this article in the Quarterly Review for June,* 1827.]

THE memory of Mr Home, as an author, depends, in England, almost entirely upon his celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, which not only retains the most indisputable possession of the stage, but produces a stronger effect on the feelings of the audience, when the parts of Douglas and Lady Randolph are well filled, than almost any tragedy since the days of Otway. There may be something of chance in having hit upon a plot of such general interest, and no author has been more fortunate in seeing the creatures of his imagination personified by the first performers which England could produce. But it is certain, that to be a favourite with those whose business it is to please the public, a tragedy must possess, in a peculiar degree, the

means of displaying their powers to advantage; and it is equally clear, that the subject of Douglas, however felicitous in itself, was well suited to the talents of the writer, who treated it so as to enable them to accomplish a powerful effect on the feelings of successive generations of men.

It must be interesting, therefore, to the public, to know the history and character of that rarest of all writers in the present age—a successful tragic author; by which, we understand, one whose piece has not only received ephemeral success, but has established itself on the stage as one of the best acting plays in the language. There is also much of interest about Home himself, as his character is drawn, and his habits described, in the essay prefixed to these volumes, by the venerable author of the *Man of Feeling*, who, himself very far advanced in life,[1] still cherishes the love of letters, and condescends to please at once and instruct those of the present day, who are attached to such pursuits, by placing before them a lively picture of those predecessors at whose feet he was brought up.

Neither is it only to Scotland that these annals are interesting. There were men of literature in Edinburgh before she was renowned for romances, reviews, and magazines—

"Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona;"

and a single glance at the authors and men of

[1] [Mr Mackenzie died at Edinburgh, 14th January, 1831, in his 86th year. See *ante*, vol. iv. pp. 1–19. A monument, bearing an appropriate inscription, has since been erected to his memory in the Greyfriars' churchyard of Edinburgh.]

science who dignified the last generation, will serve to show that, in those days, there were giants in the North. The names of Hume, Robertson, Fergusson, stand high in the list of British historians. Adam Smith was the father of the economical system in Britain, and his standard work will long continue the text-book of that science. Dr Black, as a chemist, opened that path of discovery which has since been prosecuted with such splendid success. Of metaphysicians, Scotland boasted, perhaps, but too many: to Hume and Fergusson we must add Reid, and, though younger, yet of the same school, Mr Dugald Stewart. In natural philosophy, Scotland could present Professor Robison, James Watt whose inventions have led the way to the triumphs of human skill over the elements, and Clerk, of Eldin, who taught the British seaman the road to assured conquest. Others we could mention; but these form a phalanx, whose reputation was neither confined to their narrow, poor, and rugged native country, nor to England and the British dominions, but known and respected wherever learning, philosophy, and science were honoured.

It is to this distinguished circle, or, at least, to the greater part of its members, that Mr Mackenzie introduces his readers; and they must indeed be void of curiosity who do not desire to know something more of such men than can be found in their works, and especially when the communication is made by a contemporary so well entitled to ask, and so well qualified to command, attention.

We will endeavour, in the first place, to give some account of Mr Home's life and times, as we find them detailed by this excellent biographer, and afterwards more briefly advert to his character as an author.

Mr John Home was the son of Mr Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith. His grandfather was a son of Mr Home, of Floss, a lineal descendant of Sir James Home, of Coldingknowes, ancestor of the present Earl of Home. The poet, as is natural to a man of imagination, was tenacious of being descended from a family of rank, whose representatives were formerly possessed of power scarcely inferior to that of the great Douglasses, and wellnigh as fatal both to the crown and to themselves. We have seen a copy of verses addressed by Home to Lady Kinloch, of Gilmerton, in which he contrasts his actual situation with his ancient descent. They begin nearly thus,—for it must be noticed we quote from memory:

> "Sprung from the ancient nobles of the land,
> Upon the ladder's lowest round I stand:"

and the general tone and spirit are those of one who feels himself by birth and spirit placed above a situation of dependence to which for the time he was condemned. The same family pride glances out in our author's History of the Rebellion of 1745, in the following passage:

"At Dunbar the Earl of Home joined Sir John Cope. He was then an officer in the Guards, and thought it a duty to offer his service, when the king's troops were in the field. He came to Dunbar, attended by one or two servants. There were not wanting persons upon this occasion to make their remarks, and

observe the mighty change which little more than a century had produced in Scotland.

"It was known to every body, who knew any thing of the history of their country, that the ancestors of this noble lord (once the most powerful peers in the south of Scotland) could, at a short warning, have raised in their own territories a body of men, whose approach that Highland army, which had got possession of the capital of Scotland (and was preparing to fight the whole military force in that kingdom) would not have dared to wait."—Vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.

This love or pride of family was the source of another peculiarity in Mr Home. Aristotle mentions the mispronouncing of a man's name as one of the most disagreeable of insults; and nobody, we believe, is very fond of having his name misspelled; but Home was peculiarly sensible on this point. The word is uniformly, in Scotland, pronounced *Hume*, and in ancient documents we have seen it written *Heume*, *Hewme*, and *Hoome;* but the principal branch of the family have long used the present orthography of *Home*. To *Home* the poet rigidly stuck fast and firm; and *Home* he on all occasions defended as the only legitimate shape, to the great entertainment of his friend David (the historian), whose branch of the family (that of Ninewells) had for some, or for no reason, preferred the orthography of *Hume*, to which the philosopher, though caring, as may be supposed, very little about the matter, naturally adhered. On one occasion, when the poet was high in assertion on this important subject, the historian proposed to settle the question by casting dice which should adopt the other's mode of spelling their name:—

"'Nay,' says John, "this is a most extraordinary proposal

indeed, Mr Philosopher—for if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name.' "—Vol. i. p. 164.

Before we leave this subject, we may mention to our readers, that the family pride which is often among the Scotch found descending to those who are in such humble situations as to render it ridiculous, has, perhaps, more of worldly prudence in it, than might at first be suspected. A Clifford, or a Percy, reduced in circumstances, feels a claim of long descent unsuitable to his condition, unavailing in assisting his views in life, and ridiculous as contrasted with them. He therefore sinks, and endeavours to forget, pretensions which his son or grandson altogether loses sight of. On the contrary, the system of entails in Scotland, their extent, and their perpetual endurance, naturally recommend to a Home, or a Douglas, to preserve an account of his genealogy, in case of some event occurring which may make him *heir of tailzie* to a good estate. And while this attention to pedigree may conduce to some contingent advantage, it influences naturally the feelings of the young *Hidalgos* upon whom it is inculcated, and who soon learn to prize the *genus et proavos*, as being flattering to their vanity, as well as what may, by possibility, tend to advance their fortune. A certain number of calculable chances would have made the author of Douglas the Earl of Home; and, indeed, an epidemic among the Scottish peerage (which Heaven forefend!) would make wild changes when the great roll is next called in Holyrood. Like every

thing, in short, in this motley world, the family pride of the north country has its effects of good and of evil. It often leads to a degree of care being bestowed on the education of these juvenile *gentillatres*, which might otherwise have been neglected; and forms, at the same time, an excitement to honourable struggles for independence, and to manly resolutions of adopting the behaviour and sentiments of men of honour, though fortune has denied the means of supporting the figure of gentlemen otherwise. On the other hand, and with less happy dispositions, it sometimes occasions an incongruous alliance of pride and poverty, and exhibits the national character in a point of view equally arrogant and ridiculous.

To return to our subject:—John Home, educated for the Scots Presbyterian church, soon distinguished himself among his contemporaries at college, and ranked with Robertson, Hugh Blair, Adam Ferguson, who attended the same seminary, and others mentioned by Mr Mackenzie, distinguished by their sense, learning, and talents, although they did not attain, or contend for, literary celebrity. Our author obtained his license to preach the gospel, as a probationer for the ministry (which is equivalent to taking deacon's orders in England), in the eventful year, still emphatically distinguished in Scotland as the FORTY-FIVE. The character of the times, however, furnished our young poet with employment more congenial to his temper than the peaceful and retired duties of the profession he had

chosen. "The land was burning;" the young Chevalier had landed in the Highlands, with only seven followers, and came to try a desperate cast for the crown which his ancestors had lost. The character of Home at this period is thus described by his elegant biographer:

"His temper was of that warm susceptible kind which is caught with the heroic and the tender, and which is more fitted to delight in the world of sentiment than to succeed in the bustle of ordinary life. This is a disposition of mind well suited to the poetical character; and, accordingly, all his earliest companions agree that Mr Home was from his childhood delighted with the lofty and heroic ideas which embody themselves in the description or narrative of poetry. One of them, nearly a coeval of Mr Home's, Dr A. Ferguson, says, in a letter to me, that Mr Home's favourite model of a character, on which, indeed, his own was formed, was that of Young Norval, in his tragedy of Douglas, one endowed with chivalrous valour and romantic generosity, eager for glory beyond every other object, and, in the contemplation of future fame, entirely regardless of the present objects of interest or ambition."—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

For such a character as this to sit inactive when arms were clashing around him, was impossible. John Home's profession as a Presbyterian clergyman, his political opinions, and those of his family, decided the cause which he was to espouse, and he became one of the most active and eager members of a corps of volunteers, formed for the purpose of defending Edinburgh against the expected assault of the Highlanders. Under less strong influence of education and profession, which was indeed irresistible, it is possible he might have made a less happy option; for the feeling, the adventure, the romance, the poetry, all that was likely to interest the imagination of a youthful poet—all, in short, save the

common sense, prudence, and sound reason of the national dispute—must be allowed to have lain on the side of the Jacobites. Indeed, although mortally engaged against them, Mr Home could not, in the latter part of his life, refrain from tears when mentioning the gallantry and misfortunes of some of the unfortunate leaders in the Highland army; and we have ourselves seen his feelings and principles divide him strangely when he came to speak upon such topics.

The body of the corps of volunteers, with which Mr Home was associated, consisted of about from four to five hundred; many, doubtless, were gallant young men, students from the university and so forth—but by far the greater part were citizens, at an age unfit to take up arms, without previous habit and experience. They had religious zeal and political enthusiasm to animate them; but these, though they make a prodigious addition to the effect of discipline cannot supply its place. Cromwell's enthusiasts beat all the nobility and gentry of England; but the same class of men, not having the advantage of similar training, fled at Bothwell bridge, without even waiting to see their enemy. Many of the Edinburgh corps were moreover *Oneyers* and *Moneyers*, as Falstaff says, men whose words upon 'Change would go much farther than their blows in battle. Most had shops to be plundered, houses to be burned, children to be brained with Lochaber axes, and wives, daughters, and favourite handmaidens to be treated according to the rules of war. When, therefore, it was pro-

posed to the volunteers to march out of the city together with what was called the *Edinburgh Regiment*,—a very indifferent body of men, who had been levied and embodied for the nonce,—and supported by two regular regiments of dragoons, called Gardiner's and Hamilton's, which were expected to bear the brunt of the battle,—we are informed by a contemporary author,[1] that—

"The provost had no power to order the volunteers out of town: he only *consented* that as many as pleased should be allowed to march out. But it seems they had as little inclination to go as he had power to order them. A few of them made a faint effort, but 'tis said, met with opposition from some of the *zealously affected*, who represented to them the infinite value of their lives in comparison of those ruffians, the Highlanders:—this opposition they were never able to overcome."

The arrangement, however, was made; the dragoons were paraded on the *High-street*, and the fire-bell rang for the volunteers to assemble, a signal for which the provost was afterwards highly censured, perhaps because, instead of rousing the hearts of the volunteers like the sound of a trumpet, it rather reminded them of a passing-knell. They did assemble, however; but their relations (according to our poet's account) assembled also, mixed in their ranks, and while the men reasoned and endeavoured to dissuade their friends from so rash an adventure, the women expostulated,

[1] We quote from a pamphlet entitled *A True Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq., late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in a Letter to a Friend;* London, 1748; a production which there is strong evidence, both external and internal, for attributing to the pen of David Hume.

complained, and wept, embracing their husbands, sons, and brothers, and by the force of their tears and entreaties, melting down the fervour of their resolutions. At last the battalion was ordered to move towards *the Westport*, when, behold the officers complained that their men would not follow, while the men declared that their officers would not lead the way. The bravest hearts were cast down by the general consternation. We remember an instance of a stout Whig and a very worthy man, a writing-master by occupation, who had ensconced his bosom beneath a professional cuirass, consisting of two quires of long foolscap writing paper; and doubtful that even this defence might be unable to protect his valiant heart from the claymores, amongst which its impulses might carry him, had written on the outside, in his best flourish, "This is the body of J—— M——; pray give it Christian burial." Even this hero, prepared as one practised how to die, could not find it in his heart to accompany the devoted battalion farther than the door of his own house, which stood conveniently open about the head of *the Lawn Market*. The descent of *the Bow* presented localities and facilities equally convenient for desertion; and the pamphleteer, whom we have already quoted, assures us that a friend of his, who had made a poetical description of the march of the volunteers from the Lawn Market to the Westport, when they went out, or, more properly, seemed to be about to go out, to meet the ruthless rebels, had invented a very magnificent simile to illustrate his subject.

" He compared it to the course of the Rhine, which rolling pompously its waves through fertile fields, instead of augmenting in its course, is continually drawn of by a thousand canals, and at last becomes a small rivulet, which loses itself in the sands before it reaches the ocean."

The behaviour of the doughty dragoons themselves, " whose business it was to die," was even less edifying than that of the citizen volunteers, whose business it was, as Fluellen says to Pistol, " to live and eat their victuals ;" and though it leads us something off our course, yet, as Mr Home's history of the *forty-five* forms a part of the work now before us, the following lively description (from the pen, it is believed, of his distinguished friend David) will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that particularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets, or any other long weapon to withstand a charge —after noticing, moreover, that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier Fowke, who commanded two regiments of cavalry, might, at least, have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though he had advanced within a musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—

" Before the rebels came within sight of the King's forces,

before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation what fine warlike manœuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat, they immediately obeyed and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they had quickened it to a pretty smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's parks, in the sight of all the north part of the town, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart) calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again and galloped to Prestonpans, about six miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit alas*, their fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined that these formidable enemies could be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles on the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *egit amor dapis atque pugnæ*; they were actuated by the desire of supper and of battle. The sheep and turkies of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of the Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger, they again got on horseback, but were informed time enough of the falseness of the alarm to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these the dragoons were instructed, till at last they became so perfect at their lesson, that at the battle of Preston they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera, called *Cesare in Egitto*, or Cæsar in Egypt, where, in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced

in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fugge, allo scampo*—fly, fly, to your heels. This is a proof that the commander at the Coltbridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops."[1]

While the regular troops were thus in hasty retreat, John Home and some few others of his more zealous brethren among the volunteers, were trying to overcome apprehensions in the corps at large, similar to those which drove the dragoons eastward, but which had the contrary effect of detaining the citizens within the circuit of their walls. Poets being "of imagination all compact," are supposed to be more accessible than other men to the passion of fear; but there are numerous exceptions, and one scarcely wonders that the author of *Douglas* should have resembled, in that part of his character, the father of Grecian tragedy, thus described by Home's friend, Collins, in the *Ode to Fear*:—

"Yet he the bard, who first invoked thy name,
Disdained at Marathon thy power to feel,
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from virtue's hand the patriot's steel."

In spite, however, of exhortation and example, the volunteers gave up their arms, and it only remained for Home, and the few who retained spirit enough for such an enterprise, to sally out and unite themselves with Sir John Cope, who had, as the song says, just—

"landed at Dunbar
Right early in the morning."

John Home determined, however, to carry some

[1] Account of the Behaviour, &c. of Archibald Stewart, Esq.

intelligence, at least, which might be useful, and, for this purpose, he ventured to visit the bivouac of Prince Charles's army, which was in what is called the King's park, in a hollow, lying betwixt the two hills—Arthur's seat and Salisbury craigs. Food had been just served out, and, as they were sitting in ranks on the ground, he had an opportunity of counting this handful of half-armed mountaineers, who came to overturn an established government, and to change the destinies of a mighty empire. They did not exceed two thousand men; and Home's description of their appearance, as he gave it to Sir John Cope, is no unfavourable example of his prose style of composition.

"The general asked what sort of appearance they made, and how they were armed. The volunteer (*i. e.* Home himself) answered, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, and hardy men: that many of them were of a very ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowcountry men, would (in his opinion) appear inferior to the King's troops; but the Highland garb favoured them much, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular: that their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he said that they had no cannon or artillery of any sort, but one small iron gun which he had seen without a carriage, lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland horse; that about 1400 or 1500 of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords; that their firelocks were not similar nor uniform, but of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusees, and fowling-pieces; that some of the rest had firelocks without swords, and some of them swords without firelocks; that many of their swords were not Highland broadswords, but French; that a company or two (about 100 men), had each of them in his hand the shaft of a pitchfork, with the blade of a scythe fastened to it, somewhat like the weapon called the Lochaber axe, which the town-guard soldiers carry; but all of them, he added, would be soon provided with firelocks, as the arms belonging to the Trained Bands

of Edinburgh had fallen into their hands. Sir John Cope dismissed the volunteer, with many compliments for bringing him such certain and accurate intelligence."—Vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.

Of the zealous services of the few but faithful volunteers who did leave Edinburgh, Mr Home gives us a slight account; but we cannot help rendering it a little more particular, having heard it more than once from the lips of a man of equal worth and humour, and a particular intimate of the author of *Douglas*. We firmly believe, though we cannot say it with absolute certainty, that Mr Home was of the party now reduced to five or six, whose proceedings we are about to describe.

We will not be quite so particular as our venerable informer, in describing the marchings, and countermarchings, which the determined squad made through East Lothian, calling at every alehouse of reputation, to drink success to the Protestant cause, and endeavouring to collect news of Sir John Cope and his army. Indeed it would be rather tedious, as our authority, though very entertaining, was something minute in the narrative, and spared us not a single *rizard* haddock, which went to recruit their bodily strength, or a single chopin of twopenny, or mutchkin of brandy, which served to support their manly spirit for the approaching conflict. At length, they joined Sir John Cope and offered their service. Poor Johnnie, the object of so much satire and ridicule, was, in fact, by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-

brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault. He well knew that the high-road from Edinburgh to the south lies along the coast, and it seems never to have occurred to him that it was possible the Highlanders might choose, even by preference, to cross the country and occupy the heights, at the bottom of which the public road takes its course, and thus have him and his army in so far at their mercy, that they might avoid, or bring on battle at their sole pleasure. On the contrary, Sir John trusted that their Highland courtesy would induce them, if they moved from Edinburgh, to come by the very road on which he was advancing towards that city, and thus meet him on equal terms. Under this impression, the general sent two of the volunteers, who chanced to be mounted, and knew the country, to observe the coast road, especially towards Musselburgh. They rode on their exploratory expedition, and coming to that village, which is about six miles from Edinburgh, avoided the bridge, to escape detection, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman, called Lucky F——, who was

eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon vivants*—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, as it is called, of the college of justice, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North Country lad, a writer's (*i. e.* attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He, therefore, placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Esk: "and how he contrived it," our narrator used to proceed, "I never could learn; but the courage and assurance of the province from which he came, are proverbial. In short, the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of my two poor friends, before they could draw a trigger." Here our excellent friend was apt to make a pause, and hurry to the scene of slaughter which the field exhibited in the after-

noon. A little cross-examination, however, easily brought out the termination of the campaign, so far as concerned our faithful remnant of volunteers now reduced to five or six.

When the party which marched with Cope's army had arrived at the spot where the battle took place on the next morning, it was natural that they should quarter themselves in the house of the father of our narrator (a clergyman), which was in the immediate vicinity of the destined field. Our friend, as was no less natural, recollected a small scantling of madeira, and it was judged prudent to anticipate the order of the next day by drinking it up themselves. They then went to bed, desiring the maid-servant to call them at sun-rise, or how much sooner the battle should begin. But, alas! the first edge of the sun's disk that rose above the ocean saw both the beginning and the end of the fray, and the volunteers had just dreamed that they heard a cannon shot or two, when the mother of our friend burst into his room, imploring him to hide his arms, for the King's army was totally routed. "We bustled up in a hurry," said our friend, "scarcely thinking the tidings possible; when, from the window, I could see the dragoons, whose nerves had never recovered the Canter of Coltbrigg, as that retreat was called, in full rout, pursued by the whole cavalry of the Highland army, consisting of Lord Elcho, Sir Peter Threipland, and two or three gentlemen, with their grooms." "In short," as our friend expressed himself, "the dragoons and Highlanders divided the honours of

the day, and on that occasion, at least, the race *was* to the swift, and the battle to the strong." The sleepers, thus unpleasantly alarmed, were now obliged to conceal or surrender their arms, and employ what remained of their zeal in attending to the wounded, who were brought into the clergyman's house in great numbers, dreadfully mangled by the broadswords. One of the volunteers (for *two* of the corps actually were in the battle, after all the impediments which oysters, sherry, and old madeira had thrown in their way) received thirty wounds, yet recovered. His name was Myrie, a Creolian by birth, and a student of medicine at the college of Edinburgh. His comrade, Campbell, escaped by speed of horse. Hence, the verses on the volunteers, in the satiric ballad which old Skirving (father of Skirving the artist) wrote upon this memorable conflict:—

"Of a' the gang nane stood the bane,
But twa, and ane was ta'en man,
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
And sure he paid the kain[1] man.
Fell skelps he got, was worse than shot,
From the sharp-edged claymore man."

If the author of *Douglas* was, as we believe, one of the party of sleepers thus unpleasantly awakened, the unexpected issue of the combat, and the ghastly spectacle of the wounded, did not prevent him from again engaging—and that scarcely under more fortunate auspices—in the same service.

The town of Glasgow raised a body of volunteers,

[1] Literally, "paid the rent;" equivalent to the English phrase of "paid the reckoning."

in which Home obtained the situation of lieutenant. This regiment joined general Hawley on the 13th of January, 1746, and our author was present in the action near Falkirk, which seems to have been as confused an affair as can well be imagined. Hawley had not a better head, and certainly a much worse heart than Sir John Cope, who was a humane, good-tempered man. The new general ridiculed severely the conduct of his predecessor, and remembering that he had seen, in 1715, the left wing of the Highlanders broken by a charge of the Duke of Argyle's horse, which came upon them across a morass, he resolved to manœuvre in the same manner. He forgot, however, a material circumstance—that the morass at Sheriffmuir was hard frozen, which made some difference in favour of the cavalry. Hawley's manœuvre, as commanded and executed, plunged a great part of his dragoons up to the saddle-laps in a bog, where the Highlanders cut them to pieces with so little trouble, that, as one of the performers assured us, the feat was as easy as slicing *bacon*. The gallantry of some of the English regiments beat off the Highland charge on another point, and, amid a tempest of wind and rain which has been seldom equalled, the field presented the singular prospect of two armies flying different ways at the same moment. The King's troops, however, ran fastest and farthest, and were the last to recover their courage; indeed, they retreated that night to Falkirk, leaving their guns, burning their tents, and striking a new panic

into the British nation, which was but just recovering from the flutter excited by what, in olden times, would have been called the Raid of Derby. In the drawingroom which took place at Saint James's on the day the news arrived, all countenances were marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those of George the Second, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at Hawley's discomfiture. Indeed, the idea of the two generals was so closely connected, that a noble peer of Scotland, upon the same day, addressed Sir John Cope by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *qui pro quo*.

Mr Home had some share in this action. The Glasgow regiment being newly levied was not honoured with a place in the line, though it certainly could not have behaved worse than some who held that station; they were drawn up beside some cottages on the left of the dragoons, and seem to have stood fast when the others went off. Presently afterwards General Hawley rode past them, in the midst of a disorderly crowd of horse and foot, and he himself apparently considerably discomposed; for he could give no answer to Mr Home, who asked him for orders, and was solicitous to know whether any regiments were standing, and where they were; but, pointing to a fold for cattle, he desired the volunteers to get in there, and so rode down the hill, the confusion becoming general. After remaining where they had been

imprisoned, rather than posted, and behaving with considerable spirit,[1] Lieutenant Home, his captain, and a few of his men, were taken upon their retreat; they were used with little courtesy by the Highlanders, who made allowances for the opposition which they experienced from the red-coats, but could not see what interest the militia or volunteers had in the matter. Accordingly, when the prisoners, being lodged in gaol at Falkirk, and neglected in the general hurry, became clamorous for provisions—the serjeant of their guard very soberly asked them "what occasion they could possibly have for supper, since they were to be hanged in the morning."

Their doom, however, was milder: they were imprisoned in the old castle of Doune, on the north side of the Forth, built by one of the Dukes of Albany, and their place of confinement was near the top of that very lofty building. Nevertheless,

[1] Home, in his own History, is silent on the behaviour of the Glasgow regiment, but not so a metrical chronicler, who wrote a history of the insurrection in doggrel verse indeed, but sufficiently accurate. This author, who is, indeed, no other than Dugald Grahame, bellman of Glasgow, says that the Highlanders, having beaten the horse—

> "The south side being fairly won,
> They faced north, as had been done;
> Where next stood, to bide the crush,
> The volunteers, who zealous,
> Kept firing close, till near surrounded,
> And by the flying horse confounded:
> They suffered sair into this place,
> No Highlander pitied their case:
> 'You cursed militia,' they did swear,
> 'What a devil did bring you here?'"
>
> *History of the Rebellion in 1745-1746.*

five or six of the prisoners, Home being of the number, proposed the hazardous experiment of an attempt to escape by descending from the battlements, a height of seventy feet, by means of a rope constructed out of slips of their blankets, which they tore up for that purpose. The issue of the attempt vindicates what we have said of Home's courage and spirit: we will, therefore, give it in his own words:—

"When every thing was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock in the morning began to descend. The two officers, with Robert Douglas, and one of the men taken up as spies, got down very well; but the fifth man, one of the spies, who was very tall and big, coming down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The lieutenant (Home himself), standing by the wall of the castle, called to the volunteer, whose turn it was to come down next, not to attempt it; for that twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Notwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and coming down as far as it lasted, let go his hold: his friend Douglas and the lieutenant (who were both of them above the middle size), as soon as they saw him upon the rope (for it was moonlight) put themselves under him, to break his fall, which in part they did; but falling from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ancles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him upon his back, for he was slender and not very tall, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When the lieutenant was not able to go any farther with his burden, other two of the company holding each of them one of Mr Barrow's arms, helped him to hop along upon one leg. In this manner they went on very slowly, a mile or so; but thinking that, at the rate they proceeded, they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house they should come to. When they came to a house, they found a friend; for the landlord, who rented a small farm, was a Whig, and as soon as he knew who they were, ordered one of his sons to bring a horse from the stable, take the lame gentleman behind him, and go as far as his assistance was necessary.

Thus equipped, they went on by Alloa to Tullyallan, a village near the sea, where they hired a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop-of-war, which was lying at anchor in the Frith of Forth. Captain Falconer of the Vulture received them very kindly, and gave them his barge to carry them to Queensferry." —Vol. iii. pp. 172–174.

The volunteer who suffered on this occasion was Thomas Barrow. This is the mutual friend of Home and Collins, "the cordial youth" referred to in the ode on the Highland superstitions, addressed by the latter to the former poet. When Mr Home's connexion with the great enabled him to serve his friends, Barrow was not forgotten; and Barrow repaid the obligation by making Home acquainted with Collins, who, in consequence, delighted with the legends of mystery which Home repeated to him, composed that beautiful ode, which is certainly one of the most pleasing and poetical of his compositions.

We are now done with Mr Home's military exploits and hazards, on which we have, perhaps, dwelt too long, though it must be remembered that our author was the historiographer of that period. His studies were resumed, "and chiefly," says his biographer, were "such as to lead his mind to that lofty and martial sentiment, the swell of which is one of the nurses of poetry."

"Amidst his classical and poetical reading, however, Mr Home occupied himself not only in the studies of ethics and divinity, but also in the composition of sermons. But even at these moments, it would seem as if his mind was constrained, not changed, from its favourite bent; for, on the backs, or blank interstices of the papers containing some of his earliest composed sermons, there are passages of poetry, written in a more or less perfect

state, as the inspiration or leisure of the moment prompted or allowed."—Vol. i. p. 33.

Mr Home was appointed in the year 1746 minister of Athelstoneford, in East Lothian, a locality which he has not forgotten in his celebrated tragedy, having fixed the apprehended descent of the Danes

> ——"near to that place where the sea-rock immense,
> Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land."

Mr Home's leisure, although his clerical duties were not only regularly, but strictly attended to, naturally induced him to indulge his poetical taste, and without, perhaps, suspecting the scandal the choice might occasion, to direct it towards dramatic composition. Admiring Plutarch, as that biographer must be admired by all who have the least pretension to poetical imagination, and being, as Mr Mackenzie informs us, attached, like most other young men of ardent minds, to the republican form of government, he selected from the storehouse of the old Grecian the story of Agis, without, perhaps, minutely enquiring whether the subject had enough of general interest in itself to support the dialogue through five acts, or was likely to be much improved by the ordinary receipt of a love-intrigue, awkwardly dovetailed into the general plot.

About the end of 1749 he went to London, and tendered his play to Garrick; but the author, at that time, was an unknown Scottish clergyman, and the manager, whose interest was always best

secured by distinction, patronage, or literary reputation at least, declined bringing the piece forward. Under the feelings of mortification to find neglect

> " his only meed,
> (And heavy falls it on so proud a head),"

the unsuccessful tragedian made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Shakspeare, and there wrote a copy of verses, imploring the deceased bard to transmute him into a marble image, and fix him beside his monument, since he had not obtained the opportunity of fascinating the public by tragic powers resembling his own.

On Home's return to Scotland, he continued his dramatic labours under better auspices. The old ballad of Gil Morrice supplied him with a plot of simple, yet engrossing and general interest, upon which the tragedy of *Douglas* was composed, amidst the universal applause of the literary associates of the author, which circle already comprehended the first order of Edinburgh literati—Lord Elibank, David Hume, Mr Wedderburn, Dr Adam Ferguson, &c. A second journey to London—a second application to Garrick, met with a similar rebuff as in the case of *Agis:* the manager pronounced the play totally unfit for the stage. There might, indeed, be another reason for this rejection: Garrick was naturally partial to those pieces in which he himself could appear to advantage, and, though not more than forty years of age, he was scarcely, in 1746, the natural representative of the stripling Douglas.

The friends of the author were of a different

opinion from the English manager, and determined to try the experiment of a play written by a Scotsman, and produced, for the first time, on a provincial stage—so that of Edinburgh was now to be termed. Its reception of *Douglas* as appears from the following account by Mr Mackenzie, was as brilliant as the author's friends, nay, the author himself, could have desired:—

"Dr Carlyle, who sometimes witnessed the rehearsals, expresses, in his Memoirs,[1] his surprise and admiration at the acting of Mrs Ward, who performed Lady Randolph. Digges was the Douglas of the piece, his supposed father was played by Hayman, and Glenalvon, by Love; actors of very considerable merit, and afterwards of established reputation on the London stage. But Mrs Ward's beauty (for she was very beautiful) and feeling, tutored with the most zealous anxiety by the author and his friends, charmed and affected the audience as much, perhaps, as has ever been accomplished by the very superior actresses of after-times. I was then a boy, but of an age to be sometimes admitted as a sort of page to the tea-drinking parties of Edinburgh. I have a perfect recollection of the strong sensation which *Douglas* excited among its inhabitants. The men talked of the rehearsals; the ladies repeated what they had heard of the story; some had procured as a great favour, copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the earnest request of the company. I was present at the representation; the applause was enthusiastic; but a better criterion of its merits was the tears of the audience, which the tender part of the drama drew forth unsparingly. 'The town,' says Dr Carlyle (and I can vouch how truly), 'was in an uproar of exultation, that a Scotsman should write a tragedy of the first rate, and that its merits were first submitted to them.'"—Vol. i. pp. 37–40.

But, with the voice of praise arose, in startling disunion, a loud note of censure. Betwixt the two

[1] Unfortunately, we believe, for the public, these Memoirs are still in MS. From what we have heard, they abound in very curious matter.

parties which divide the Church of Scotland, one (to which it may be easily believed John Home did *not* belong) was, and in some degree still is, distinguished by a certain shade of Puritanism, which, when arising from a sincerely scrupulous conscience, and combined with a Christian charity towards those who may differ in opinion, merits, not merely pardon, but profound respect—but is not entitled to the same indulgence when it assumes to itself an intolerant character. These zealous professors, above all other men, abhorring the doctrines of Rome nominally, did not, perhaps, very far depart from them in principle, when they affirmed it was the duty of a sincere Christian to abstain from certain harmless pleasures, indifferent, nay, moral in themselves. They allowed their followers to gorge upon beef and pudding on fast-days, as well as holidays; but dancing, music, dramatic representation, and other lighter amusements, though as harmless, when practised with moderation, as food to the palate, were sternly interdicted.

It must be, indeed, admitted that the practice of the stage had been, during the preceding century, such as gave the censors much room to argue, from the abuse, against even the use of the theatre. It is not, however, our purpose here to enter into a controversy, which has, in a manner, died away of itself, but which existed, at the time we treat of, in all the gall of bitterness. In such a temper of the public mind, it was not wonderful that the appearance of a tragedy, written by a Presbyterian clergyman, and attended and applauded by many of

his brethren, and those of great reputation for learning and talents, should appear to many like a "waxing dim of the fine gold,"—an innovation on the strictness of principle and purity of manners esteemed essential to the Church of Scotland.

"The Presbytery of Edinburgh published a solemn admonition on the subject, beginning with expressions of deep regret at the growing irreligion of the times, particularly the neglect of the *Sabbath*;[1] but calculated chiefly to warn all persons within their bounds, especially the young, and those who had the charge of youth, against the danger of frequenting stage-plays and theatrical entertainments, of which the Presbytery set forth the immoral and pernicious tendency, at considerable length.

"This step of the Presbytery, like all other overstrained proceedings of that nature, provoked resistance and ridicule on the part of the public. The wags poured forth parodies, epigrams, and songs. These were, in general, not remarkable for their wit or pleasantry, though some of them were the productions of young men, afterwards eminent in letters or in station."—Vol. i. p. 42.

We have a collection of these productions on our table at this moment; and it must be owned that it contains more trash and nonsense than could have been expected to have been produced by a general controversy in the eighteenth century.

"Yet at that time in Edinburgh there was much more regard to the sacredness of Sunday than now. I was then a boy, and I well remember the reverential silence of the streets, and the tip-toe kind of fear with which, when any accident prevented my attendance on church, I used to pass through them. What would the Presbytery have said now, when, in the time of public worship on a Sunday, not only are the public walks crowded, but idle and blackguard boys bawl through the streets, and splash us with their games there?—an indecency of which, though no friend to puritanical preciseness, and still less to religious persecution, I rather think the police ought to take cognizance."—*Note by Mr Mackenzie.*

Here follows a specimen, taken where the book chanced to open :—

"It is agreed upon, by sober pagans themselves, that play-actors are the most profligate wretches, and vilest vermin, that hell ever vomited out; that they are the filth and garbage of the earth, the scum and stain of human nature, the excrements and refuse of all mankind, the pests and plagues of human society; the debauchers of men's minds and morals; unclean beasts, idolatrous papists or atheists, and the most horrid and abandoned villains that ever the sun shone upon."

Truly these are very bitter words; the zeal of such a controversialist is like that imputed by Dryden to Jeremy Collier, which, if it had not eaten the disputants up, must be allowed to have devoured all sense of decency and good manners. Of course there were other censures, expressed in a decent and moderate tone; yet it is astonishing how many circumstances were unfairly brought in. The general accusation of a clergyman's having written the death of Lady Randolph,—a catastrophe which may be fairly imputed to insanity, produced by extreme grief,—was said to imply a vindication of suicide; and some other passages were wiredrawn in the same way to produce inferences, which no man of candour can suppose were within the thoughts of the writer. Among these instances of want of candour and misconstruction, we do not include the objections made to a solemn prayer addressed to the Deity by one of the personages in the piece. The act of adoration is highly unfitted for mimic representation, and Mr Home's error—however remote any notion of irreverence may have been from his mind,—was visited with, we think, deserved reprehension.

Upon the whole, the high Calvinistical party prevailed so far, that the author had no chance of escaping the highest censures of his church, if not the sentence of deprivation, save by voluntarily resigning his charge. His parishioners at Athelstoneford parted with their pastor with such regret, that, when he preached his farewell sermon, there was not a dry eye in the church. And,

"at a subsequent period," says Mr Mackenzie, "when he retired from active life, and built a house in East-Lothian, near the parish where he had once been minister, his former parishioners, as Lord Haddington informed me, insisted on leading the stones for the building, and would not yield to his earnest importunity to pay them any compensation for their labour."—Vol. i. p. 34.

Home's professional friends and companions did not escape the censures of the church, for the encouragement they had given his dramatic labours. The chief among these was Dr Carlyle, for a long period clergyman at Musselburgh, whose character was as excellent as his conversation was amusing and instructive, and whose person and countenance, even at a very advanced age, were so lofty and commanding as to strike every artist with his resemblance to the Jupiter Tonans of the Pantheon. It was stated in aggravation of this reverend gentleman's crime in attending the theatre, that two rude or intoxicated young men having entered the box, and behaved uncivilly to some ladies, the doctor took the trouble of turning them out, which his great personal strength enabled him to do with little resistance or disturbance. He underwent a rebuke which did not sit very heavy on him. Simi-

lar measures of punishment were dealt out to other *play-haunters*, as those clergymen were termed who had ventured, however unfrequently, into the precincts of a theatre. But the effect on the public mind was, like all proceedings in which the punishment is disproportioned to the offence, more unfavourable to the judges than to the accused. The public, considering the whole dialogue and tendency of Mr Home's play of *Douglas* as favourable to virtuous and honourable feeling, did not sympathize with the extreme horror expressed at what the Presbytery of Glasgow called "the *melancholy fact* that there should have been a tragedy written by a minister of the church of Scotland;" and the ultimate consequence of the whole debate was a considerable increase of liberality on the part of the churchmen, many of whom now attend the theatre, though rarely, and when the entertainment is suited to their character; and it is to be hoped that the discussion may have produced on the other side an increased sense of decency respecting the representations on the stage. When Mrs Siddons first acted in Edinburgh, in 1784, the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Church of Scotland, which was then sitting, had some difficulty in procuring a full attendance of its members on the nights when she performed. And wherefore should this be matter either of scandal or of censure, if the sentiments of Dr Adam Ferguson are just, as expressed in a letter to Mr Mackenzie, on the subject of Home's dramatic composition—

"Theatrical compositions, like every other human production, are, in the abstract, not more laudable or censurable than any other species of composition, but are either good or bad, moral or immoral, according to the management or the effect of the individual tragedy or comedy we are to see represented, or to peruse."—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

Driven from his own profession by the fanaticism of his brethren, Home had no difficulty, such was his extended reputation, in obtaining one in the world's eye more distinguished, which placed him contiguous to greatness, rendered him intimate with state-affairs, and might, had that been the object of his ambition, have been the means of accumulating wealth. He was warmly patronised by Lord Bute, then prime minister, and, notwithstanding his unpopularity, possessed of considerable learning and taste. The access to the London stage was now open to the favourite of the favourite. Garrick, indeed, persisted in not bringing out *Douglas*, but that play appeared with great success upon the rival stage of Covent Garden, where the silver-tongued Barry represented the hero of the piece; and soon after, the manager of Drury Lane, with many protestations of his admiration of the merits of the piece and genius of the author, brought out the play of *Agis*, which he had formerly neglected. The manager, however, had made the worse choice. Inferior to *Douglas*, especially in having no point of predominant interest, no grappling-iron to secure the attention of the audience—even the talents of Garrick could not give to *Agis* much vitality. Its stately declamation was heard with cold inattention, and, contrary

to the hopes of the author, and prognostication of the experienced manager, after a flash of success, it was withdrawn from the stage. Several other tragedies of Mr Home's were afterwards exhibited, but none, save *Douglas*, with remarkable applause, and one or two with marked disapprobation. The cause of such repeated failures, after such splendid success, we may afterwards advert to.

Mr Home was now formally installed in Lord Bute's family as private secretary, and his biographer hints that his lordship's choice was determined more by the desire of enjoying the poet's agreeable conversation, than by any expectation of deriving assistance from him in transacting public business. Home was indeed, like many other bards, in every respect the reverse of a man of method, indifferent to loss of time, and averse from all regularity and form, which are necessary to the management of affairs. When, on some occasion, he had lent his friend Adam Ferguson L.200, upon a note of hand, and could not redeliver the *voucher* on receiving payment of the money, he gave an acknowledgment in terms too poetical to be very good in law; "If ever the note appears," said the letter of acknowledgment, "it will be of no use but to show what a foolish, thoughtless, inattentive fellow I am." On the other hand, his conversation, while in the prime of life, must have been highly entertaining. When those of the present generation knew him, age had brought its usual infirmities of repetition and prolixity, but still his discourse was charming. "He came into a company," says one

of his contemporaries, "like a sunbeam into a darkened room: his excellent temper and unaffected cheerfulness, his absence from every thing like reserve or formality, giving light to every eye and colour to every cheek. Yet Home's conversation could neither be termed sprightly nor witty. In his comic humour it was characterised by a flow of easy pleasantry, of that species which indicates the speaker willing to please or be pleased at the lightest rate; and in his higher mood his thoughts, naturally turned to such subjects, were without affectation, formed on the sublime and beautiful in poetry, the dignified and the virtuous in history, the romantic and interesting in tradition, upon whatever is elevating and inspiring in humanity." Such conversation, flowing naturally and unaffectedly from a high imagination and extensive reading, is found to carry along with its tide and influence even the men of phlegmatic minds, who might, *a priori*, be regarded as incapable to appreciate and enjoy it. The late excellent King George III. was then under the charge of the Earl of Bute who was his chief preceptor. The turn of his understanding was towards strong sense and useful information—the gods had not made him poetical:—nevertheless, he loved the person and conversation of Home, of whom he naturally saw much. On his accession to the throne, that sovereign, of his own free motion, settled upon the poet a pension of L.300; an office connected with Scotland, called Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, added as much more to his income, and that was all the fortune

with which he returned to Scotland when Lord Bute retired from office. He had also a lease of a farm on very advantageous terms from his former patron and friend Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerton, where he built a house, as has been already mentioned. In 1770 he married the daughter of Mr Home, a friend and relative of his own, whose delicate health gave his affectionate disposition frequent cause of apprehension, but who nevertheless survived him. They had no family.

In 1778 Mr Home again indulged his passion for military affairs by entering into the South Fencibles, a regiment raised by Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, in which he had for comrades the present Earl of Haddington, William Adam, M.P. (now lord high commissioner of the Jury Court of Scotland), and others who were well qualified to approve his merit and delight in his society. A fall from horseback, the second severe accident of the kind, interrupted his military career, and the contusion which he received in his head had a material influence on his future life. This accident was accompanied by something resembling a concussion of the brain. "He recovered the accident as far as his bodily health was concerned," says Mr Mackenzie, "but his mind was never restored to its former vigour, nor regained its former vivacity." We may add that his subsequent compositions, though displaying flashes of his genius, never showed it in a continued and sustained flight.

It was, however, only the pressing remonstrances of his friends which could induce Mr Home,

after this accident, to resign the *military* mode of life to which he had been so much attached, and to retire into a quiet and settled privacy of life. After the year 1779 he settled in Edinburgh, where he was the object of general respect and veneration. He mingled in society to the last, and though his memory was impaired respecting late events, it seemed strong and vigorous when his conversation turned on those which had occupied his attention at an early period. The following account of an entertainment at his house in Edinburgh, we received from a literary gentleman of Scotland, who was then beginning to attract the attention of the public. He was honoured with the notice of Mr Home from some family circumstances, but chiefly from the kindly feeling which the veteran still preserved towards all who seemed disposed to turn their attention to Scottish literature. There were seven male guests at table, of whom five were coeval with the landlord—then upwards of eighty-four. A bachelor gentleman of fifty was treated as what is called the *Boots*, and went through the duty of ringing the bell, carving the joint, and discharging the other functions usually imposed on the youngest member of the company. Our friend, who was not much above thirty, was considered too much of a boy to be trusted with any such charge of the ceremonial, and, in fact, his very presence in this venerable assembly seemed to be altogether forgotten, while, it may be supposed, he was much more anxious to listen to their conversation than to interrupt it by

talking himself. The very entertainment seemed antediluvian, though excellent. There were dishes of ancient renown, and liquors unknown almost to the present day. A capper-caelzie, or cock of the wood, which has been extinct in Scotland for more than a century, was presented on the board as a homage to the genius of Mr Home, sent from the pine-forests of Norway. The *cup*, or cold tankard, which he recommended particularly, was after an ancient Scottish receipt. The claret, still the favourite beverage of the poet, was excellent, and, like himself, of venerable antiquity, but preserving its spirit and flavour. The subjects of their conversation might be compared to that held by ghosts, who, sitting on their midnight tombs, talk over the deeds they have done and witnessed while in the body. The *forty-five* was a remarkable epoch, and called forth remarks and anecdotes without number. The former civil turmoils of the years 1715 and 1718 were familiar to some of those present. The conversation of these hale ancients had nothing of the weakness of age, though a little of its garrulity. They seemed the Nestors of their age; men whose gray hairs only served

"To mark the heroes born in better days."

Mr Home, from the consequences of his accident, was, perhaps, the most broken of the party. But, on his own ground, his memory was entire, his conversation full both of spirit and feeling. One story of the evening our correspondent recollects. Mr Home, beginning it in a voice somewhat

feeble, rose into strength of articulation with the interest of the story. The names of the parties concerned, and the place where the incident took place, our informer has unhappily forgotten. What he does remember we shall give in his own words:

"A person of high Scottish descent, the son of one of Caledonia's most eminent nobility, exiled on account of his taking part with the house of Stuart, had entered into foreign service, and risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was stationed in the advanced post destined to protect the trenches which the army to which he was attached had opened before a large and well-garrisoned town. Some appearances in the besieged place induced the Scottish officer to conjecture that a strong sortie would be made in the course of the night. He went to the tent of Prince ——, commander-in-chief of the army, to communicate the intelligence, and to request that a support to the advance might be held in readiness. The prince, engaged in writing despatches, did not even raise his head from the paper, but answered, in a haughty tone, 'Je suis fâché.' The Scotchman, whose sense of his own consequence did not permit him to believe that this answer could be addressed to him, advanced nearer to the prince, and began to repeat what he had said. The prince then raised his head, looked scornfully at the officer, and reiterated, 'Je suis fâché de vous et de vos petites affaires.'—'De moi et de mes petites affaires!'—said the colonel, completely roused by the insult—'petit prince que vous êtes!' The prince, as brave as insolent, readily agreed to wave his privilege as commander-in chief, and give the officer so gratuitously insulted the satisfaction his honour required. 'But' (continued Mr Home, his large light eyes suffused with tears, which flowed involuntarily as he told the conclusion) 'the brave gentleman lived not to receive the promised atonement. He returned to his post—the expected sortie took place, the advanced guard were cut to pieces, and among them, in the morning, was found the body of our unfortunate and gallant countryman, who had spent his last breath in the unequal combat to which the arrogance of his general had exposed him.'"

Mr Mackenzie has, we think, omitted to give some

description of Mr Home's person and countenance, about which, nevertheless, our readers may entertain a rational curiosity. We ourselves only remember what a Scottish poet of eminence has called

"Home's pale ghost just gliding from the stage."

But his picture by Raeburn[1] enables us to say that his exterior, in his younger years, must have been impressive, if not handsome. His features are happily animated with the expression of a poet, whose eye, overlooking the uninteresting and every-day objects around, is bent to pursue the flight of his imagination through the dim region of past events, or the yet more mysterious anticipations of futurity.

Respecting his personal habits we can add little to what has been told by his elegant and affectionate biographer. We remember only, that, with the natural vanity of an author, he was regular, while his strength permitted, in attendance upon the theatre when any actor of eminence represented Douglas. He had his own favourite seat beside the scenes, and, willing to be pleased by those who were desirous to give pleasure, his approbation was consequently rather measured out according to the kindness of his feelings than the accuracy of his critical judgment.

Undisturbed by pain, and after a long and lingering decay, he late and slowly approached the

[1] In Miss Fergusson's collection at Huntley-burn. [The kind and prompt compliance of Colonel Fergusson has enabled the publisher to give the engraving from this portrait of Mr Home, prefixed to the present volume.]

conclusion of life's drama. His esteemed friend Lord Haddington was one of the last friends whom he was able to receive. After looking at his lordship wistfully for some time, the kindness of his heart seemed to awaken his slumbering powers of recollection; he smiled, and pressed the friendly hand that was extended towards him, with a silent assurance of his tender remembrance. He died the 5th September, 1808, in the 86th year of his age. It was impossible to lament the extinction of the wasted taper, yet there was a general feeling that Home's death closed an era in the literary history of Scotland, and dissolved a link which, though worn and frail, seemed to connect the present generation with that of their fathers.

We have promised to take, in the second place, some notice of the literary society of Scotland at the time when Home was so important a member of it, and which has been so interestingly treated by Mr Mackenzie, who, in his own connexion with the preceding age, must be perhaps addressed as *Ultime Scotorum.*

Hospitality was at that time a distinguished feature in Scottish society; Mr Home's income was chiefly employed in it. "His house," according to his friend Adam Fergusson, "was always as full of his friends as it could hold, fuller than, in modern manners, it could be made to hold." The form and show of the entertainment were little attended to; that would have thrown a dulness upon the freedom of intercourse, for the guest took with good-will that which the landlord found most easy to present.

The science of the gastronome was unknown. The Scottish manners were, indeed, emerging from the Egyptian darkness of the preceding age, when a dame of no small quality, the worshipful Lady Pumphraston, buttered a pound of green tea sent her as an exquisite delicacy, dressed it as condiment to a rump of salted beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render these foreign greens tender. Yet the farm, with the poultry-yard and the dove-cot, added to the supplies furnished by the gun and fishing-rod, furnished a plentiful if not an elegant table. French wine and brandy were had at a cheap rate, chiefly by infractions of the revenue laws, at which the government were contented to wink rather than irritate a country in which there was little money and much disaffection. It only remained to find as many guests as the table would hold, and the social habits of the country rendered that seldom difficult. For beds many shifts were made, and the prospect of a dance in particular reconciled damsels to sleep in the proportion of half a dozen to each apartment, while their gallant partners would be sometimes contented with an out-house, a barn, or a hay-loft. It is not, however, of the general state of society which we have to speak, but of that of a more distinguished character.

Mr Mackenzie, with a partiality natural to his age and his country, speaks highly of the literary society of Scotland at this time, and even ventures in some respects, to give it a preference over that

of the sister country. He enlarges, in his own elegant language, upon the—

"Free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of fancy and good-humour, which prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning—that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records. There all ease of intercourse was changed for the pride of victory; and the victors, like some savage combatants, gave no quarter to the vanquished. This may, perhaps, be accounted for more from the situation than the dispositions of the principal members of that society. The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a *caste* separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were traders in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors."—Vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

Without examining how far the Scottish literati might gain or lose by being knitted almost exclusively together in their own peculiar sect, we may take the liberty of running over the names of three or four persons, the most distinguished of the circle, with such trifling anecdotes as may throw additional light on Mr Mackenzie's pleasing picture. We may add, that our biographer, reading his sketch of Mr Home's Life before a learned body,[1] many of them the relations or surviving friends of the deceased worthies of whom he spoke, was bound, by a certain natural delicacy, not to represent, except in a very mitigated view, the foibles of the distinguished persons of whom he spoke.

[1] The Royal Society of Edinburgh; of which Mr Mackenzie is Secretary.

We, on the contrary, claim a right to portray with a broader pencil; our information is of a popular nature; and, being so, it is rather wonderful it has furnished us with so few of the darker colours. We can only pretend to paint the northern sages in Tristram Shandy's point of view, that is, according to their hobbyhorses.

The celebrated David Hume, the philosopher and historian, was certainly the most distinguished person in the cycle. That he was most unhappy in permitting the acuteness of his talents, and the pride arising from the consciousness of possessing them, to involve him in a maze of sceptical illusions, is most undeniable; as well as that he was highly culpable in giving to the world the miserable results of his leisure. Mr Mackenzie states in mitigation, not in exculpation, that the great Pyrrhonist—

"had, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds, one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles of belief his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life, I was frequently in his company, amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies—still more susceptible than men—could take offence. His good nature and benevolence prevented such an injury to his hearers; it was unfortunate that he often forgot what injury some of his writings might do to his readers."—Vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

Mr David Hume's intimacy with his namesake and friend, John, was of the closest kind, and suf-

fered no interruption. It was, indeed, an instance among many, that friendships are formed more from a general similarity in temper and disposition, than from a turn to the same studies and pursuits. David Hume was no good judge of poetry; had little feeling for it; and examined it by the hackneyed rules of criticism; which, having crushed a hundred poets, will never, it may be prophesied, create, or assist in creating, a single one. John Home's disposition was excursive and romantic—that of David, both from nature and habit, was subtle, sceptical; and he, far from being inclined to concede a temporary degree of faith to *la douce chimère*, was disposed to reason away even the realities which were subjected to his examination. The poet's imagination tends to throw a halo on the distant objects—the sophistry of the metaphysician shrouded them with a mist which, unlike other northern mists, not only obscured but dwarfed their real dimensions. The one saw more, the other saw less, than was actually visible. Yet this very difference tended to bind the two friends, for such they were *usque ad aras*, in a more intimate union. John Home by no means spared his friend's metaphysical studies. The discourse turning one evening upon a young man, previously of irreproachable conduct, having robbed his master, and eloped with a considerable sum, John Home accounted for his unexpected turpitude, by the nature of the culprit's studies, which had chiefly lain in *Boston's Fourfold State* (a treatise of deep Calvinistical

divinity) and *Hume's Essays*. The philosopher was somewhat nettled at the jest, probably on account of the singular conjunction of the two works.

On the other hand, John was often the butt of his friend's jests, on account of his romantic disposition for warlike enterprise, his attachment to the orthography of his name, and similar peculiarities, indicative of a warm and susceptible imagination.

Upon some occasion, when General Fletcher mentioned the inconvenience which he had experienced from the rudeness and restiveness of a postilion, John Home exclaimed, in a Drawcansir tone, " Where were your pistols ? " This created a general laugh ; and next day, as Mr Home was about to set off for a visit to Dr Carlyle, at Musselburgh, he received a letter, with a large parcel : the import bore that his friends and well-wishers could not think of his taking so dangerous a journey without being suitably armed, and the packet being opened, was found to contain a huge pair of pistols, such as are sold at stalls to be *fairings* for children, made of gingerbread, and adorned with gilding.

When David Hume was suffering under the long and lingering illness which led him inch by inch to his grave, his friend John, with the most tender and solicitous attention, attended him on a journey to Bath, which it was supposed might be of temporary service, though a cure was impossible. When his companion's travelling pistols (not those of the savoury materials above mentioned) were

handed into the carriage, the historian made an observation at once humorous and affecting. "You shall have your humour, John, and fight with as many highwaymen as you please; for I have too little of life left to be an object worth saving." With more profound raillery he supposed that he himself, John Home, and Adam Fergusson, who studied Roman history with Roman feeling and Roman spirit, had been sovereigns of three adjacent states; and John Home thus states in one of his letters the result of his friend's reflections:—

"He knew very well, he said (having often disputed the point with us), the great opinion we had of military virtues as essential to every state; that from these sentiments rooted in us, he was certain he would be attacked and interrupted in his projects of cultivating, improving, and civilizing mankind by the arts of peace; that he comforted himself with reflecting, that from our want of economy and order in our affairs, we should be continually in want of money; whilst he would have his finances in excellent condition, his magazines well filled, and naval stores in abundance; but that his final stroke of policy, upon which he depended, was to give one of us a large subsidy to fall upon the other, which would infallibly secure to him peace and quiet, and, after a long war, would probably terminate in his being master of all the three kingdoms."—Vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We are disposed more to question the taste of the joke which, in David Hume's last will, alludes to two of his friend's foibles. The grave, and its appurtenances of epitaphs and testaments, are subjects, according to Samuel Johnson, on which wise men think with awe and gravity; yet there is something affecting in the concluding allusion to the undisturbed friendship of those whom death

was about to part. The bequest we allude to is contained in the following codicil:—

"I leave to my friend, Mr John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret, at his choice; and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."—Vol. i. p. 163.

The subject of the name has been already mentioned. The bequest of wine alludes to John Home's partiality to claret, on which he wrote a well-known epigram, when the high duties were enforced against Scotland.[1] There is much more that is interesting and curious respecting David Hume in this piece of biography, which contains also several of his original letters.

Dr Adam Fergusson, the author of the *History of the Roman Republic*, and distinguished besides as a moral philosopher, was a distinguished member of the literary society in which the poet Home, and the philosopher Hume, made such a figure. The son of a clergyman at Logierait, in Athol, he was himself destined to the church, took orders, and went as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland regiment, when that corps was first sent

[1] The government had long connived at a practice of importing claret into Scotland, under the mitigated duties applicable to the liquor called Southampton port. The epigram of John Home was as follows:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

to the continent. As the regiment advanced to the battle of Fontenoy, the commanding officer, Sir Robert Monro, was astonished to see the chaplain at the head of the column, with a broadsword drawn in his hand. He desired him to go to the rear with the surgeons, a proposal which Adam Fergusson spurned. Sir Robert at length told him that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed. "D—n my commission," said the warlike chaplain, throwing it towards his colonel. It may easily be supposed that the matter was only remembered as a good jest; but the future historian of Rome shared the honours and dangers of that dreadful day, where, according to the account of the French themselves, "the Highland furies rushed in upon them with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."

Professor Adam Fergusson's subsequent history is well known. He recovered from a decided shock of paralysis in the sixtieth year of his life; from which period he became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He survived till the year 1816, when he died in full possession of his mental faculties, at the advanced age of ninety-three. The deep interest which he took in the eventful war had long seemed to be the main tie that connected him with passing existence; and the news of Waterloo acted on the aged patriot as a *nunc dimittis*. From that hour the feeling that had almost alone given him energy decayed, and

he avowedly relinquished all desire for prolonged life. It is the belief of his family that he might have remained with them much longer, had he desired to do so, and continued the exercise which had hitherto promoted his health. Long after his eightieth year he was one of the most striking old men whom it was possible to look at. His firm step and ruddy cheek contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress which he usually wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning; his love of country; contempt of luxury; and, especially, the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days. His house, while he continued to reside in Edinburgh, was a general point of re-union among his friends, particularly of a Sunday, where there generally met, at a hospitable dinner-party, the most distinguished literati of the old time who still remained, with such young persons as were thought worthy to approach their circle, and listen to their conversation. The place of his residence was an insulated house, at some distance from the town, which its visiters (notwithstanding its internal comforts) chose to call, for that reason, Kamtschatka.

Two constant attendants on this weekly symposium were the chemical philosophers Dr Black and

Dr Hutton. They were particular friends, though there was something extremely opposite in their external appearance and manner. They were both indeed, tall and thin; but there all personal similarity ended. Dr Black spoke with the English pronunciation, with punctilious accuracy of expression, both in point of manner and matter. His dress was of the same description, regulated, in some small degree, according to the rules which formerly imposed a formal and full-dress habit on the members of the medical faculty. The geologist was the very reverse of this. His dress approached to a quaker's in simplicity; and his conversation was conducted in broad phrases, expressed with a broad Scotch accent, which often heightened the humour of what he said. The difference of manner sometimes placed the two philosophers in whimsical contrast with each other. We recollect an anecdote, entertaining enough, both on that account, and as showing how difficult it is for philosophy to wage a war with prejudice.

It chanced that the two doctors had held some discourse together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies. Wherefore not eat snails?—they are well known to be nutritious and wholesome—even sanative in some cases. The epicures of olden times enumerated among the richest and raciest delicacies, the snails which were fed in the marble quarries of Lucca; the Italians still hold them in esteem. In short, it was determined that a gastronomic

experiment should be made at the expense of the snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed for the benefit of the two philosophers; who had either invited no guest to their banquet, or found none who relished in prospect the *pièce de résistance.* A huge dish of snails was placed before them; but philosophers are but men after all; and the stomachs of both doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust on the snails, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began with infinite exertion to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr Black, at length, "showed the white feather," but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate:—"Doctor," he said, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?"—"D——d green, d——d green, indeed—tak them awa', tak them awa'," vociferated Dr Hutton, starting up from table, and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence. And so ended all hopes of introducing snails into the modern *cuisine;* and thus philosophy can no more cure a nausea, than honour can set a broken limb.

Lord Elibank (Patrick, remembered in Scotland by the name of the Clever Lord) was one of the most remarkable amongst this remarkable society. He was distinguished by the liveliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his understanding, and many of his *bon-mots* are still preserved.

When, for example, he was first told of Johnson's celebrated definition of the word *oats*, as being the food of men in Scotland, and horses in England, he answered with happy readiness, " Very true; and where will you find such horses and such men?" Lord Elibank indulged greatly in paradoxes, which he was wont to defend with much ingenuity. He piqued himself, at the same time, on his worldly prudence; so much so, as to reply to some one who told him of Mr Home's having got a pension, at the suggestion of the King himself,—" it is nobly done; but it is as impossible for the King to make John Home or Adam Fergusson rich, as it would be for his Majesty to make me poor." Lord Elibank, with John Home, David Hume, Fergusson, and others, were members of a convivial association called the *Poker Club*, because its purpose was to stir up and encourage the public spirit of Scotland, the people of which were then much exasperated at not being permitted to raise a militia in the same manner as England. Dr Fergusson, upon the occasion, composed a continuation of Arbuthnot's satirical *History of John Bull*, which he entitled the *History of Margaret, otherwise called Sister Peg*. The work was distinguished for humour and satire; and led to a curious jest on the part of David Hume. He had been left out of the secret, as not being supposed a good counsel-keeper, and he took his revenge by gravely writing a letter to Dr Carlyle, claiming the work as his own, with an air of sober reality, which, had the letter been found after any lapse of time, would

have appeared an indubitable proof of his being really the author. We have not room to insert this piece of literary persiflage, but refer the reader to vol. i. p. 155.

The Poker Club served its purpose; and, many years afterwards, symptoms of discontent on the subject of the militia were to be found in Scotland. Burns says of his native country—

> "Lang time she's been in fractious mood,
> Her lost militia fired her blood,
> De'il nor they never mair do good,
> Play'd her that pliskie."

Most of the members of the Poker were fast friends to the Hanoverian dynasty, though opposed to the actual Administration, on account of the neglect, and, as they accounted it, the affront put upon their native country. Lord Elibank, however, had, in all probability, ulterior views; for, notwithstanding his talents and his prudence, his love of paradox, perhaps, had induced him to place himself at the head of the scattered remnant of Jacobites, from which party every person else was taking the means of deserting. It is now ascertained by documents among the Stuart papers, that he carried on a correspondence with the Chevalier, which was not suspected by his most intimate friends.

We have heard of a meeting of the Poker Club, which was convoked long after it had ceased to have regular existence, when its remaining members were far advanced in years. The experiment was not successful. Those who had last met in the full vigour of health and glow of intellect,

taking an eager interest in the passing events of the world, seemed now, in each other's eyes, cold, torpid, inactive, loaded with infirmities, and occupied with the selfish care of husbanding the remainder of their health and strength, rather than in the gaiety and frolic of a convivial evening. Most had renounced even the moderate worship of Bacchus, which, on former occasions, had seldom been neglected. The friends saw their own condition reflected in the persons of each other, and became sensible that the time of convivial meetings was passed. The abrupt contrast betwixt what they had been, and what they were, was too unpleasant to be endured, and the Poker Club never met again. This, it may be alleged, is a contradiction of what we have said concerning the Nestorian banquet at John Home's, formerly noticed. But the circumstances were different. The gentlemen then alluded to had kept near to each other in the decline as well as the ascent of life, met frequently, and were become accustomed to the growing infirmities of each other, as each had to his own. But the Poker Club, most of whom had been in full strength when the regular meetings were discontinued, found themselves abruptly re-assembled as old and broken men, and naturally agreed with the Gaelic bard that age "is dark and unlovely."

One or two gossiping paragraphs on the subject of Adam Smith, whose distinguished name may render the most trifling notices concerning him matter of some interest, and we will then release

our courteous reader from our recollections, on the subject of these old Northern Lights. Dr Smith is well known to have been one of the most absent men living. It was, indeed, an attribute which, if any where, might have been matched in the society we speak of, of whom several, particularly John Home and General Fletcher Campbell, were extremely addicted to fits of absence. But those of the great Economist were abstraction itself. Mr Mackenzie placed in his hand the beautiful tale of *La Roche*, in which he introduces Mr David Hume, for the express purpose of knowing whether there was any thing in it which Mr Hume's surviving friends could think hurtful to his memory. Dr Smith read and highly approved of the MS.; but, on returning it to Mr Mackenzie, only expressed his surprise that Mr Hume should never have mentioned *the anecdote* to him. When walking in the street, Adam had a manner of talking and laughing to himself, which often attracted the notice and excited the surprise of the passengers. He used himself to mention the ejaculation of an old market-woman, "Hegh, sirs!" shaking her head as she uttered it; to which her companion answered, having echoed the compassionate sigh, "and he is well put on too!" expressing their surprise that a decided lunatic, who, from his dress, appeared to be a gentleman, should be permitted to walk abroad.—In a private room his demeanour was equally remarkable; and we shall never forget one particular evening, when he put an elderly maiden lady, who presided at the tea-table, to sore

confusion, by neglecting utterly her invitations to be seated, and walking round and round the circle stopping ever and anon to steal a lump from the sugar basin, which the venerable spinster was at length constrained to place on her own knee, as the only method of securing it from his most uneconomical depredations. His appearance mumping the eternal sugar, was something indescribable.

We had the following anecdotes from a colleague of Dr Smith, who, as is well known, was a commissioner of the Board of Customs. That board had in their service, as porter, a stately person, who, dressed in a huge scarlet gown or cloak, covered with frogs of worsted lace, and holding in his hand a staff about seven feet high, as an emblem of his office, used to mount guard before the Custom-house when a board was to be held. It was the etiquette that, as each commissioner entered, the porter should go through a sort of salute with his staff of office, resembling that which officers used formerly to perform with their spontoon, and then marshal the dignitary to the hall of meeting. This ceremony had been performed before the great Economist perhaps five hundred times. Nevertheless one day, as he was about to enter the Custom-house, the motions of this janitor seem to have attracted his eye without their character or purpose reaching his apprehension, and on a sudden he began to imitate his gestures, as a recruit does those of his drill-sergeant. The porter, having drawn up in front of the door, pre-

sented his staff as a soldier does his musket; the commissioner, raising his cane, and holding it with both hands by the middle, returned the salute with the utmost gravity. The inferior officer, much amazed, recovered his weapon, wheeled to the right, stepping a pace back to give the commissioner room to pass, lowering his staff at the same time, in token of obeisance. Dr Smith, instead of passing on, drew up on the opposite side, and lowered his cane at the same angle. The functionary, much out of consequence, next moved up stairs, with his staff advanced, while the author of the *Wealth of Nations* followed with his bamboo in precisely the same posture, and his whole soul apparently wrapped up in the purpose of placing his foot exactly on the same spot of each step which had been occupied by the officer who preceded him. At the door of the hall, the porter again drew off, saluted with his staff, and bowed reverentially. The philosopher again imitated his motions, and returned his bow with the most profound gravity. When the Doctor entered the apartment, the spell under which he seemed to act was entirely broken, and our informant, who, very much amused, had followed him the whole way, had some difficulty to convince him that he had been doing any thing extraordinary. Upon another occasion, having to sign an official minute or mandate, Adam Smith was observed to be unusually tedious, when the same person, peeping over his shoulder, discovered that he was engaged, not in writing his own name, but in imitating, as nearly

as possible, the signature of his brother in office, who had held the pen before him. These instances of absence equal the abstractions of the celebrated Dr Harvey; but whoever has read the deep theories and abstruse calculations contained in the *Wealth of Nations* must readily allow that a mind habitually employed in such themes, must necessarily be often rapt far above the sublunary occurrences of everyday life.

We are now approaching the third subject proposed in our Review, the consideration of John Home's character as an author, founded on the present edition of his collected works. Our criticism on his poetical character need not be very minute, for his chef-d'œuvre, *Douglas*, is known to every one, and his other dramatic labours are scarcely known at all. Upon the merits of the first, every reader has already made up his mind, and on those of the others we might, perhaps, find it difficult to procure an attentive hearing. Still, however, some mark of homage is due to, perhaps, the most popular tragic author of modern times; and we must pay suit and service, were it only with a pepper-corn.

We have said already that *Douglas* owes a great part of its attractions to the interest of the plot, which, however, is by no means a probable one. There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful certainly to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth, than upon the

new-born child whom she had scarcely seen. There is something awkward in her sudden confidence to Anna, as is pointed out by David Hume. "The spectator," says the critic, "is apt to suspect it was done in order to instruct him; a very good end, but which might have been obtained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue." This is all unquestionably true; but the spectator should, and, indeed, must, make considerable allowances, if he expects to receive pleasure from the drama. He must get his mind, according to Tony Lumpkin's phrase, into "a concatenation accordingly," since he cannot reasonably expect that scenes of deep and complicated interest shall be placed before him, in close succession, without some force being put upon ordinary probability; and the question is not, how far you have sacrificed your judgment in order to accommodate the fiction, but rather what is the degree of delight you have received in return. Perhaps, in this point of view, it is scarcely possible for a spectator to make such sacrifices for greater pleasure than we have enjoyed, in seeing Lady Randolph personified by the inimitable Siddons. Great as that pleasure was on all occasions, it was increased in a manner which can hardly be conceived when her son (the late Mr H. Siddons) supported his mother in the character of Douglas, and when the full overflowing of maternal tenderness was authorized, nay, authenticated and realized, by the actual existence of the relationship. There will, and must be, on other occasions, some check of the feeling, however virtuous and tender, when

a woman of feeling and delicacy pours her maternal caresses on a performer who, although to be accounted her son for the night, is, in reality, a stranger. But in the scenes we allude to, that chilling obstacle was removed; and while Lady Randolph exhausted her tenderness on the supposed Douglas, the mother was, in truth, indulging the same feelings towards her actual son. It may be erroneous to judge this way of a drama which can hardly be again illustrated by such powers, exercised under circumstances so exciting to the principal performer, and so nearly approaching to reality. Yet, even in an abstract view, we agree with Mr Mackenzie that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient drama. It is certainly one of the most effective which the English stage has to boast; and we learn with pleasure, but without surprise, that, though many other parts of the play were altered before its representation, we have this masterpiece exactly as it was thrown off in the original sketch.

"Thus it is," says the accomplished editor, "that the fervid creation of genius and fancy strikes out what is so excellent as well as vivid, as not to admit of amendment, and which indeed, correction would spoil instead of improving. This is the true inspiration of the poet, which gives to criticism, instead of borrowing from it, its model and its rule, and which it is possible, in some diffident authors, the terrors of criticism may have weakened or extinguished."—Vol. i. p. 93.

It is justly remarked by Mr Mackenzie, that the

intense interest excited by the scene of the discovery occasions some falling off in the two last acts; yet this is not so great as to injure the effect of the play when the parts are suitably supported. Mrs Siddons, indeed (we cannot help identifying her with Lady Randolph), gave such terrible interest to the concluding scene, that we can truly say the decay of interest, which is certainly felt both in perusing the drama and in seeing it only moderately well performed, was quite imperceptible.

In a general point of view, the interest of *Douglas* is of a kind which addresses itself to the bosom of every spectator. The strength of maternal affection is a feeling which all the audience have had the advantage of experiencing, which such mothers as are present have themselves exercised, and which moves the general mind more deeply than even distresses arising from the passion of love—one too frequently produced on the stage not to become, in some degree, hackneyed and uninteresting.

The language of the piece is beautiful. "Mrs Siddons told me," says the editor, "that she never found any *study*" (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) "so easy as that of *Douglas*, which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."

The character of *Douglas*, enthusiastic, romantic, desirous of honour, careless of life and every other advantage where glory lay in the balance, flowed freely from the author's heart, to which such sentiments were the most familiar.

The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's *Mérope*, but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. *Mérope* came out about 1743, and Mr Home may, therefore, easily have seen it. But he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad. In memory of this, the tune of *Gil Morrice*, a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises.

The poetical moral of the piece is justly observed by Mr Mackenzie to have captivated all who, before its representation in Scotland, happened to hear any part of it recited. He gives us his own authority, as bearing witness that some of the most striking passages, and particularly the opening soliloquy, were got by heart and repeated by fair lips for the admiration of the tea-tables of Edinburgh.

> "And you, fair dames of merry England,
> As fast your tears did pour:—"

We have the evidence of the accomplished Earl of Haddington, that he remembers the celebrated Lady Hervey (the beautiful Molly Lapelle of Pope and Gay) weeping like an infant over the manuscript of *Douglas*.

It may, perhaps, seem strange that the author, in his preceding tragedy of *Agis*, and in his subsequent dramatic efforts, so far from attaining similar excellence, never even approached to the success of *Douglas*; yet good reasons can be assigned for his failure without imputing it, during his best years at least, to a decay of genius.

Agis was a tragedy the interest of which turned, at first, exclusively upon politics, a subject which men are fiercely interested in, if connected with the party-questions agitating their own country at the time; but which, when the same refers to the forgotten revolutions of a distant country and a remote period, are always caviare to the million. Addison, indeed, succeeded in his splendid poem of *Cato;* but both the name and history were so generally known as to facilitate greatly its interest with the public. Besides, the author was at the head of the literature of his day, and not unskilled in the art of indoctrinating the readers of the *Spectator* in the knowledge necessary to understand *Cato.* But the history of *Agis* and the fortunes of Sparta were familiar only to scholars; and it was difficult to interest the audience at large in the revolutions of a country which they knew only by name. The Ephori and the double kings of Lacedæmon must have been puzzling to a common audience, even at the outset. Both *Cato* and *Agis,* but particularly the latter, suffered by the ingrafting of a love-intrigue, commonplace and cumbersome, as well as unnecessary, upon the principal plot; which, on the contrary, it ought in either case to have been the business of the author to keep constantly under the view of the audience, and to illustrate and enhance by every subordinate aid in his power; yet *Agis* from the ease of the dialogue and beauty of the declamation, and being also, according to the technical phrase, *strongly cast*—for Garrick played Lysander, and Mrs Cibber, Evanthe—was,

for some representations, favourably received; and, had it been written in French, it would probably have been permanently successful on the Parisian stage. In this and other pieces the author seems to have suffered in the eyes of his countrymen by attending too much to the advice of David Hume, in such cases surely an incompetent judge, who entreats him, for heaven's sake, "to read Shakspeare, but get Racine and Sophocles by heart."—(Vol. i. p. 100.) The critic had not sufficiently considered how much the British stage differs both from the French and the Grecian in the structure and character of the entertainments there exhibited.

The *Siege of Aquileia* was acted for the first time in 1760. Garrick expected the most unbounded success, and he himself played the principal character. It failed, however, from an objection thus stated by Mr Mackenzie:—

"Most, or indeed almost all, the incidents are told to, not witnessed by, the spectators, who, in England beyond any other country, are swayed by the Horatian maxim, and feel very imperfectly those incidents which are not '*oculis subjecta fidelibus.*' It rather languished, therefore, in the representation, though supported by such admirable acting, and did not run so many nights as the manager confidently expected."—Vol. i. p. 58.

As we have made few quotations from Mr Home's poetry, we may observe that the description of an ominous dream in this play almost rivals in effect the celebrated vision in *Sardanapalus*:—

"*Æmil.* What evil omens has Cornelia seen?
Corn. 'Tis strange to tell; but, as I slumb'ring lay,

About that hour when glad Aurora springs
To chase the lagging shades, methought I was
In Rome, and full of peace the city seem'd;
My mind oblivious, too, had lost its care.
Serene I stepp'd along the lofty hall
Embellish'd with the statues of our fathers,
When suddenly an universal groan
Issued at once from every marble breast.
Aghast I gazed around! when slowly down
From their high pedestals I saw descend
The murder'd Gracchi. Hand in hand the brothers
Stalk'd towards me. As they approached more near,
They were no more the Gracchi, but my sons,
Paulus and Titus. At that dreadful change
I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my mind
The spectacle shall part. Their rueful eyes!
Their cheeks of stone! the look of death and wo!
So strange a vision ne'er from fancy rose.
The rest, my lord, this holy priest can tell."

Vol. ii. pp. 17, 18.

The *Fatal Discovery* was brought out in 1769; but, as the prejudice against the Scotch was then general, and John Home was obnoxious, not only as a North Briton, but as a friend and *protege* of the obnoxious Earl of Bute, Garrick prudently procured an Oxford student to officiate as godfather to the play. The temporary success of the piece brought out the real author from behind his screen. When Home avowed the piece, Garrick's fears were realized, and its popularity terminated; and we believe the most zealous Scotchman would hardly demand, in this instance, a reversal of the public judgment. Mr Mackenzie has a more favourable opinion, upon more accurate consideration, perhaps, than it has been in our power to give to the subject. The play is written in the false

gallop of Ossianic composition, to which we must avow ourselves by no means partial.

Alonzo was produced in 1773, and was received with a degree of favour which, in some respects, it certainly scarce deserved. Home had, in this instance, forgotten a story belonging to his former profession, which we have heard himself narrate. It respected a country clergyman in Scotland, who, having received much applause for a sermon preached before the Synod, could never afterwards get through the service of the day without introducing some part of the discourse on which he reposed his fame, with the quotation, "as I said in my Synod sermon." In plain words, *Alonzo* was almost a transcript of the situation, incidents, and plot of *Douglas*, and every author should especially beware of repeating the theme which has formerly been successful, or presenting a *da capo rotta* of the banquet which he has previously been fortunate enough to render acceptable.

In 1778, Mr Home's last dramatic attempt, the tragedy of *Alfred*, was represented and completely failed.

Home now turned his thoughts to another walk of literature. His connexion with the civil war of 1745 had long been revolved in his mind, as a subject fit for history: he had even intended to write something on the subject soon after the broil was ended. After 1778, he seems to have resumed the purpose, and endeavoured to collect materials, by correspondence and personal communication with such personages as could afford them.

"In one or two of these journies," says Mr Mackenzie, "I happened to travel for two or three days along with him, and had occasion to hear his ideas on the subject. These were such as a man of his character and tone of mind would entertain, full of the mistaken zeal and ill-fated gallantry of the Highlanders, the self-devoted heroism of some of their chiefs, and the ill-judged severity, carried (by some subordinate officers) the length of great inhumanity, of the conquering party. A specimen of this original style of his composition stills remains in his account of the gallant Lochiel. But the complexion of his history was materially changed before its publication, which, at one time, he had very frequently and positively determined should not be made till after his death, but which he was tempted, by that fondness for our literary offspring which the weakness of age produces while it leaves less power of appreciating their merits, to hasten; and accordingly published the work at London, in 1802. It was dedicated to the King, as a mark of his gratitude for his Majesty's former gracious attention to him, a circumstance which perhaps contributed to weaken and soften down the original composition, in compliment to the monarch whose uncle's memory was somewhat implicated in the impolitic, as well as ungenerous use, which Mr Home conceived had been made of the victory of Culloden." —Vol. i. p. 68, 69.

It is well for us, perhaps, that we have the advantage of telling the above tale in Mr Mackenzie's language. We have great veneration for the memory of his author, and much greater for that of his late Majesty, whose uniform generosity and kindness to the unfortunate race of Jacobites was one of the most amiable traits of his honest, benevolent, and truly English character. But since Mr Home did assume the pen on the subject of the Forty-five, no consideration whatever ought to have made him depart from the truth, or shrink from exposing the cruelties practised, as Mr Mackenzie delicately expresses it, by some subordinate officers, or from execrating the impolitic and un-

generous use of the victory of Culloden, in which the Duke of Cumberland was *somewhat* implicated. Mr Home ought either never to have written his history, or to have written it without clogging himself with the dedication to the sovereign. There was no obligation on John Home to inscribe that particular book to his Majesty, and, had that ceremony been omitted, his Majesty was too just and candid a man to have resented the truth; though there might have been some affront in addressing a work, in which his uncle's memory suffered rough usage, directly to his own royal person. On the whole, we greatly prefer the conduct of Smollet, a Whig as well as Home, when he poured out his affecting lyric :—

> "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
> Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

On being warned from making such an effusion public, the only answer he condescended to give was, by adding the concluding stanza.

The disappointed public of Scotland, to which the history should have been most interesting, was clamorous in its disapprobation. They complained of suppressed information and servile corrections; but reflection induced critics to pardon the good old man, who had been influenced in his latter years by doubts and apprehensions, which could not have assailed him in his term of active manhood. The work was, indeed, strangely mutilated, and breaks off abruptly at the battle of Culloden, without giving us any account of the manner in which that victory was used. Other faults might be

pointed out, chiefly such as are indicative of advanced years. The part which the author himself played in the drama is perhaps a little too much detailed and too long dwelt upon.

The history is, nevertheless, so far as it goes, a fair and candid one; for the writer, though by the manner in which he had fettered himself he was debarred from speaking the whole truth, yet was incapable of speaking any thing but the truth. The narrative is fair and honourable to both sides, nor does the author join with the sordid spirits, who cannot fight their enemies without abusing them at the same time, like the bailiff in Goldsmith's *Goodnatured man*. The idea which he gives us of the unfortunate Charles Edward is such as we have ourselves formed: the young Chevalier was one of those whom Fortune only distinguishes for a brief period of their life, the rest of which is passed in obscurity, so that they seem totally different characters when judged of by the few months which they spend in all the glare of publicity and sunshine, or when valued according to the many years which have passed away in the gloom of destroyed hopes and broken health. Other circumstances combine to render it difficult to obtain the real character of the unfortunate prince. By far the greater portion of his followers his memory was cherished as that of an idol, but the more dear to them on account of the sacrifices they had made to it. His illustrious birth, his daring enterprise, and the grace and beauty of his person, went no small length in confirming his partisans in those feelings

towards their leader. There were exceptions amongst them however. Some of those who followed Charles to France, thought that he looked cold on them, and the *Memoirs of Dr King*, lately published, tend to confirm the suspicion that (like others of his unhappy race) he was not warmly grateful. His courage, at least, ought to be beyond suspicion, considering the manner in which he landed on an expedition so desperate, and the opposition to his undertaking which he met with from the only friends upon whose assistance he could have counted for the chance of bringing together 1500 or 2000 men. A few sentences on this subject from Home's Narrative will probably vindicate what we have said, and at the same time give a specimen of the historian's peculiar style, which, if neither flowery nor eloquent as might have been expected from his poetical vein, is clear, simple, expressive, and not unlike the conversation of an aged man of intelligence and feeling, recalling the recollections of his earlier years.

To introduce these extracts, we must previously remark, that the chiefs of the Highland clans had come to a prudent resolution, that notwithstanding their attachment to the cause of the Stuarts, they should decline joining in any invasion which the exiled family might attempt, unless it was supported by a body of regular French troops. It was on the dominions (as they might then be called) of the Captain of Clanronald that Charles first landed. He did not find the chief himself, but he summoned on board the vessel which he brought with him

to the Hebrides, MacDonald of Boisdale, the brother of Clanronald, a man of considerable intelligence, and who was supposed to have much interest with the chief. Boisdale declared he would advise his brother against the undertaking, remarking, that the two most powerful chieftains in the vicinity, MacDonald of Sleate and MacLeod of Mac Leod, were determined not to raise their men, unless the Chevalier should bring with him a sufficient foreign force.

" Charles replied in the best manner he could; and ordering the ship to be unmoored, carried Boisdale, whose boat hung at the stern, several miles onward to the main-land, pressing him to relent, and give a better answer. Boisdale was inexorable; and getting into his boat, left Charles to pursue his course, which he did directly for the coast of Scotland; and coming to an anchor in the Bay of Lochnanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, sent a boat ashore with a letter to young Clanronald. In a very little time Clanronald, with his relation Kinloch Moidart, came aboard the Doutelle. Charles, almost reduced to despair in his interview with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused; and told him, one after another, that, to take arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain destruction on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued and implored. During this conversation, the parties walked backwards and forwards upon the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of the country: he was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse, that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning briskly towards him, called out, 'Will not you assist me?'—'I will,

I will,' said Ranald; 'though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you.' Charles, with a profusion of thanks and acknowledgments, extolled his champion to the skies, saying, he only wished that all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms. Immediately Charles with his company went ashore, and was conducted to Boradale, a farm which belonged to the estate of Clanronald."—Vol. ii. pp. 425–427.

The conversion of the *good Lochiel*, for whom some friendly Presbyterian drew up an epitaph, declaring he

"—— is now a Whig in heaven,"

to this rash undertaking, shall be our last quotation from this history, so interesting in spite of its imperfections. This model of a Highland chief and Scottish gentleman met with the Chevalier at MacDonald of Boradale's, a very few days after he landed.

"The conversation began on the part of Charles, with bitter complaints of the treatment he had received from the ministers of France, who had so long amused him with vain hopes, and deceived him with false promises; their coldness in his cause, he said, but ill agreed with the opinion he had of his own pretensions, and with the impatience to assert them, with which the promises of his father's brave and faithful subjects had inflamed his mind. Lochiel acknowledged the engagements of the chiefs, but observed that they were no ways binding, as he had come over without the stipulated aid; and therefore, as there was not the least prospect of success, he advised his royal highness to return to France, and to reserve himself and his faithful friends for a more favourable opportunity. Charles refused to follow Lochiel's advice, affirming that a more favourable opportunity than the present would never come; that almost all the British troops were abroad, and kept at bay by Marshal Saxe, with a

superior army; that in Scotland there were only a few new-raised regiments, that had never seen service, and could not stand before the Highlanders; that the very first advantage gained over the troops would encourage his father's friends at home to declare themselves; that his friends abroad would not fail to give their assistance; that he only wanted the Highlanders to begin the war.

"Lochiel still resisted, entreating Charles to be more temperate, and consent to remain concealed where he was, till he (Lochiel) and his other friends should meet together, and concert what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, that he was determined to put all to the hazard. 'In a few days,' said he, 'with the few friends that I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it, or to perish in the attempt; Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.'—'No,' said Lochiel, 'I'll share the fate of my prince; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.' Such was the singular conversation, on the result of which depended peace or war. For it is a point agreed among the Highlanders, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, the other chiefs would not have joined the standard without him, and the spark of rebellion must instantly have expired."—Vol. iii. pp. 5, 6.

It is singular that we should have to exculpate the unfortunate prince, who thus persisted, at the utmost risk, to instigate his followers, and to rush himself upon an undertaking so utterly desperate, from the imputation of personal cowardice;—and yet such is the fact. The strongest evidence on this point is that of the Chevalier Johnstone's *Memoirs of the Rebellion in* 1745 *and* 1746. These have been published under the care of a sensible and intelligent editor, who has done a great deal to throw light upon the subject, but has been occasion-

ally misled into giving a little too much credit to the representations of his author—who wrote under the influence of disappointment and ill-humour. A great part of the work is very interesting, because Johnstone, having been a military man, and having some turn for observation, has made better professional remarks on the Highland mode of fighting, and mere tactics, than we have observed in any other work. But then we happen to know that some of his stories are altogether fictitious, such as the brutal piece of vengeance said to have been practised by Gordon of Abbachie, upon a Whig minister [Johnstone's *Memoirs*, *4to*, 1820, p. 183]. It will also surprise such of the few readers as might have been disposed to interest themselves in the love-affair between the Chevalier and his charming Peggy, which makes such a figure in the conclusion of his work, to learn that Chevalier Johnstone was all this while a married man—an absolute Benedict—a circumstance which he no where hints at, during his Memoirs, and that the amour, if such existed, was not of a character to be boasted of in the face of the public. There are legitimate grandchildren of the Chevalier Johnstone now alive.

James Johnstone, the father of the Chevalier, by courtesy of Scotland called "*merchant* in Edinburgh," was a grocer in that city. Not that we mean to impeach his gentility, because we believe his father to have been of the ancient and once-powerful family of Wamphray, though, like many sons of Jacobite families, he was excluded from

what are called the learned professions, by his reluctance to take the oaths to the Hanoverian dynasty. Accordingly, the heir of the noble family of Rollo, who have been before allied with the Johnstones of Wamphray, did not derogate in marrying Cecilia, daughter of James Johnstone, grocer, as before said. But when the Chevalier talks big about his fears of being disinherited, we cannot but remember that a petty shop, such as shops in the Cowgate of Edinburgh were in 1745, indifferently stocked with grocery goods,

"Was all his great estate, and like to be."

In short, we suspect our friend the Chevalier to be somewhat of a gasconader, and we are not willing to take away the character of Charles for courage upon such suspicious authority. When we, therefore, find that this unfortunate prince is accused—1*st*, of having entered into this expedition without foreseeing the personal dangers to which he must be exposed—2*d*, of taking care, in carrying it on, not to expose his person to the fire of the enemy—3*d*, of abandoning it when he had ten times more hope of success than when he left Paris—we are inclined to compare what the Chevalier has averred on these three points with what is elsewhere stated by himself and other authorities.

And *first*.—After reading the foregoing arguments used by Boisdale, Clanronald, and Lochiel, in order to detain the Chevalier, by the strongest representations in their power, from venturing on the expedition, the Chevalier may be censured for

foolhardiness, but he cannot surely be considered as a person ignorant of the dangers of the undertaking—in other words, as one too timid to venture had he known the perils he was to encounter.

Secondly.—That Charles avoided placing himself in such situations of personal danger, as became a prince and a general, is inconsistent with what has been registered by almost all authorities, and with what is narrated by Johnstone himself. Beginning with the battle of Prestonpans, Home states, and we have heard it corroborated by eye and ear witnesses, that "Charles declared he would lead the clans on himself, and charge at their head;" and only relinquished his purpose when the general remonstrance of the chieftains deterred him from leading the van. But notwithstanding this precaution, the prince conducted the second line of the Highland army; and the Chevalier Johnstone tells us, that the battle was gained with such rapidity, "that in the second line, when I was *still* by the side of the prince, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than *fifty paces* behind our first line, running as fast as we could to overtake them." Now we submit, that a general who brought up a reserve within fifty paces of his advance, when, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, there was light enough for a long shot, and when the said advance was made upon a line of trained infantry and artillery, cannot be truly charged with keeping himself out of gun-

shot. At Falkirk, we do not know exactly where the prince was placed during the conflict, but it appears that he must have been in the advance, since at seven o'clock in the evening he led in person the troops which pursued the English army, and took possession of Falkirk at half-past seven at night, while the Chevalier Johnstone did not even know that the victory was won until half an hour later. In the whole course of this strange *levée des boucliers*, the Chevalier Johnstone accuses the prince of what he calls a childish desire of fighting battles, a propensity rather inconsistent with personal cowardice, especially in the circumstances of Prince Charles, as, according to our Chevalier's authority, orders were issued to kill him on the spot if he should fall into the hands of the government troops.

At the battle of Culloden, the prince remained upon an eminence, with a squadron of horse. But from what Johnstone states himself, he did give the orders necessary for the occasion; in particular, when he saw the English, and the Campbells, their auxiliaries, about to force an enclosure which protected the right flank of his army, he "immediately repeated orders to place some troops in that enclosure, and prevent the manœuvre of the English, which could not fail to prove fatal to us. Lord George paid no attention to this order," and the English introduced both horse, musketry and artillery into that enclosure, to attack the Highland right wing on flank and rear, and did so with such deadly effect, that they swept away whole ranks.

This manœuvre completely decided the battle, and it was when the right wing was absolutely broken that Chevalier Johnstone proposes that Charles should have rushed down to renew the fight. This would, doubtless, have been the course to ensure a soldier's grave, but that, as is expressed in the last stanzas of poor Byron, is more "often found than sought," nor are we entitled to praise the chief who rushes upon inevitable death because he has sustained a defeat. No effort of the squadron of horse, which was all that Charles had around his person, could dispossess the English cavalry, infantry, and artillery from the position they had gained; and as for rallying the Highlanders, why they *were* Highlanders, and for that very reason could not be rallied. In their advances, they fired their guns and threw them away, coming to the shock with the target and broadsword alone; if they succeeded, which they often did, no victory could be more complete, but they exhausted their strength in this effort, and it was not till they received, in the regiments drawn from amongst them, the usual discipline of the field, that Highlanders had any idea of rallying till some hill, pass, or natural fastness, gave them an advantage.[1] It is very true, that Johnstone is supported on this point by a better evidence than himself—Lord Elcho, namely, who has left manuscript

[1] See the *History of the Highland Regiments*, by Major-General David Stewart (of Garth); one of the most interesting military memoirs in the world, and not the less so because the feeling of "*quorum pars magna fui*" is perceptible in every page.

memoirs, in which it is stated that the author requested the Chevalier to charge in person at the head of the left wing, after the right was routed, and that on his not so advancing, Lord Elcho called him an Italian scoundrel, or a worse epithet, and declared he would never see his face more. We cannot believe, even on Lord Elcho's evidence, that any efforts of Charles could have retrieved the day at Culloden. The left wing, which had become sulky and refused to fight, because (to complete the blunders of the day) they had chosen to deprive the MacDonalds of their post of honour upon the right, were not likely to have their fighting mood improved by the rout and destruction amongst the right; and it is nothing new for a warm and impetuous soldier like Lord Elcho, rendered desperate by circumstances, to give counsel on a field of battle which it would be madness in any general to adopt. Besides, the common ruin which succeeds to such a rash undertaking as that of 1745 breaks all the ties of friendship, and men become severed by their passions and interests, like a fleet driven from its moorings by a tempest. It is then that mutual upbraidings arise amongst them, and such quarrels take place as that betwixt Charles and Lord Elcho, which the latter carried to such a height, that though he lived an exile for the Stuarts' cause, he would never again see Prince Charles, and used to leave Paris so soon as the Chevalier entered it. Such strong passions are apt to sway, even in the most honourable minds, the recollection of past events.

This much is certain, that except the two authorities quoted, all persons who attended Charles that day agree in stating his desire to go down and rally the Highlanders, and affirm that he was only forced from the field by the entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others, representing the desperation of the attempt, and the impossibility of success. The cornet of the second troop of Horse Guards left a paper, signed with his name, in which he declares that all verbal representations would have been vain, if General Sullivan had not laid hold of the rein of Charles's horse, and turned him about. "To witness this," says the cornet, "I summon my eyes." After all, the words *Qu'il mourût* are pronounced with wondrous ease and effect; but the homely proverb, "While there is life there is hope," is not less likely to influence an individual in the situation of Charles; and if we are to accuse of cowardice every officer who has left the field of battle when all was lost, we shall wondrously curtail the catalogue of the brave.

As for the idea of rallying after the defeat and making up a new army, it must be remembered that a Highland army differed essentially from one composed of regular troops, and as much in the mode of retreat, as in other particulars. A regular army can have no retreat but upon that point where the general pitches his standard. The camp to them is country and home. If they are defeated, they are aware that their chance of safety lies in union, and all stragglers have sense enough to regain

their battalions as soon as they can. The Highlanders would have been in the same situation had they been routed in the middle of England, where those who might have escaped the sword would have remained together for mutual protection. But on the skirts of their own mountains, the moment the day was lost, the Highlanders, in a great measure, dispersed. The individuals had their own homes to retire to, and their own families to protect; the tribes had each its own country to defend, and, when the Highlanders were defeated at Culloden, their army in a great measure broke up into the separate clans of which it was composed, which went off in different directions to their own several glens. Many, no doubt, were thrown into such confusion, that they made to Ruthven in Badenoch as a common place of rendezvous, and the Lowland troops went thither also, because it had been named as such, and because, being strangers in the country, they knew not where else to go. But Chevalier Johnstone talks widely and wildly when he speaks of five thousand Highlanders being there able and ready to resume the struggle. If the prince had not had the spirit (as Johnstone pretends) to have put himself at the head of such a body, the Highland chiefs themselves would have endeavoured to maintain themselves in arms, in order to enter upon negotiation, which they had been twice able to effect in former cases. But the whole is a vision. There was never above a thousand or fifteen hundred men assembled at Ruthven, and these were many of them Lowlanders.

The prince's army was entirely broken up; all the foreign troops surrendered forthwith, with every thing belonging to the *materiel* of their army; the clans had in a great measure dispersed themselves and gone home, as was their uniform custom after defeat. All the efforts of their chieftains could not bring them together again. This *was* attempted, and the principal actors entered into resolutions binding themselves to rendezvous for that purpose. But the spirit of the clans was entirely broken by the immense superiority of the King's forces, while the desire of defending each its own lonely glen from the fire and sword with which that was threatened, overcame the feelings of sounder policy which would have induced them to persevere in a system of co-operation. A full account of the attempt to re-assemble their forces, and of the causes of its being abandoned, will be found in Home's Works (vol. iii. p. 369); and we may conclude by observing that Lochiel, by whom the affair was managed, and who saw himself, by irresistible obstacles, constrained to abandon a course which might have at least extorted some terms from the Duke of Cumberland, was as brave a man, and, to say the least, as good a judge of what the Highlanders could or could not do in the circumstances, as the Chevalier Johnstone could possibly pretend to be.

We do not, on the whole, mean to arrogate for the unhappy Chevalier the character of a great man, to which he displays few pretensions; but to deny energy to the prince who plunged into an enterprise so desperate, and where his own personal

safety was so deeply implicated, on the word of one or two private and disappointed men, contradicted by a hundred others, seems to involve a denial of the whole history from beginning to end. He was not John of Gaunt, but yet no coward.

It is time to conclude this old-fashioned Scottish gossip, which, after all, in a literary journal of the present day, sounds as a pibroch might do in the Hanover Square concert-rooms.

END OF VOLUME NINETEENTH.

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